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FATHERS AND SONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

Chap. XIII.

It must be confessed that affairs seem to be drawing towards a crisis. The abrupt cessation of personal communication between the colonel and his daughter—her unquestionable preference, as a counciller, of Smylar to Mrs. Amersham, her once most loved friend and best adviser, and the hourly expected appearance of Mr. George Grindle, formed a combination of circumstances which appeared to threaten the happiness, perhaps—but let us even yet hope not—the character and respectability, of the yet innocent and amiable Jane.

The great mischief to be apprehended is most likely to accrue from the strange coldness, of which Jane could not but be sensible, in her dear friend Emma's last communication, and the pride which, even in her gentle heart, struggled against any further appeal to the feelings of her once—and so recently— most intimate and affectionate adviser.

But wherever evil threatens innocence, there comes what the chronometer-maker would call "a compensation balance." The more the power of Smylar increased, and the more patiently, placidly, and even half-consentingly, Jane listened to the suggestions and insinuations of the "she sarpent" (as the great American ophiologist spells it), the less she felt the possibility of executing the proposed design, arising from her estrangement from the Amershams.

If she *did* go—if on the bridal morn the nest should be found without the bird—whither was she to fly? It was wholly out of the question that without a vast deal more explanation than Jane either felt disposed to give, or, in point of fact, *could* give, of the real facts of the case, the Amershams would harbour the truant, or countenance the runaway. Thus it seems that every bane has its antidote, and that even the artful Smylar had over-reached herself in what is called "setting Jane against" the only people to whose protection any thing upon earth could induce her to trust herself; supposing her driven to such a desperate measure as that of abandoning her father's house, and so achieving all that Mrs. Smylar had in view, by throwing off her alle-

giance and incurring his irrevocable curse and sentence of eternal separation and abandonment, modifying only his stern decree perhaps by making such an allowance for the maintenance of his child as Mrs. Smylar, under the circumstances, thought he might reasonably afford.

Has not Jane Bruff been fully described to the reader—her sweetness—her gentleness—the kindness of her heart—the purity of her mind? Yes, surely. See her then now as she *is*, on the verge of a precipice—think of her, doubting as she lies in her bed, with her head upon her once peaceful pillow, thinking of conduct which one month before she never would, never could have imagined or considered. Mrs. Smylar had friends, highly respectable, excellent people—perfect gentlefolks, who, if she felt disinclined to make further appeals to the Amershams, would be too happy to give her a place of refuge from the killing effects of parental tyranny. It was not far from town that they lived—the air healthy—the place quiet—away from any high-road (not but in these days of those murderous abominations, railways, the high-roads are likely, till the madness ends, to be the most unfrequented paths)—such agreeable people—so motherly—and so exceedingly good—and so accomplished, and would be *so* charmed to be of use, &c. &c.

All this scheme, all this arrangement, suddenly impressed upon poor Jane's mind, succeeded for the moment perfectly, and the stern denial of Colonel Bruff to see her during the ensuing day, together with the certainty of George Grindle's arrival in the afternoon, had the effect of "rationalizing" (if there be such a word) an enterprise, the result of which could be nothing but what the artful Smylar intended it to be—ruin irredeemable to her master's once dear and only daughter.

It was past three o'clock when Mr. George Grindle's cab was driven by its charming master to the colonel's door; the tiger gave a thundering knock—Jane did that which certainly is not usually done by decently bred young ladies, but for which the peculiarity and urgency of the case must excuse her—she ran to the drawing-room window to realise her worst anticipations. What was to be done? Smylar was with her—*still* with her—mark *that*—watch the constant association—the dreadfully growing influence.

"I cannot, indeed I cannot see him," said Jane.

"Then you *shall* not," said Smylar; and away she flew down the staircase, with all the display of agility and ancles which used to delight the galleries of the theatre at Bullock's-smithy when she bounded along the oil-stained planks intended to represent the difficult paths and passes of mountains in melodramas. "Say Miss Bruff is out," were the words which in a stage-whisper she gave to the footman acting porter.

"Out?" said George; "where is she gone to, eh? Where's the colonel? I saw him just now; he said your young lady was at home."

"Miss Bruff is out, sir," said the man.

"Are you sure?" said George.

"Quite sure, sir," replied the fellow, who stood too much in awe of Smylar to attempt speaking the truth at any time.

"Well," said George Grindle, "that's very odd indeed—rather uncommon. The colonel *said* Miss Jane was at home, and—

"Why, sir," said the man—and it is odd enough to see how much this class of people who would upon the slightest provocation rob a plate-chest if they could get at it, or cut the throat of their master to prevent detection, dislike any kind of cross-questioning as to the not-at-homeship which in all good society is known to be a conventional term, and unquestionable when once adopted—except perhaps by a lover,—"I suppose, sir, my young lady knows whether she is at home or not?"

George was angry; not that *he* cared about the disappointment as regarded the *tête-à-tête*, but he disliked the too evident disinclination of Jane to the match, as a kind of wound to his personal vanity. The vanity of a professed lady-killer is something, to be sure; and away he went, his white gloves dabbling with the whiter reins of his "splendid trotter," resolved to lodge a complaint with the colonel, touching his exclusion.

Smylar, dear confederate, who knew that little more was wanting than this refusal on the part of Jane to admit the lover, to draw things to the point whereunto she wished to "screw them," was charmed with the colloquy which she took care to overhear; and when she returned to her and reported progress, the advice she gave her was to continue the course towards George which she had just adopted, and which must bring things to a crisis.

"And remember, Miss Jane," said she, "if I had not the power of being useful practically, I would not argue. I have told you before, and I tell you now, you ought not to marry the man:—resist—and I again repeat, that I will find you shelter and security where you may avoid the harshness and violence of your hard-hearted father."

Here we see a powerful instance of the strength of what may be called habitual influence: three months before this day the idea—not merely of disobeying her only parent, but the thought of hearing him called hard-hearted, would have been worse to her than death. Yet now she sat and listened to her odious companion's prate with pleasure, and saw in her mind's eye the beauties of the retirement which she told her her proposed asylum from tyranny and oppression possessed.

Ten, twenty times a-day did Jane think of writing once more to Mrs. Amersham; but no—the earnestness, the activity, the lamp-oil, orange-peel, and saw-dust quickness of Smylar were so much better suited to her present perilous condition, than the mild, just, moral, and proper advice of her now discarded friend, that she feared to mar the trickeries of her new prompter by asking for better counsel; and as to confiding to Emma, the twisting wriggling manœuvres of the spindle-shanked ex-heroine of Bullock's-smithy, she was quite sufficiently aware of her own degradation to feel convinced that at all hazards Mrs. Amersham would endeavour to rescue her from such a fœtid influence, even to the extent of denouncing the dirty-minded hypocrite to Bruff himself.

And so sank poor Jane, unconsciously, under the abominable power of the being whom upon earth she most hated and despised.

Strange it is, but true—and how often are the strangest things the truest—that a little, inexplicable, and undefinable coldness springing up—who, except themselves, can tell exactly how?—between two old and dear friends should have brought about this much unwished for

consummation. The tenderer the friendship, the more susceptible are the friends of any little alteration of manner or spirit; the few days cessation of correspondence between these two had given much pain to Emma; but *then* she had *her* point to carry about Mr. Miles Blackmore. Jane felt a void in her heart because she did not hear from Emma; but then *she* did not enter into the feelings, and would not take part in a cause in which she thought Jane was capricious, if not absolutely wrong: such struggles of pride and feeling may do a world of mischief.

"Governor," said George, meeting his father at Crocky's, "I say, something's wrong at old 'That'll-do's,'—went in proper form at half-past three—nothing done—not let in—how's this?"

"Why, I suppose," said Sir George, "you wasn't expected; or, perhaps, Miss Jenny was out."

"That's a bad shot, governor," said George; "saw her pale face shining through one of the drawing-room windows, like a—"

—"Never mind the simile," said the baronet; "she is the star of *your* destiny, so mind what you are about, *that's* all I say. Frank's down with that old brute Leeson—I call him brute, although he *is* my brother-in-law, or at least was, so long as his sister was alive as my wife—*he* is out of your way, and an uncommon good job too."

"Ah!" said George, settling his collars and touching up his hair, "that's quite another affair. Old Leeson is ill—"

"No worse than he deserves to be," said Sir George; "however, Frank thinks him something, as he ought to do, if the old dunce really does what he says he will in the way of leaving him every thing—however, that is *his* affair, Miss Bruff is *yours*."

"Then," said George, "I'll trouble you so far as to get me the *entrée;* just mention to the colonel that I was shut out to-day, and that it can be of no kind of use persevering in that manner, especially after it is understood to be an 'arrangement.'"

"He is to call here in half an hour," said the baronet; "and I say, George—as to the—eh—the—no secrets between *us*—the Nelly—how did you leave her?"

"Perfectly happy," said George; "delighted with her babby and a walking-stick given to it by a new friend, to whose particular notice I have recommended her."

"What, then, you didn't hint," said Sir George, "that she had seen the last of you?"

"Hint?" said George; "*au contraire*—I am pledged, if I can, to return to celebrate the birthday of my pup on the fifth of October—ha! ha! ha!"

"Good," said the baronet; "why you would have made a capital actor, George; and was she quieted by *that*?"

"Believed it," said Mr. Grindle, "took the bait like a gudgeon; and when the pup cried as it was going to bed at night, told me I should see it in the morning—eh, governor?—there's a touch of maternity for you!"

"The younger sister you say is—"

"O '*Giove Omnipotente!*' such a creature," said George; "just rising seventeen—such eyes—such teeth—such a figure—however, I have done all I could for the lot; I have recommended them to the

special care of an uncommonly nice kind of a fellow, and I trust—if I am not ignorant in what I call eye-reading—that Mrs. Ellen Greenford will find a most agreeable friend in Mr. Miles Blackmore."

"Surely," said Sir George, "I have heard his name mentioned at the Bruffs'?"

"Yes," said the charming son of the worthy sire, "I think from a few words that dropped from my Jane—mark *that*, governor, *my* Jane—that he must have been a sort of half lover of hers. When he first gave me his card at Abbeville, I did not quite recollect how he was associated in my mind with Jane—however, I have recollected more about him since, and I flatter myself if he *should* take Mistress Nelly off my hands—which, if I know the world, is not quite impossible—while I secure Miss Jenny—I think we shall manage capitally—eh, governor?"

"Why," said Sir George, not looking so much delighted at the exceedingly good management of his son as he usually was, "do *you* know, my dear fellow, I am not by any means certain that you have exercised your ordinary judgment in this affair; rely upon it, as we have heard the name of this Mr. Blackmore at the Bruffs', Mr. Blackmore has heard *yours* at the Amershams'—the people of whom your intended is so constantly talking. It seems to *me* that you have somehow over-finessed yourself, by selecting him of all the birds in the air and the fishes in the sea to relieve you of your hard bargain."

"I tell you, governor," said George; "when I first saw the hit Nelly had made, I never meant him, whose name I did not then know, to know mine. Our subsequent meeting and his way of carrying on the war, rendered it impossible for me to assume an alias—especially with Nelly and the pup there—of course when he was so civil and all that, I did not know in the least *who* he was—*what* he was I could guess by his look and manner—all in what I call proper form, governor. I agree with you, that when I saw his card, it brought to my mind Jane's mention of him, and of his intimacy with her friends; but what could I do? And, besides, if seven days are to seal my fate with the gallant colonel's daughter, as you and he say they will, what can it signify what Mr. Blackmore, or whatever his name is, can do. Nelly won't know that she is regularly cast adrift till she sees our appearance at church proclaimed in the papers; and moreover if she knew the truth, to-day I have such a high opinion of her sentiment and constancy, and all that sort of thing, that I am sure she would not make up her mind to a new start under a fortnight at least."

"Ah!" said the baronet, "I know you take a favourable view of her merits—however, we shall see—no harm can be done—all we must stick to is, expedition—for the bubble will burst if we procrastinate—so make your game, George, and lose no time."

"Make my game, governor?" said Mr. George Grindle; "I'll make my game and play it too—only let me get at the table. If my boy is to go ninny-hammering at old Bruff's door every day, and 'not at home' is the answer to the knock, why I see no kind of fun in the business."

"That," said Sir George, "shall be settled forthwith. I know that Bruff is ready to enforce his commands if necessary."

"Enforce?" said George, looking askance at the glass over the

chimneypiece—"enforce? how deucedly odd—eh, governor? Leaving Nelly drowned in tears on one side of the Channel because I quit her, and finding Jenny suffused with a quantity of the same strange liquid because I return to *her*."

"I am talking on business, George," said the baronet; "this affair must be settled—tears are all mighty well, but with women mean little—they cry for grief and they cry for joy; but when I have settled the colonel as to smoothing the way (and the only difficulty I see at the moment seems to arise from some temporary squabble between him and the girl), you must follow up the matter in what I call a slap-bang style; the day has been fixed by *him*—to that you must stick."

"I'm prepared for the worst," said George; "some old fellow says 'hanging and marriage go by destiny'—I should like to be put out of suspense, and turned off as soon as convenient; but are the settlements and all that satisfactory?"

"Not a word about it," said Sir George—"*that* it is which makes expedition most important. I had no idea that the fellow's stupidity was so extensive—I cannot enter into particulars here—but we have done him, George. His solicitor, a most gentlemanly man, seemed to hesitate about sanctioning—for advice the obstinate fellow will not take—the absurdities which he has chosen to perpetrate; all I can say is, that under existing arrangements, the girl and all her fortune, past, present, and to come, will be under your own whole and sole control."

"That'll do, as the old chap himself says," replied George; "then the innocent young thing—"

"Say nothing," answered Sir George; "the affair is settled—the longer the conclusion is delayed, the more the opportunities for consideration; so—Monday week—mind."

"Oh, dear!" said George, "what a bore it is, if a man wants fifty or sixty thousand pounds, that he must take a young woman whom he does *not* want into the bargain; however, get me the *entrée*—don't let me be refused, and then—"

"Never mind," said Sir George; "as I told you, I expected Paternity Bruff to call for me, and I see him pounding the pavement over the way; so I will join him, and bring him forthwith to a proper understanding of the terms upon which you expect to be received."

"Just the thing, governor," said George; "because for a recognised and accepted lover to be excluded from the bower of his betrothed by porters, pages, and persons of that sort, is *raather* too much."

So then parted George the first and George the second; and the reader need hardly be told how earnestly and eloquently the elder of the two pleaded the cause of the younger one—indeed, it required no great expenditure of language to satisfy Bruff of the justice of Sir George's complaints on behalf of his son; and he announced on his own part, and the name of his daughter, her readiness to receive Mr. George Grindle at two o'clock the next day; and if he wished it, her equal readiness to be driven by him in his cabriolet through all those streets and generally-received places of fashionable resort, which are fashionably considered London—her exhibition in which might at once practically proclaim their approaching alliance.

George, who did not very highly estimate the personal attractions of

Jane, would probably have demurred to this suggestion, had it not been that the season was quite suitable, in his eyes, to such a peregrination, inasmuch as everybody was out of town; while yet of the nobodies enough remained to mark and note down for the benefit of their friends in the country, a step so unequivocally decisive of the expected result.

"Let him in?" said Bruff to Sir George, "eh? who will dare to keep him out? What! do you mean to say that he called to-day and was not admitted?"

"That *is* the case," said Sir George, "as he represents it to me."

"That'll do! that'll do!" exclaimed the colonel; "but, my dear friend, it will never occur again—*I* will take care of that. You have seen my exemplary housekeeper, Mrs. Smylar—a treasure—I can entirely rely upon *her*. She certainly avails herself of the privileges of long and faithful service, to give me hints now and then about my family matters. I tell you, quite between ourselves, that there *are* interests at work somehow—how, I don't know—for, as you know, I know very little about any thing; but all those are mere moonshine—don't you comprehend?—nothing: all shall be arranged for to-morrow—let George come in his cab—she shall take a drive with him—and then—ha! ha! ha! I think that'll do—eh?"

"So do I, my dear colonel," said Sir George. "By Jove, after all, you military men are the best for carrying orders into effect—you are so sharp—so quick—you see every thing with an eagle's eye."

"That'll do—ha! ha!" said Bruff. "I say, Sir George, it isn't an easy thing to deceive me—no, no; as I have said before, command is command—go and do this, that's what I say, and they do it. Why sir, d'ye think that I was six-and-twenty years strapped up in a sash, with a white belt over my shoulders, and my chin nearly cut off with a tight leathern stock, calling out, 'Halt—left wheel—halt—front—dress,' without understanding something of discipline? I am now advanced in life and rank, but what of that?—never, so long as I live, shall I forget, sir, in private life, or in the affairs of my own family, my old 'halt—left wheel—halt—front—dress," it is a delight to me, and I am proud of the feeling; and you, Sir George, shall find that I carry out the principle to-morrow. White sergeants are no more to me than brown ones."

"Well, my dear Colonel," said Sir George, "under these circumstances, I think we may look upon the campaign as nearly closed."

"I say," said Bruff, "has he got quite clear of the other little circumstance—shaken off *that* connexion."

"Entirely," answered the worthy baronet.

"No distress on the part of the girl?" said the colonel.

"On the contrary, I believe," said Sir George; "they had known quite enough of each other to have become worse than indifferent—that you know is universally the case with these sort of *liaisons*."

"True, true," said Bruff; "not that I know much of such matters. What I say, Sir George, is, 'wrong never comes right,' do what you will, that's my maxim; any blockhead can club a regiment, it takes a sharp chap to make all straight again. I remember when I was on Lord Saberlash's staff, being with him when he reviewed a militia regiment in Leicestershire, and after bearing with their blunders for a couple of hours, he ordered the colonel to march them into an old

gravel-pit. When they were in it, he rode up to the edge of it and said, 'There you are, my fine fellows, and there you had better stay; for by Jove you are not fit to be seen on the face of the earth.' Thinks I to myself, that'll do, and away we cantered before they could recover from their surprise."

It was but rarely that the colonel was facetious—when he *was*, his style was what might be called one of military jocosity; and in this instance he certainly laughed as heartily as old soldier ever did at the temporary inhumation of the constitutional force.

The dialogue between the "fathers" continued just long enough to conclude by the expression of their mutual determination as to the course of proceedings to be adopted on the morrow in the way of the projected public proclamation of the approaching union. And with the morning was to come the announcement to Jane of this great resolve —it would, indeed it *must* be the the test; if she consented to that measure, if she yielded that point, every thing ulterior would be virtually and necessarily conceded.

The colonel, who, acting upon Mrs. Smylar's advice, had not yet "restored himself" to any personal communication with Jane, felt puzzled how to descend from the dignified position he had assumed, and permit himself to be familiar with his undutiful daughter. He could not make up his mind to convey his commands to her through Smylar, although his inclination tended that way. At length, and after much deliberation with himself, and a renewed conference with his familiar, he determined upon getting George Grindle to drive him to Harley-street, and thus accompanied, make his call on Jane, and so supported, propose the excursion to her, to which proposition the colonel would then hear no denial—perfectly sure in his own mind that the poor girl would not dare to oppose his commands before George, or risk a scene in "company."

Thus the bluff Bruff meant to carry his point by a "*coup-de-main*" (or, as a French punster might say, "*aujourd'hui*"); and therefore, still maintaining his dignified silence towards Jane, he left home, having breakfasted by himself, aided only by his prime minister, who very soon determined that, however great the success might be which she anticipated from the suddenness of his attack on his daughter, the surprise should not be quite so great as he expected.

It so happened that this very day's post brought Jane a letter from Mrs. Amersham, dated from Broadstairs, to which exceedingly pretty quiet watering-place she and her "dear good husband" had betaken themselves for a short sojourn. Jane's heart beat when she again saw the well-known writing of her old and intimate friend—the sight of it brought to her recollection the various kindnesses she had received from her, and filled her mind with self-reproaches that she had ever doubted the sincerity of her affection, or questioned the truth and earnestness of her friendship. She broke open the letter, and read as follows:

"Broadstairs,
"Thursday.

"My dear Jane,

"It seems an age since I have heard from you, and having so suddenly betaken ourselves to the sea-side, I felt apprehensive that you

might write, and a consequent delay take place in the progress of your letter, which, as we hear from undoubted authority of the near approach of that ceremony at which, whenever it was to happen, I always thought I should be present, I should like, if possible, to prevent.

"You will perhaps be surprised that we should be here; but the truth is, a cousin of Mr. Amersham's, of whom I think you have heard us speak, Mrs. Hartwell, has arrived from India (where she has left her husband in a high office in the civil service), and being an invalid, and having been landed at Margate with her three dear little children (whom I almost grudge her, they *are* so pretty and engaging), my husband, with a cousin-like affection and regard, proposed that we should run down and settle her here, where she would rather be than in London,—and so accordingly down we came, and here we are.

"I never was here before—I am delighted with the place, and more than once, or twice, or three times, have wished you were with us. It is literally a little quiet nook of comfort, as calm and as retired as a country village, with a nice picturesque old pier, charming sands, a cliff quite high enough for me, houses convenient if not large, a promenade exceedingly agreeable, and a view of France, which, as far as I am concerned, is quite as near as I ever wish it to be to me—and all this so placed as to include the noise of Margate, with its arriving steamboats, and the affected gentility of Ramsgate, within one's after-luncheon drive.

"But perhaps, Miss Jane, you will say, 'What do you know of the near approach of my marriage, since, for some reason yet unexplained, I have not thought it worth my while to mention the day myself?" I think my answer will startle you.

"Next door to us—for we are located in a row—I should say, *the* row (*par excellence*) of houses, lives—but I am afraid not likely to live long—a gentleman of the name of Leeson, of whom I presume you must have heard, although, from what I can learn, there exists no great cordiality between him and his brother-in-law, Sir George Grindle, the father of your intended. This amiable old gentleman—amiable as I hear, for I have never seen him—although, my dear Jane, I have *heard* his moans through the thin walls of these fragile tenements, is constantly nursed, watched, and guarded by a certain Mr. Francis Grindle, who will, as he says, so shortly stand in relation of brother-in-law to *our* Jane.

"My dear good-natured husband is, as you know, the most accessible and sociable of human beings, and the very first morning after our arrival here, he became acquainted with our young next-door neighbour. The moment he heard our name, he seemed too happy to snatch an hour from his dutiful and affectionate attentions to (I fear) his dying uncle, to join our little quiet circle, where he was not only within reach, but literally within call, if his services should be required by the invalid.

"And now, dearest Jane, having said this, I am going to begin one of my lectures. I am sure, my dear friend, that I have vexed you by sending you *our* united request, that you will consider well before you declared open war against your father on the subject of your proposed marriage; which rebellion *we*—and I feel myself greatly strengthened by the *plurality*—did and do consider, knowing all the circumstances connected with that horrid housekeeper, most dangerous to your future

prospects of happiness, inasmuch as your resistance would increase her influence, and produce, as *we* believe, the very result which is most to be dreaded. Now really, Jane, if *we* may take Mr. Frank Grindle as a specimen of the family, we ought to redouble our entreaties and admonitions. I never met with so charming a person in my life—no, dear, not even the rejected and expelled Miles Blackmore.—Full of talent, only dimmed in its brightness by his diffidence, full of kindness and benevolence, exalted and beautified by his apparent unconsciousness of the value of the duties he assiduously performs, and the saerifices he voluntarily and religiously makes, he seems to me to be as near perfection as humanity may be permitted to approach it.

"Of *you* he speaks in a tone which shows the depth of his feelings, the soundness of his judgment, and the generosity of his character. It is clear that you have left a deep impression on his mind; and if it were not that high principle and a sense of duty checked the impulse, I should say—upon his heart. He is, indeed, a delightful person.

"Judging then from this *echantillon* of the Grindles, I am afraid, Jane, that your hostility to his brother arises more from the compulsory part of the compact, than any personal *désagrémens* in the gentleman. Is it not strange—but so is the way of the world—that we should have come here to meet and cherish a cousin from India, and find ourselves placed next-door to the intended brother-in-law of our dear Jane. If this were put into a novel, people would call it improbable, and exclaim, 'Oh! how likely!' Here, however, is the fact, and I am delighted at the coincidence, as is Amersham, who takes his tour of duty with Mr. Grindle at the bed-side of poor dear Mr. Leeson every day.

"And now, dearest Jane, comes my most serious question—at least as a secondary question—because it is personal to myself and Amersham. Do you really mean to say, that you intend to be married without inviting us to the wedding? I have told Mr. Grindle that as of course he will be present if he can be spared from his self-imposed duties here, we can make our party hence together. I confess I am not exceedingly fond of sea voyages, and in spite of the marvellous advantages which it has produced, exceedingly averse from all the operations of steam; our carriage, however, will hold us, and as I am sure you mean to invite us, all I mean to ask is, when are we likely to be expected?

"Mr. Grindle says next Monday week is fixed; if so, really you ought to give us a little notice. Assure yourself, my dearest Jane, even if we are—and I can hardly fancy we shall be—excluded, our hearts will be with you, and all the warmest and sincerest prayers and wishes for your happiness will attend you; but *do* write—do say that *we*—you see how pertinaciously I stick to the partnership—have not offended you.

"Do us, moreover, the favour to remember us most kindly to the colonel, who seems—why, we know not—to have left us off latterly, much in the same way as yourself. Write by return of post. Mr. Amersham desires his kindest love; and Mr. Frank Grindle, who has just come in, begs me to send his fraternal regards. So adieu, dear, dear Jane.

"Yours truly and affectionately,

"Emma Amersham."

"P.S. I suppose it is *now* high treason to speak of *my* poor Mr. Blackmore; but we heard from him about three or four days since in France, in which country, from what he says, Mr. Amersham thinks he means to stay for some time."

If Jane had felt disturbed and agitated by seeing the address upon the envelope of the letter, what must have been her sensations when she had actually read its contents? the thousand points which it almost unconsciously involved—the conflicting feelings it aroused—the contending passions it excited—the thought that Francis Grindle was there, domesticated with her dearest friend—the thought that *he* was to be taken as an example—to be set up as a living reproach to her, for her dislike of, and contempt for, his half-brother—the knowledge that he was devotedly fulfilling his duty to his fond uncle, the object of Sir George's hatred and derision; and that he—*he* of all others in the world, was to be a witness of her ill-fated union with George, in company with the dearest friends of her heart.

Certain however it was, that this letter had a most powerful and salutary effect in recalling Jane to a sense of the affectionate conduct of the Amershams. What *had* they done cruel or oppressive in cautioning her upon the subject of rebellion against her father—perhaps it was a most fortunate circumstance that she received it just at that particular moment when the influence of her bitterest enemy was rapidly gaining the ascendancy. She read it again, and tears again filled her eyes. Not only did she again thank Providence for what really seemed the blessing of a communication from Emma, which in the then, or rather previous state of her mind, would never have been "*provoked*" by any further appeal of hers; but dearly and deeply did she appreciate the combination of events which had associated her earliest friend with Frank, and evidently interested her in his favour.

Now then came the next question—should she, considering how much she had fallen—and *fallen* is the word,—into the power of Smylar—should she communicate the contents of this letter to her? Jane was almost certain, from the hints and inuendoes—to call them nothing else—of Smylar, that *she* was perfectly aware of Frank Grindle's location. Of course Colonel Bruff knew where he was—indeed, why should there be any mystery about it? And if *he* knew it, there would be little doubt but that the "*lady*" knew it also.

Should she then tell Smylar the truth? When did Jane, before the now current week, ever ask herself such a question? Or would her admission that the Amershams were the dear friends and near neighbours of George's brother and her father's aversion, excite some new feelings in her mind, and lead her to suppose that her unequivocally expressed dislike of the match with the elder son originated in a preference for the younger one?

She hesitated—doubted—considered—and here, reader, mark how sudden and how sad is the first inroad upon that purity of heart and thought which so unquestionably characterized poor Jane when we first met her—and how inconceivably rapid the falling off from the single-mindedness of innocence, for which she was so remarkable. Driven by circumstances into the clutches of an artful fiend in human shape, the noble-hearted, ingenuous, and affectionate Jane Bruff became all at once

a double deceiver. Weaned by Smylar from the just confidence which she had for years reposed in Emma, she listens to *her* counsels; and now feeling the injustice of which she has been guilty towards those who from her youth have affectionately and disinterestedly loved her, she begins to consider it necessary to try her hand at deceiving her deceiver, and thus unconsciously play a double part; which if the be-painted and be-ringletted Mrs. Smylar had been at the bottom of the Red Sea, nothing upon the face of the earth could have brought her—not only to do—but to think of, without dread and horror.

Of course Jane resolved to answer Emma's letter by return of post; and Jane would not have hesitated to tell Smylar that such was her determination, but with all her new attempts at dissimulation she felt that she could not mention the letter without mentioning Frank; and nobody can duly appreciate the guilty feeling with which the innocent Jane hastily snatched the letter from her table, as she heard footsteps approaching, and hid it in the mass of correspondence with which her writing-desk was amply stored.

Smylar, who forthwith stood before her, saw the trepidation and alarm by which she was agitated. Accustomed throughout a long professional life to assume the appearance of passions which she never felt, and exhibit to the public expressions of feeling by which she was never affected, she was quite certain that something more than common had agitated her young victim, and therefore resolved upon restoring her, if possible, to a state of something like tranquillity before she announced to her the probability of a visit from George Grindle at two, merely for the purpose of gathering from her answers and observations what the real state of her mind was; carefully reserving the details of the colonel's grand attack, as had been agreed upon between them.

"What time shall you order the carriage, Miss Jane?" said Smylar.

"Oh," said Jane, "I don't care. I suppose about three—that *is* if I go out—but while my father absents himself and denies me the comfort of associating with him, I really would rather stay at home."

"Why," said Smylar, "as to *that*, you have nothing to do but to pretend to agree to all he asks, and then—*I* will manage the rest."

"Can I dissemble so, Smylar?" said Jane; "or do you think it possible that I could take such a step as that to which you have hinted?"

"You had a letter from Broadstairs to-day?" said Smylar.

"Yes," answered Jane, who, at the moment she heard the words drop from Mrs. Smylar's lips, felt infinitely more deeply than ever the state of abject dependence in which she was living.

"I saw the postmark," said Smylar, "by mere accident, as I was giving it to Harris. It looked like Mrs. Amersham's hand-writing. I hope it was."

"It was," said Jane.

"I am glad of that," said Smylar. "Without them we should be able to do nothing."

Jane looked at her companion with astonishment. The coolness of associating herself not only with her young mistress, but with her

young mistress's friends, puzzled and surprised her; indeed, the effect the observation produced upon her was sufficiently strong to induce her to pause, in order to ascertain "what should follow."

"—And," continued Smylar, "something *must* be done."

"But what?" said Jane.

"That's to be thought of," said Smylar. "As your friend Shakspere says in 'Macbeth' of old beefsteak *Duncan*, as we always called him when I was in the profession—

'If it were done, when it is done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.'

You have no time to lose. *I* can tell you more than you have any notion of."

"Indeed!" said Jane.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Smylar; "and can tell it you more readily from seeing by the postmark of your friend Mrs. Amersham's letter that she and the charming, amiable Mr. Frank Grindle are at the same watering place. Oh!" continued Smylar, who saw Jane preparing an earnest disclaimer as to any knowledge of the fact,—"I don't mean *that;* dear me, the strangest things will happen; all I mean to say is, it is so. Whether Mr. Francis Grindle knows Mr. and Mrs. Amersham, is nothing to me; nor do I know anything in the world about it: all I have to remark is, that he *is* there attending his uncle Leeson, a most excellent man, as *I* hear, but hated by Sir George—that he is devoted to the old gentleman, and so on. Now, considering *that* to be the case, don't you think, my dear Miss Jane—the whole affair being really and truly accidental—that when the moment comes—when the fire is laid to the train—match perhaps would tell better—the circumstance that Mr. Francis Grindle is associated, or at least a resident in the same watering-place with the Amershams, will make the proposition infinitely more agreeable to you."

"Indeed Smylar," said Jane, "I even yet do not quite understand what you really mean by what you call your proposition."

"Poor innocent!" said Smylar, looking at herself, and twisting the curls which with justice, in a mercantile point of view, she called her own. "Why, I have said to you over and over again, as plainly as I could speak, if your father forces this match upon you, *run away*. I have already proposed the scheme, but perhaps never in quite such plain words before—but there it is—do any thing rather than sacrifice yourself for ever—therefore keep in with the Amershams, for to them you must run."

"Dear Smylar," said Jane (*dear* Smylar), "when you talked in this strain to me before, I told you that nothing could induce me to take such a step. I admit that my father's protracted absence and continued refusal to see me make me very wretched, but I still believe that he will not practically enforce his commands when he reflects upon the misery he must inevitably entail upon me."

Now had the moment arrived for Smylar to determine upon a new and very important act of treachery and baseness—now was it for her to resolve whether she should not betray the colonel's confidence as to the surprise to be produced upon Jane's mind by his unexpected arrival with George Grindle in the cab at two, or whether she should keep that se-

cret and permit Jane to be overcome by the incident; or whether she should forewarn her of it and so arm her against the attack, and subsequently confide to the colonel the domestication of the Amershams in the same small watering-place with the dreaded and hated Frank; seasoning up the history, of course, with her own hints and convictions that these Amershams, to whom her great object was now to consign Jane, were all leagued and linked in a regular conspiracy to thwart his views and wishes as regarded her marriage with George.

A few minutes' consideration, however, satisfied Mrs. Smylar that the surest possible way of carrying *her* point, was to apprise Jane of her father's intentions, and so to arouse, if possible, her indignation at the despotism of which she could not but feel herself the victim.

"Don't you," said Smylar, after a pause in the dialogue, "don't you, my dear Miss Jane, be too certain that your father will *not* take some exceedingly strong measures—at all events, you should, as the poet says, 'be prepared.' I *could* tell you something which perhaps would startle you, and that involving the events of this very existing day, is—"

"If it is for my good to hear it," said Jane, "I am sure you will let me know what it is."

"Why *then*," said Smylar, "this day is the day destined to settle your fate through life."

"To-day?" said Jane, turning pale and trembling like a leaf; "how can to-day—"

"To-day," said Smylar; "but if you betray me, Jane, never again expect the aid which I offer you in all sincerity; and which I feel imperatively bound to afford you, from the recollection of the sufferings I have myself undergone for want of advice when I was your age. To-day is the day of trial; Mr. George Grindle is to be here about three with your father, and is to propose driving you in his cabriolet all round London—that is, down Regent-street, along by Pall-Mall and up St. James's-street, to exhibit you to the world, as it is called, as his bride elect. Now, if you permit *that*, all must follow."

The words which Smylar used upon this occasion were precisely those of the colonel when describing the effect of the drive: as to Mrs. Smylar's notions of the importance of being driven in a cabriolet, or any other carriage, by any man in the world, she had none; she herself had journeyed in wagons, in omnibuses, in flys, in taxed-carts, butchers' carts, fish-carts, and indeed in any sort of vehicle of which she could avail herself, driven by any sort of man; but as in this case the colonel had fully impressed her with the definitive character of the proceeding, *she*, sworn to secrecy by her confiding fool of a master, did all she could to awaken the feelings of Jane to a perfect sense of the importance of the step.

Jane looked bewildered—the idea seemed to her to be of a nature so extraordinary, and she expressed an incredulity as to the attempt to force her into such an expedition.

"*So* it is to be," said Smylar, "and that was the reason, when I first came in, I inquired as to the time you would like to have the carriage ordered."

"But they cannot, will not force me," said Jane.

"You had better avoid the struggle," said Smylar; "you know the carriage is at your service, and at your orders, and—"

—"Yes," said Jane; "but on the terms I am at present with my father, I should not like to assume the power of ordering it, and—"

—"Assume!" said Smylar; "what have you to do with his frumpishness—the carriage is yours and for you—he never will know that you were aware of this intended visit. Go, Miss Jane, and before you go, write to Mrs. Amersham and tell her a little of your mind—just enough to prepare her for the possibility of your being obliged to put yourself under her protection."

"But," said Jane, "she—she is aware that this hateful ceremony is soon to be performed, and that I am about to become the wife of Mr. George Grindle."

"Ay," said Smylar, "but are *you* yourself aware of that fact—if you stay at home to-day, and let him drive you about town in his cab, the thing is settled; but Jane, dear Miss Jane, do no such thing—I tell you the hour is at hand which decides all—I am sure I would not take the liberty of asking what Mrs. Amersham says to you, although as you have called me into council, I ought perhaps to know enough of the progress of affairs to enable me to give advice—but—"

"Oh!" said Jane, overcome by the apparent candour and sympathy of the old doll of the puppet-show, "here—you may read what she says."

Saying which, she opened the writing-desk, which she had a few minutes before so carefully closed, and handed Mrs. Smylar the letter.

Then did Smylar satisfy herself upon a point till then entirely new to her—the expectations raised in her mind by the sight of the Broadstairs post-mark were all realized—not only were the Amershams at the same place as Francis Grindle, but they *were* associated. All this intelligence was of the greatest importance to her; and such was her coolness and prudence, that although conscious of its value generally, she made no observation upon it, nor did she at the moment consider or calculate how it was to be turned to the best advantage; her dispositions would be made according to the course of events which might turn up, and to the tone which the mind of the colonel might take.

When she had read the letter, she refolded and returned it to Jane, saying only,

"Rely upon it, Miss Jane, those people are really your friends, and you ought to remain faithful to *them;* as to the ceremony which they seem so desirous to attend, that I think is not quite so likely to take place as they seem to think."

"O Smylar!" said Jane, "if I could but think so too, what a load of misery would be taken off my heart."

"I have pointed out the way," said Smylar; "but now mark me—and I know the world—all depends upon your resolution to-day—do not—nay, I scarcely need say the words—do not betray me to your father; but recollect, if you accede to the proposition about the drive, all the rest must follow."

"And yet," said Jane, "I cannot muster up sufficient resolution to order the carriage and leave home."

"Then," said Smylar, "muster up sufficient resolution to refuse to

leave home in Mr. Grindle's cabriolet. I tell you, the crisis is at hand —Sir George is a perfect man of the world—after to-day's drive, you cannot escape—they have fashioned this deciding step into what, to an unsuspecting mind, they think will be looked upon as nothing extraordinary. I warn you of the consequences, and the question is, whether you had not better exhibit something like independence, in avoiding the trial, than remaining to struggle against the commands of your father, and the persuasions of your lover.'"

"Lover?" said Jane.

"Well," said Smylar, "lover or not, unless you make a struggle, he will be your husband next Monday-week."

"Then," said Jane, "I am resolved—I will stay and meet the worst —force they cannot use, and if the struggle, as you call it, *is* to be made, it shall be made to-day. When am I to expect this *unexpected* visit?"

"Be careful, Miss Jane, be careful," said Smylar, "save *me* as well as yourself, and never for your life let the colonel know that I told you any thing of this business—somewhere between two and three they will be here."

"Then I will see them," said Jane.

This determination was exactly the one to which Mrs. Smylar had wished to draw her victim; the simple ordering of the carriage would scarcely have amounted to a serious fault with old Bruff, satisfied as he would and must have been that Jane was in utter ignorance of the descent which was about to be made; but her staying at home, and the resistance and refusal of the attentions of George Grindle would, as she hoped, in all probability, produce a much more violent explosion.

"Do as you please, Miss Jane," said Smylar; "all I say is 'remember.'"

"I shall not forget," said Jane; and Mrs. Smylar departed for the present.

Jane's first proceeding was to write a warm and affectionate answer to Mrs. Amersham, in which she adopted to a certain extent the doubtful style as regarded the solemnization of the nuptials, but conditionally implored their attendance at the ceremony—excused herself for not having written earlier—gave a gentle praise to Frank Grindle, and desired Mrs. Amersham to present either her compliments, or regards, or remembrances, whichever—considering their relative positions, and the relative positions in which they were so soon to stand—she might consider most fitting, suitable, and proper. Added to these, were other kind messages to Amersham himself; but of Miles Blackmore's name, destination, or proceedings, Jane made no mention whatever, although she certainly *did* feel more about him than she ever would admit—not in the way which Mrs. Amersham always suspected—but as a superior person whom she admired, esteemed, and neglected, and one whom she almost wished she *could* have loved, as her dearest friend believed she *did*.

Having finished her letter, and affected to eat a luncheon, and dissipated it in a glass of sherry, under the advice of Smylar, who told her that even two would do her no harm, considering what she had to undergo, and waited—one can scarcely say patiently, but rather impatiently (for

any thing is better than suspense,) the arrival of the pretender to her hand, every pair of wheels that rattled along the street seemed to announce his approach—any common ringing at the door made her start. However, half-past two had been chimed—three o'clock had been stricken—and so went the time until four, but neither did Mr. George Grindle nor Colonel Bruff make their appearance—no cabriolet was whirled up to the door, and at half-past five Jane gave up the hope or rather dread of seeing him, and proceeded to her dressing-room; Harris, her maid, informing her that Mrs. Smylar, for whom she inquired, had been gone out for nearly an hour.

It is odd enough, but it is true, that Jane felt disappointed at not having had the interview over; she had wound herself up for the conflict—there had been a strain, as it were, upon her energies, and when she sat down on her sofa she burst into a flood of tears.

THE TURCOMAN'S CHARGER.

On! on! my bold steed, with the footsteps of wrath,
The foes of my fathers lie thick in my path!
On! on! my bold Arab, thy fellows are round:
Now, praise to the Prophet! how bravely we bound!

Hark to that sound! "Allah hu! Allah hu!"
'Tis the Osmanli shouting his wild halloo;
Rising and falling as onward they come,
To the clash of the cymbal and boom of the drum.

Ring round me, my comrades, your sabres are bright,
And dear to my eyes is their glorious light;
Oh! grasp them yet closer, and heed that each blow,
Fall truly and deep in the heart of the foe!

How proudly ye gallop, brave troops that ye are!
My brothers in peace, my companions in war!
The Soldan might envy the hearts that I own,
Though his armies, like locusts, environed his throne.

Though the jewels gleam bright in his coffers of gold;
Though his kingdoms be broad, and his soldiers be bold—
The desert's *my* empire,—*my* sceptre the sword,
And I am the chief of my Turcoman horde!

Ha! charge! we are on them—spare, spare them not now!
The Angel of Death sets his seal on their brow!
Strike boldly! each man is an army alone,—
The Prophet is with us! the day is our own!

F. N.

MORALS AND MANNERS OF THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

Brantôme and Bussy-Rabutin, both gentlemen and soldiers, have written the history of their times, the former of the sixteenth, the latter of the seventeenth century, filled with recitals of wars and narratives of love. The history of their lives is analogous to the character of their books: and in each we find a series of battles and amours, a protracted residence at court, followed by a common disgrace, and an old age passed in retirement, discontent, and literature. Their minds and tempers were similar also; both were eaten up with vanity, entertaining the loftiest opinions of their own merit, and never ceasing, on all occasions, to proclaim the antiquity of their respective families. By all the features and characteristics which they have bequeathed to posterity, it is easy to perceive that they both belonged to the same class, and were members of the same family in the social system; but an age intervened between them, in which Richelieu was the type of politics, the Hôtel de Rambouillet of manners, and Malherbe of language, resulting in revolutions in public and private life as well as in literature. The change of the times is evidenced by the style of each writer; in Brantôme we find the irregular, turbulent, and sensual life of the sixteenth century; while in Bussy we perceive the modern system with its habits of order, elegance, and submission to authority. War and love have been changed in passing from one to the other; and even the cavalier idiom of Brantôme, which, in the mouth of Ronsard, was vivid in its energy, and picturesque in its images, in the pen of Bussy, after its transformation by Malherbe, proceeds in regular and correct periods. In the same manner the sixteenth century, with its feudal independence, issued tamed and subjugated from the hands of Richelieu.

It will be our object, by a comparison of the lives and works of Brantôme and Bussy-Rabutin, to mark this change in the manners of France in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Brantôme wrote "Les Vies des Hommes illustres et grands Capitaines français et étrangers;" "Les Vies des Dames illustres françaises et étrangères;" and "Les Vies des Dames galantes;" that is to say, the entire history of the sixteenth century: because, to a gentleman like Brantôme, the entire sixteenth century is solely made up of captains and ladies. We will first of all take a rapid glance at the life of the captains, and then see how the ladies passed their existence.

The first thing that attracts our notice in the history of these captains of the sixteenth century, is the praise and admiration bestowed upon mere personal strength, and the enthusiastic addiction to adventures, and the chances and perils of the military career. The *beau ideal* of a soldier in those days consisted in being "un grand et haut capitaine, puissant et nerveux, un furieux et rude homme-de-cheval." Thus almost all Brantôme's heroes are *hauts à la main*, and exceedingly *scalabreux*. With a single thrust of their lance, they upset their enemy, horse, and rider, with a readiness and facility that quite surprise us pacific thinkers of the nineteenth century.

From his early childhood, a gentleman was habituated to this life of battles; the father of Brantôme—who was a terrible gendarme in his day, and of whom Bayard, the knight without fear, remarked, that "with M. de Bourdeille to back him, he would fight and dispose of six mounted Spaniards"—was in his youth actually kept in a retired part of his father's castle, and watched by his parents, who, being old and cautious, were apprehensive that he would wilfully run his head into awkward scrapes.

The young man, who had "no idea of being kept in a box wadded with cotton, like a precious reliquary," took an early opportunity of quitting the château one fine morning, with all the grayhounds of the kennel and two yeomen-prickers, as if he was going to the chase. When he had ridden a league's distance from the castle, he shut up the dogs in a peasant's hut, strictly enjoining him not to let them loose until the evening; and off he started, without any more ceremony or preparation, for Italy, where he fought outrageously against the Spaniards.

It was after this fashion that the captains of Brantôme's time commenced their adventurous course; and in regular progression "they went through divers rencontres and battles in all lands, duels, tournaments, and sword-cuts of all kinds," until about the fiftieth year of their ages, when they reappeared at court with a stern and weather-beaten visage, shaded by an enormous gray moustache, and trenched from brow to chin by a broad and deep scar received in Italy. After such an apprenticeship a gentleman was looked upon as an approved captain, and was cited as a model and example on which the rising and ingenuous youth might fashion themselves.

When they were engaged in war, each one fought, as they say in America, "on his own back," and with no regard to unity of action or concert of purpose; their independence of one another was complete. In our modern ideas, the name of war conjures up the associations of a numerous army marching in order and silence, and discharging its artillery at certain intervals of time and place; and it would be a matter of difficulty to realize the battles of the olden days, which were fought by small, scattered, and disorderly bands, where each gentleman, followed by a score or a dozen of his retainers, fell on where it seemed good to him, hacking and striking with butt and blade, and "all the while shouting his own war-cry." A foughten field was then a succession of skirmishes, rather than a combined effort directed by an individual will and controlled by a single mind.

In the sixteenth century, the antique feudal sentiment of personal strength was still in all its energy; and the greater proportion of gentlemen preferred ruining themselves by going to the wars at their own costs and charges, and remaining all their lives without title and rank, to enrolling themselves under the royal banner. Some few might consent to incorporate themselves in regiments and companies, and so lose their individuality; but the modern notions of unity and discipline had not as yet gained any consistency; and in proportion as they preponderated over the customs and habits of the middle ages, the great lords were observed to approximate closer together by degrees, than to enter and disappear in the serried ranks of modern warfare,

until, on the day of battle, an army came to take no other shape than that of a large and regular column.

This concentration had only begun in the sixteenth century, but there still remained a mob of gentlemen, richer or more obstinately wedded to the predilections of the preceding generation, who kept themselves haughtily at a distance, and guarded as their most valuable privilege the independence of their sword. The father of Brantôme, for instance, was one of these true soldiers of the old stamp.

"He did not choose to belong to any one," relates his son, "and would never take the rank of captain, or of lieutenant, or of ensign, or standard-bearer; he would not be troubled with any thing of the kind; so much regard had he for his own ease, and so much he affected his sweet liberty."

Brantôme, who inherited his father's tastes, tells us, that as he himself was one day entering La Rochelle, with his matchlock on his arm, mounted on a stout charger, and accompanied by half-a-dozen men-at-arms, *bien signalés*, equipped and mounted like himself, he was accosted by a captain, *tout nouvelles*, by whom he was unknown, and who, after having admired his handsome appearance, called out, "Who do you belong to, soldier?"

"Mon capitaine," replied Brantôme, "nous sommes à nous-mêmes."

When this chivalric pride and independence manifested itself in revolt against the state, which was frequently the case, that implacable and fierce hatred was generated which sought to introduce even the Spaniards as allies to serve their animosities. Francis the First once angrily observed, that "There was no such dangerous animal in his realm as a discontented gentleman."

This independent and rebellious humour, and such a taste for war and liberty, irresistibly impelled that headlong and effervescing nobility to a life of wandering and adventures. When there was a lack of *rencontres* and fighting in France, after the German *reîtres* had ceased their incursions on the side of Metz, after the English had abandoned the districts of Calais and Boulogne, and the old Spanish bands no longer infested Guyenne, these captains of Brantôme, who did not approve of being "cottoned up like reliquaries," spread themselves abroad, and roamed far and wide in a desperate search for hazards and dangers of all kinds. This was the time when a thousand small crusades against the infidels were in vogue. The Turks of Solyman were the great bugbears of Europe in the sixteenth century; they swarmed and stung like wasps on the frontiers of the East, and ever and anon burst upon Hungary, or Austria, uttering those terrific shouts which caused such terror to the emperor's troops, although cased up in their heavy cuirasses of steel; at the same time their corsairs swept through the Mediterranean, spreading alarm along the Spanish and Italian coasts, and amid the isles of the Archipelago.

This was the signal for the gentlemen of France to spring into their saddles. In troops of one, two, or three hundred, with their soldiers behind them, off they started, some for Hungary, with the young Duke de Guise, others to Madeira and Montlerc; those to Malta with Messeigneurs de Strozzi and de Brissac; and those to Africa with the heroic

Don Sebastian, of Portugal. The parties who crossed the Alps stopped at Milan to furnish themselves with those arms and accoutrements which the capital of Lombardy sold to Europe, as Birmingham now does to every belligerent; or else to exercise themselves in assaults of arms in the halls of Maître Tappe, the most celebrated *ferrailleur* of the age. They then made a triumphal progress through the Italian cities, every where *fêted* and admired by the ladies, and they embarked at the first sound of the *tambour d'alarme*, which was heard every spring along the coast of Italy and Spain "pour amasser gens, toujours remuer et embarquer gens de guerre contre le Turc."

It was amid this tumultuous and soul-stirring movement of men and horses, and in the noise of embarkation and crusades, that the "Jerusalem" of Tasso was written; for in witnessing the passage of so many gallant gentlemen, the poet could not resist the inspiring enthusiasm! Thus they passed over Europe, sword in hand, and those who returned, when they met at court, spoke of Italy, Scotland, England, Portugal, Barbary, Malta and Greece; "ils causaient du monde avec les dames."

In all these combats and adventurous journeys, duelling could not but have a large share. The point of honour which was introduced into Italy by the Spaniards, passed from thence into France; and the haughtiness of Castille, when impregnated by French vivacity, gave to the *pré-aux-clercs* a melancholy celebrity, which has survived the scite of so many murderous conflicts. When there was no opportunity of battles, the duel was sought for with avidity, as a means of distinguishing oneself; and the young gentleman who came to court on leaving the *salons d'armes* of Bourdeaux or Milan, had nothing to do, according to Brantôme, but to fasten a public quarrel upon some of their own rank, in order to make a figure in society.

Bussy d'Amboise it was who then gave the *ton* for this sort of affairs: Brantôme speaks with admiration of the grand and graceful air with which M. de Bussy managed his sword; and, *àpropos* of this, he sneers at a book which was written against duelling, saying, that "Cela est bon à prêtres et à hermites de trouver mauvais qu'on se batte." These proud captains had all figured, often and often, in single fights, and in their old age they formed a court of honour, and were invited by the youth to attend as witnesses of their combats.

Gambling also occupied a considerable portion of the turbulent existence of these gentlemen. Brantôme gives a lively and amusing account of his father, Captain Bourdeille, playing with Pope Julius the Second, in the presence of some of the cardinals and other dignitaries of the Roman court.

"Chadieu, Pope!" exclaimed the captain, after losing a considerable sum, "stake me 500 crowns against one of my ears, redeemable in eight days. If I fail to redeem it you can cut it off, and make a pie of it, and eat it if you like."

The pope, who was mightily amused by the follies of the Frenchman, and who took a delight in laughing at the respectful and sanctimonious demeanour of his cardinals, proposed to the joyous captain to stay two months at Rome at his Holiness's charges, offering him, "gros jeu et bon chère."

"Chadieu, Pope!" rejoined the soldier, "though you offered me your mitre, or a cardinal's hat to boot, I would not abandon my general or my comrades; so good bye, you rogue."

Brantôme adds that his worthy parent returned from Italy in a much better plight than he entered it; with fine horses and a seigneur's equipage, and a sum of upwards of two thousand crowns, acquired by pillage in war and gambling.

One of the most curious incidents in the manners of the time is to observe these rough soldiers at court on their return from their battles, their travels, and their duels, and how they comported themselves in the presence of the ladies. It might be asked what sort of a figure these slaughterers of Turks, these shiverers of lances, these scalers of trenches and walls would make in a ball? but, truth to say, they acquitted themselves most admirably. They danced with much grace, sang Spanish romances agreeably, and gave quite a gallant twist to their old moustaches. For instance, the grand admiral of France, brother of the Duke de Guise, who was a great spoiler of corsairs, and a fierce son of the ocean, never returned from any of his cruises without bringing "quelques danses nouvelles pour les dames" with his cannons and prizes.

The introduction of ladies at court produced of itself a revolution in the manners of the age, and contributed much more than the vaunted genius of some of the monarchs to establish that political unity and omnipotence of royalty which are represented as the result of certain successful battles. We are ready to admit that the force of events, and the progress of ideas were potential in causing the great barons of the middle ages to quit their manors, and to attract them by degrees nearer and nearer to the throne; but the establishment of a regular court (as now understood), and the appearance of a bevy of ladies around the sovereign, was the most effectual among the inducements that persuaded the nobility to abandon their castles. Let us only represent to ourselves the situation of these old country gentlemen, returning from the wars and entering the sombre and silent walls of their donjon keeps, what had they to occupy their minds until they were summoned to fresh fields of fight? They gambled with polished knucklebones of mutton, or wandered through the woods with their dogs; but these pursuits could not kill all their time, and they must have had many heavy, dull, and weary hours of listlessness and vacancy. How could they employ themselves? The readers were in a miserable minority; their fair *châtelaines* were not a whit more clever; and, moreover, a *tête-a-tête* even with a *châtelaine* may become after a time tame and uninteresting; so that their only available resource must be to lean their foreheads against the angle of their old gothic chimneys, and watch the ascent of the smoke during the long winter evenings. Only think of all these empty-headed lords hearing some fine morning that the king is holding high festival in Paris; that bouquets and tournaments are the order of the day; that the long nights are brilliant with dances and revelry; and that the fairest dames and demoiselles of France are making the walls and roof of the Louvre echo to their light laughter and witty conversation. They would leap into the saddle on the instant, hurry on their road with loosened reins, and rush by scores into

the palace-yard! Once there, the allurements of the scene would retain them; they would join the train of king, princes, and ladies; their rough joints would become supple by the lessons of dancing, their minds would acknowledge the softening influence; gallantry would complete the work, and when the arts of Italy became naturalised among them, we see at once the introduction of the modern court life.

It was Anne of Bretagne who first commenced, according to Brantôme, to arrange the gradations of ranks and offices of the court ladies. She invited to court such ladies as were entitled by their rank and character to associate with her; she announced her intention of surrounding herself with all the noble dames and demoiselles of France; and Brantôme represents her as inquiring of the lords and gentlemen (who came to court to pay their respects to Louis the Twelfth) whether they had daughters; whether it would not be for their advantage to live at court, and earnestly entreating them to intrust them to her care. A strict severity of manners prevailed in this assemblage of ladies; Anne of Bretagne was no longer young, and Louis the Twelfth had grown scrupulous.

In the midst of these projects of prudence and wisdom, a youthful and brilliant monarch succeeded to the crown, and became *ex officio*, the guardian of the ladies of Anne of Bretagne; he built palaces for them at Paris, Chambord, and Fontainebleau; encouraged poets to lay their verses at their feet; occupying all their hours with pleasure and feasts, and only asking in return the privilege of being their first favourite and successful suitor. Then commenced that gay, gallant, and sensual existence of which Francis the First was the hero, and Marguerite of Valois the historian. At a later period it reached its perfection under the Italian genius of the Medici, and gave a public exposition of its theory by the pen of Brantôme.

This writer tells us that, walking one day before the palace of Fontainebleau with a prince, whose name he does not mention, their conversation turned upon the glory and virtues of King Francis the First, after admiring the château he had built. The prince, however, had one strong objection to urge against him (Brantôme remarks that the cavalier was an elderly person) for having introduced at court "les grandes assemblées, abords, et résidence ordinaire des dames."

Brantôme, who was young and had only just returned from Italy, exclaimed against this accusation; "as if," said he, "it could be possible there could be a court without ladies. It is not enough to meet there great princes, stout captains, fair gentlemen, and crafty men of council, and hear their talk of war, of politics, of the chase, of gambling, and other pastimes; all this soon becomes wearisome; but we are never weary of conversation and intercourse with honourable ladies. Moreover, when summoned to war, or forced to travel, what is so cheering to a gentleman leaving court, as to take with him his mistress's favour, and to make it illustrious, at all hazards, for her honour and his prince's service; and so he returns, glad at heart, to receive the kind looks and many *accolades* of his lady, after those of his king."

"Thus," adds Brantôme, "the great king Francis was right when he

said, 'que les dames rendaient aussi vaillants les gentilshommes de sa cour que leurs épées.'"

As for the bad example, Brantôme does not think it worth a refutation; and had it not been for his respect for the prince with whom he talked, he would probably have made him a reply similar to the one given to those *hermites* who inveighed against the *duello*: to wit, "it is all very well for old people to rail against love-making."

The dispute was terminated by this notable sentence: "a court without ladies is a garden without flowers."

This being said, the two walkers turned round and admired in silence the castle of King Francis, Brantôme thinking of the lovely dames and demoiselles who once adorned the spot "comme déesses au ciel:" while the old prince grumbled at the recollection.

The difference was still more striking when the Medici came from Florence with their Italians. The manners, tastes, and luxuries of Italy were introduced to the Louvre by Catharine de Medicis; as, in the time of Francis I., the valley of Tempé was transported from Thessaly into France, and located beneath the window of the Duchesse d'Etampes. All the gallantry which had been witnessed at court before this epoch was nothing, so to speak, but a long and tedious apprenticeship to pleasure and voluptuousness. It is true that, previous to the advent of Catharine, they had begun in Paris to imitate the Italian mode of life; but the model still remained on the other side of the Alps; the gentlemen who joined the armies at Milan or Naples, always brought back some tastes, fashions, and recollections which they communicated to the ladies when they came home; so that France copied Italy *à la distance*, and by hearsay.

The exultation and transport may be imagined, when, instead of the small volumes of Petrarca and Boccacio bound in velvet, an Italian princess resided at the Louvre, a grand-daughter of that Lorenzo de Medici, called the Magnificent; born and educated amid the arts and luxury of Florence, young, lovely, gay, vivacious, and resplendent with southern lustre.

It was then that the vivid and joyous existence of the sixteenth century was really established in France, blended as it was so picturesquely with battles and civil wars, when the ladies are visible every where and in all situations over the shoulders of the men; and towering above all, there appears Catharine of Medicis, like an image of Italy given up to the worship and enthusiasm of French gentlemen.

Then also were seen those comedies taken from Ariosto, which in the carnival season the queen caused to be represented by Madame d'Angoulême and the princesses, dames, and young ladies of her court; the ballets danced by sixteen damsels before the foreign ambassadors, and described by Brantôme so richly and lifelike; those grand festivals, "où tout était beau, tout éclatant, tout brave, dont jamais n'approcha toute la gloire de Niquée; où l'on voyait tout cela reluire dans une salle de bal, au Palais ou au Louvre, comme étoiles au ciel en temps serein!" Those processions on horseback, when fifty girls, mounted on splendid jennets, followed in the queen's train; when on the ladies' heads waved in the air those masses of plume "qui représentaient à demander amour ou guerre;" and by the memory of which, Brantôme

(although old and sick, and retired from the world in disgust, and writing in a corner of his castle of Richemont,) describes his soul as still "toute remuée et raire!"

The enthusiasm by which these gentlemen were moved may be easily conceived, when on their return from sieges and fights they breathed this atmosphere of Italian refinement.

Brantôme wrote under the impression of these recollections; and we can easily imagine how, dazzled by the intoxication of the senses, he could not perceive any stain, not even the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the life of a queen who gave such feasts and entertainments; nor are we surprised when, borne onwards by the enchantments of memory, he embodies his admiration and regret in the sigh with which he closes his history of Catharine de Medicis: that "it was a sorrowful day when such a queen and woman died!"

A gleam of arms and war (by which the sixteenth century is distinguished from all other epochs of gallantry and pleasures) was also flung upon this luxurious and voluptuous existence of the softer sex. As the captains who led so rough and turbulent a life, suffered themselves in times of peace to be penetrated by the airs of the court, and throwing off their cuirasses donned satin vestments, and sat at their fair one's feet; in the same manner, the ladies by the contact of their warlike admirers transformed themselves into Amazons, with velvet petticoats, and borrowed some of the military habits of their lovers, in exchange for the amorous softness they communicated to them.

"I have known some of them," Brantôme remarks, "who rode on horseback like men, carrying a pistol at their saddle-bow, and who have fired and fought like men."

For his own part, Brantôme avows that he does not like *bel garconnement.* In all her journeys, Catharine de Medicis had a cross-bow carried behind her, and whenever, say her Memoirs, there was a favourable chance, she shot, and shot well. In the wars of religion which succeeded to these brilliant scenes, the widows of such gentlemen as were slain, shut themselves up in their castles, and intrepidly defended them to the last.

"We ought to have seen," remarks Brantôme, "how, after the assassination of her husband, the Duchess of Guise passed through the camp of the Huguenots with her children before her."

Women were frequently found on the field of battle at that period, not exactly serving the guns, but mixed up with the chances of the fight and exposed to its casualties, collecting the wounded and transporting them to their own residences.

The ladies even began to meddle with politics, and declaimed with much warmth upon state affairs. Upon this subject, Brantôme has an amusing sneer of Henry III. against female politicians, who, according to the monarch, "prattling in their chimney-corners, seated in their chairs, or quite at ease on their pillows or couches, took the affairs of France and the world into consideration, as if they had the greatest stake in the event."

But that exceedingly prudent and magnanimous prince, "ne voulait pas qu'elles missent leur petit nez dans les affaires publiques."

We can readily imagine the style in which love was made by the

captains and dames of the sixteenth century, of whose habitudes and modes of life we now know something. We need not look for much timidity and delay, with lengthened reveries, a long interchange of fears and hopes of silent and suppressed emotions, in the amatory relations of the army and the court, and in the intercourse between the stern gentlemen of the camp with the ladies who prepared their sweetest looks to welcome them. The *Chart of Tender* had not yet been invented. In love many of their military methods were adopted, and they carried the ladies by assault, as they would a fortified place; the language of the gallantry of that day is full of metaphors borrowed from the art of war.

For instance, M. de Nemours, one of the most accomplished and successful cavaliers of the time, gave the following as the most efficacious recipe:

Brantôme says, "I have heard M. de Nemours say, that temerity was the best recipe for being fortunate in love; and that whoever would urge his point strongly in the first instance, must infallibly carry his lady's fortress; he had himself won many in this fashion, half by force and half by play."

This is the programme of the manners of the sixteenth century, and no further development is necessary, nor can with decency be made.

AN UNFAIR BARGAIN.

BY LADY WYATT.

Sent to the late Dowager Countess of Cork, for an Album, in which she begged the writer to sketch some views, but would not let her previously see who were the other contributors.

What! draw for your book,
And not first have a look?
More civil than sage that would be!
Not to gain view for view,
Proves me such a bad "*screw*,"
You'll be *Cork without* "*drawing*" by me!

BRIGHTON.

"Seu mihi frigidum
Præneste, seu Tibur supinum,
Seu liquidæ placuêre Baiæ."

To the true London man, the metropolis (as we have already had occasion to remark) is all in all; and his greatest grievance is, the necessity of leaving the city of his predilection, as soon as fashion shall have determined that "nobody is in town." In his estimation, any change of scene is a change for the worse; for what other place can, even in an indifferent degree, satisfy his wants, or adapt itself to his habits? Even Paris, the self-styled centre of sociality and civilization, is but a Brummagem sort of substitute for the well-organized comforts and substantial luxuries of the great city, *par excellence*.

A genuine London man neither hunts nor shoots; he knows nothing of agriculture, and cannot talk county politics. What then should he do with a residence in the country? Yet go he must *somewhere*, when it is no longer permitted, even to a fashionable tailor, to show himself in any street west of the Haymarket. When at the close of the last season, this terrible necessity presented itself to our startled imagination—for all time in its flight anticipates our expectation, save only the interval between the drawing of a bill and its maturity—we were unusually prepared for the contingency. Not however to be tedious, we pass over our hesitations and uncertainties, our decisions and reconsiderations of the question: suffice it to say, that the "tottle of the whole" was our finding ourselves one fine day in the Duke of Beaufort's fast coach, rolling at almost railway speed to Brighton: and that in five hours we were comfortably seated in our hotel, to ruminate on the means of killing three months in a manner as little butcherly as possible.

The fortunes of Brighton are singular, and the revolutions it has passed are more than usually fall to the lot of a country village. Originally a congregation of fishermen's huts, and rejoicing in a name longer than its longest streets, Brighthelmestone was as unknown to fame as sweet Auburn was before the advent of Goldsmith!

If you would form, dear reader, some idea of the sort of thing it must then have been, we would direct your steps to its nearest neighbour, Rottendean, as it may be seen in the year 1841; making only a few deductions for certain traces of imitative civilization, which have "crossed the downs one morning," to enlighten the benighted natives, and fright them from their propriety. On our own last visit, we actually saw a fly standing at the door of a cottage of gentility, not less remarkable for its Chinese roses than for this its aristocratic vehicular distinction; and there was a certain *fausse air* of ornamental propriety about the whole exterior of the village, that bespoke the expectation of Londoners, and the attempt to seduce them into a three month's residence.

Nothing of this sort can be inferred of Brighthelmestone, before it became an object of interest with the Prince of Wales. It was the good taste of George IV., and it might have been his boast, that he first led

the citizens of London to imagine fresh air a necessary of life, and to seek it and a salt-water bath at fifty miles distance from their capital. In those days, whatever he did, was done by every one who pretended to be any one; and the revolutionary war having shortly afterwards shut John Bull out of the continent, Brighthelmestone became sufficiently often in the mouths of men to insure the abbreviation of its long-winded appellation, and to acquire a widely extended fame under the more pronouncable designation of Brighton. From that hour Bath lost its vogue, Scarborough ceased to receive its quota of idlers from the south, and Harrowgate itself was visited only by real invalids.

At the period of our earliest recollections of Brighton it had already become what may be called a regular watering-place. If it had not the tables-d'hôte, the roulette, and rouge-et-noir establishments of the German spas, a substitute existed in the boarding-houses and libraries; into the latter of which the whole mass of visiters poured at a stipulated hour, to gossip, read the papers, listen to some attempt at music, and above all, to enjoy the excitements of a raffle for inutilities, in which he who got the highest prize had nothing to boast of.

At this time, the architecture of Brighton was of the rudest description. The houses were narrow slips of framework, covered with glittering tiles and letting in the winds of heaven, *à l'indiscretion*. There was not a room in the best of them that could (in the proverbial phrase) serve to swing a cat; and the staircases were apparently constructed for any other purpose than that of ascent and descent. But this was a circumstance of the less import, inasmuch as the summer was then the time of rendezvous, and every body lived in the open air, lounging along the cliffs through the morning, and congregating on the Steine in the evening, with an unanimity like that which brought the animals in pairs to Noah's ark in the time of the great rain.

For a long while these crowds, if not altogether composed of pure aristocracy, were at least so constituted, that the most fastidious would not have been ashamed to meet their enemy in the gate, if the Steine had been provided with such a place of *rencontre*. But as Mantua was once in too close proximity to the unfortunate Cremona, so for the purposes of *exclusion*, London proved too near to Brighton. The toe of the smug and vulgar tradesman came too near to the heel of the courtier. Kibes were galled, and little by little the *beau monde* retreated before the face of the sons of *none*, leaving the Steine to be occupied by those only who were not ashamed of being detected in low company, or who placed that epithet in yet deeper depths than any which could enter into the conception of the children of fashion.

In this process of elimination, many sought refuge in migrations to points of assemblage more remote from the busy haunts of commerce. Ramsgate and Hastings opened their arms to receive the emigrants; even the beautiful bays of Devon were not too remote for occasional pleasure-hunters. But a less decisive move was invented by others, who contrived, without changing the *venu*, to avoid the objects of their dislike, by simply deferring their residence at Brighton till after the departure of the vulgarians. Gradually, June and July were exchanged for September and October: till at length the discovery was made, that Brighton was a convenient refuge from the fogs of November, that its weather at Christmas was usually mild, clear, and sunny;—

and moreover, that the advent of term, and of the busy commercial season, placed a direct negative upon another invasion of the much-dreaded Goths.

In the mean time, the accommodations of the place were multiplied, houses of every description and calibre were built, rows (externally, at least) of palaces lined the cliffs, and the fishermen's huts had grown into a parliamentary borough.

The result of all these concurrent circumstances has been a sort of amicable arrangement, partitioning the year, as Europe was partitioned by the holy allies, between the several high contending parties. The summer months, when "the sun is in the lion mounted high," when there is little air and no shade, and when a dog would not pant for fear of blistering his tongue, are abandoned to the trading population of London; the early autumn is surrendered to the lawyers; and when November summons these to Westminster, the *beau monde* commence their migration, to encounter the gales of that inclement season, secure from any participation of the *pleasure* with a plebeian multitude.

This revolution in the habits and manners of Brighton was assisted by the opening of the continent at the peace, an event which for a time overthrew the fortunes of all places of resort within the island and its dependencies. Accordingly, when a revulsion took place, when Paris became as well known to all sorts and conditions of Englishmen as the

> "lucus,
> Martis, et Æoliis vicinum rupibus antrum
> Vulcani,"

were to the verse-pelted Juvenal—when Rome itself had become familiar to the most illiterate of boarding-school young ladies, in its whole cycle of sight-seeing, from "Saint Mary the Major's" (to use their own choice Italian), to "Saint John's latter end,"—the returning multitudes were delivered from their old associations, and were free to adopt any arrangements which best might suit with their new necessities. A very decided colour was about this time given to Brighton by the frank manners and liberal hospitality of the sailor-king, which brought to the vicinity of the Pavilion numbers of the aristocracy, *plus* a still larger portion of those who presumed upon an annual attendance at St. James's, for the chance of a stray invitation to the royal entertainments. Many mothers also, with invalid daughters, sick of a state of single blessedness, thought the aspect of society favourable to their matrimonial speculations; and the whole corps of *desouvrés* in general discovered that a winter at Brighton opened a prospect of amusement and social gaiety, not to be found in other places at that season of non-intercourse and Babel-like dispersion.

The advent of a new reign, and the unfitness of the Pavilion to accommodate a female court, which drove our youthful Queen from a spot (*dailleurs* divested of all domestic privacy) again abated something of the popularity of the town; and it is only within the last year that the fashionable public have re-awakened to a proper sense of its merits, and satisfied themselves, by experiment, that all the smaller sea-bathing towns are inferior in creature comforts, and in social possibilities, to the *monstre* asylum of the coast of Sussex.

This most important consideration, and the great salubrity of the

spot, owing to the total absence of stagnant water, and to its chalky soil, have again made Brighton a centre of attraction; and we can give no better reason for our own visit to it, than the hope founded on this additional resort, that we should in all likelihood get through that long disease, the *non-season* of London, in the modern Baiæ with less *ennui* than in any other place open to our choice.

Forced, as we have said, by a paramount necessity, reluctantly to quit London, we took with us to Brighton our London habits of life, and among them that habit of curiosity, or—to use a more dignified language—of observation, by which the readers of the *New Monthly* have heretofore so largely profited: we have accordingly availed ourselves of the circumstance, to note for their edification such particulars of the place and its visiters, as it may be profitable and convenient to reproduce.

The first thing that struck us, after a few mornings of scrutinizing perambulation, was a conviction that the visiters of Brighton have but a very inaccurate knowledge of the *locale* and its inhabitants. Like all other pleasure-hunting places, Brighton is made up of two distinct classes, the consumers and the producers, those who make the town an hotel, and those who live by providing for their entertainment. The ostensible population, which crowds the long line of cliffs, or which passes (some in chariots, and some on horses) northward along the parades, to vary the dull monotony of the sea-shore with a glimpse at the trees, or at least of the hedges, of the interior, are all of the first class. Well, if not all fashionably attired, (the women, for the most part, over-dressed for a morning walk), they saunter along the fashionable avenues, looking for the thousand and first time into the windows of the dealers in inutilities, with as eagerly a covetous eye, as if they were not already acquainted with every china ornament, or ivory carving (from Dieppe), which figures in the show-glasses of Amboosone, and the Silvanis. The aspect of this part of Brighton is unique and imposing: on one side the illimitable ocean, spotted with fishing vessels and pleasure boats, and here and there a collier of larger burden, standing in or out of the harbour of Shoreham; on the other, the three miles of mansions, lodging-houses, and hotels, interspersed with the shops of the aforesaid exposers of nick-nacks, lace-vendors, dealers in French fashions and *broderies*, and in all varieties of comestibles, wine-merchants, stationers, printsellers, librarians, &c., &c.

Here is the *beau côté* of Brighton, and many, we presume, of its *habitués* are little aware that the town has any other aspect to exhibit. But behind these lines of streets, climbing up the cliffs at right angles, extend a multitude of long narrow lanes, intersected by others of a similar description, all devoted to the coarser branches of commerce, and to sheltering the humbler searchers after health, who are driven to the sea-side, *invita crumena*, and under the pressure of no imaginary disease.

Tier after tier, as you ascend from the sea-shore, the houses and their inmates, are of smaller and smaller pretensions, till you arrive at the unprotected summit of the hills, open to every breath of heaven, and principally tenanted by washerwomen, the poorest fishermen, and the least accommodated and acknowledged of a civilised(?) community.

Between these two portions of Brighton there is as little personal intercourse, as there is external or internal similarity. Those who are aware that such back slums exist, are little acquainted with their extent; and none, even of the best informed, have probably even once thought how the larger number of their inmates exist. It should seem as if in Brighton, as elsewhere, the extremes of wealth produce also a corresponding extreme of poverty; and that though its riches are derived from distant sources, and not accumulated at the expense of its own community, they occasion the same negative pole of pauperism as if they were under the general laws of ordinary economical distribution.

Intermediate between these two populations, is a third, located in the suburbs of the town, along the London-road. The houses are generally of that small, but neat, box-like description, which is to be found in all the outlets of the modern Babylon; and they are probably inhabited by retired tradesmen, the widowed families of deceased clergymen, and such as having seen better days, retire to spots were poverty is not wholly divested of comfort, and an humble exterior is still accompanied by respectability. This, to the eye of the passenger, forms a picturesque and inviting portion of Brighton, and a very pleasing variety to the denuded seacoast imagery of the rest of the town.

Such is the appearance which Brighton presents to a cursory observation, and such the divisions of the population which inhabit it. A closer inspection offers many other minuter shadings; and of these, one that most quickly draws attention, is the infant population. Brighton absolutely swarms with children. The hasty generaliser must not rush to a conclusion that this is another instance of the supposed influence of a fish diet;—for the children are mostly importations; and so great are their numbers, and so large the space they and their nurses occupy on the *trottoirs* (in themselves not too roomy), that it requires more benevolence and philosophy than we can boast of, not to think, with at least a transient complacency, of King Herod and his rather singular propensities. The appearance presented by this infantry regiment is uniform. They are all ridiculously over-dressed, and the yearlings more especially affect portentous beaver hats, overshadowed by plumes of feathers, that would not disgrace the gigantic helmet of the Castle of Otranto. When duly accustomed to this variety in the social order of the place, and enabled to thread the mazes which they and their attendant maids create in the public walks, without the fear of trampling them down in the passage, they afford an interesting subject of speculation. It really is marvellous how early the organs of self-conceit and domination are developed in these precocious Neros, which is particularly observable in such of them as are barred into their little goat chaises, with a whip in one hand, and what passes for a rein in the other. In the consciousness that their volition governs the animal, and a sense of their own grandeur and importance, they are as much in want of a slave to remind them of their mortality, as the proudest Roman that ever triumphed over half the globe; and they are as petulant and illtempered as all other irresponsible despots.

In striking contrast with these heirs of the creation, are the invalid population of the place, the sickly young women, stretched on their backs in wheeled couches drawn by hand, and the gouty and paralytic aged, who promenade in similar vehicles the remains of their well-spent lives. It is difficult to determine which affords the most painful image of suffering hu-

manity, the blighted flower cut down in its spring, or these last roses of summer, still clinging to life when all its illusions have faded. Dragged to the furthest extremity of the chain pier, to inhale to the greatest advantage the invigorating sea breezes, and concentrated upon a single spot, they give a decided colour to the place, rendering it an open air hospital, and tempting one to impose upon the town the ancient Saxon designation of Bath,—the sick man's city. Here may be seen many a veteran soldier, attended by his Antigone daughter—many a specimen of lovely fragility, accompanied by an anxious sister, or heartbroken mother,—examples of all that is deplorable in our physical constitution, and all that is most excellent in our moral nature.

Next to the invalids, Brighton is remarkable for the number of its widows, dressed *à quatre epingles* in all the panoply of their new condition, and bearing unconsciously on their persons signs of that sense of independence which, in all probability, they are now enjoying for the first time. If it be true, as Rochefoucauld pretends, that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends not altogether displeasing, it is certainly not less so, that there is something in the misfortunes of widowhood not altogether displeasing to the parties themselves,—a pleasurable excitement which widows only know. Whether this feeling be retrospective or prospective, it would be presumptuous for one, not of the craft, to decide; but whichever it be, either its excitation, or that of the sea air, gives a bloom and an elasticity to the countenance exceedingly becoming; and we should recommend all the "fair bereaved" of our acquaintance to "try Brighton."

The women, in general, form a decided majority of the population, a circumstance the more extraordinary, because (as the fact itself intimates) the men are few; more especially there is a dearth of the subspecies beau, which is difficult to explain. It is in vain that her Majesty, in kind consideration for her female subjects resident round the pavilion, has stationed there, *en permanence*, a detachment of cavalry officers: the holders of her commission, either alarmed by the inequality of their position before the enemy, or too closely governed by an *esprit de corps*, regularly abstain from fraternising with the civilians; and no given quantity of champagne will seduce them into the doubly hazardous contact with watering-place familiarities. As for the non-military portion of beaudom, the foxes and the grouse are both strong against their presence; but this alone will not fully explain the phenomenon. It should seem as if Brighton were tabooed by the clubs; nay, there is rarely so much as a fresh-coloured curate, or a fortune-hunting Paddy, to be encountered in the evening associations of the place. Brighton, therefore, is the paradise of the dowager-dandy—of the *emeritus* professor of flirtation, and the unmarried practitioner of physic, a fact by no means to be disregarded by those whom it may concern. The advent of a pair of whiskers produced not in the queen of Navarre half the sensation which at long intervals it excites on the West Cliff, even though those whiskers should show no equivocal admixture of gray in the scarcely predominating red. A coat buttoned up to the chin, likewise, is an object of interest; and if the breast be padded, is little short of a letter of introduction.

It is a question of some curiosity, whence the population, thus constituted, is drawn; and we are disposed to think it is derived much more from the country than from the town. There is, in the season,

which is out of season, no deficiency of smart equipages, filled with expensively dressed females, indicating a great deal of what is termed respectability; but to a close observation, the manifest ignorance of each other in which the parties pass and repass, sufficiently indicates that they are not of that circle in which every one knows and is known by all.

In life all things are relative, and "nothing is, but thinking makes it so." To the country clergyman, and other residents in remote villages, Brighton is decidedly gay; and, if they come from the less picturesque counties, decidedly beautiful. Brighton, too, is the resort of those to whom, on any account, home is disagreeable, and by whom a change (no matter what) is desired. Considerations of health doubtless determine some to the choice; but it is probable that the sufficing reason which brings the many, is the want of any decisive call in another direction. Brighton is the most convenient place to all the south-eastern part of the kingdom, when in search of "a lark," and a great recommendation that is. In the masses thus derived, the members of the London fashionable circle form but a small dilution; and they are cognizable to those of the freemasonry by signs not to be mistaken, and which need not be here described.

From this hasty census of the population, much cannot be inferred as to the amusements of the place. It cannot de denied, that in this respect Brighton lost every thing in exchanging the *bonhommie* of its old association for the exclusive *morgue* of its modern *ton*. Brighton, probably, is too large to admit of watering-place amusements, of the bringing together all sorts and conditions of persons under one roof. The people of fashion, too, come to the place satiated with balls and assemblies; and the advancing season no longer admits of evening promenades and a squeeze in the library. Still there is a manifest want of some establishment where lights and music might encourage people to leave their dens, and congregate after dark,—a something like the foreign casino, which (protected by some sort of ballot or scrutiny) would afford a little variety to the monotonous evenings, undisturbed by the apprehension of those focuses of contagion, the impures and the cheesemongers. As it is, the setting of the sun eclipses all external note of gaiety; and for the rest of the day the silence of the grave is preserved in the streets, broken only by the melancholy roar of the sea, the discordant jangle of a hired pianoforte, groaning and squeaking under the practice of some unpractised young lady, by the occasional rumble of a hackney-fly, or the loud voices of the stable-servants, who, released from their accustomed nightly duties, make blindman's holiday in their peregrinations from pot-house to pot-house.

The theatre in Brighton, as every where else, has fallen into the sear and yellow-leaf. It should seem as if the whole town had made an assignation not to meet there: which is the more extraordinary, because the same class of persons, under the pressure of the same social necessities, choose the same time of year for a transient attendance on the theatres of London. Concerts, undertaken by "wandering melodists," English and Italian, have occasional success; but they are chiefly frequented by the residents, and are few and far between: and as for public balls (notwithstanding the sinecure master of the ceremonies), they are held to be the abomination of abominations.

Among the events which give a transient interest to the scene, must be enumerated the arrival and departure of the stage coaches. These vehicles, in number above twenty, succeed each other at every hour of the day. It must be admitted that in the abstract there is something pleasurable in the idea of escape they suggest to the victim of *ennui;* and who that inhabits a watering-place is exempt from occasional twinges of that malady? Independently of this pleasure, the great attraction is exerted by the two or three aristocratic vehicles which travel with peculiar speed, and are horsed, coachman'd, and guarded in a superior style;—the coachmen being of that class in which the instinct of the whip is so strong as to overcome all considerations of rank, station, and social habits. The guards, too, are geniuses, and were born with the organ of cornet-à-piston-itiveness in full development.

At the approach of the hour of departure of one of these musical snuff-boxes (*i. e.* the boxes of coachmen that are up to snuff), a crowd, rather miscellaneously composed, begins to assemble, in which well-dressed idlers of either sex are not sparingly sprinkled. Marvellous is the reverence with which the youthful aspirants after Olympic honours regard the veteran whip; great is their admiration for the ease and grace with which he handles the ribbons. The last moments of appointed delay are now passing away, the passengers are seated, the coachman has already ascended the box, the ostlers have one hand on the horse-cloths, "Jump Jim Crow" is in full song, the clock strikes, and at the first sound of the bell, the excited horses (who have learned to associate that sound with the whip-lash) dash off at full speed, the coach turns the corner without being upset, and in an instant silence again reigns in the Castle-square.

But to return from this digression. We know not whether among the amusements of Brighton we should reckon a course of the artificial spa-waters; for the establishment which provides them closes for the season, before the true season actually commences. At all events, it forms a remarkable feature of the place. It is a matter for the science of therapeutics to discover how far the efficacy of the real spa-waters is inherent in the waters themselves, or is dependant on a concomitant course of greasy German dinners, and the nightly disaphoresis of the gaming-table. As far as individual experience goes, it is a question not very easy of solution; the opportunities of analytical investigation being so rare. We have indeed known some persons who, when in Germany, addicted themselves to the dinner and the gaming-table, eschewing the waters; but as these persons were, or thought themselves in sufficient health, their example proves nothing. Waiving, however, that difficulty, there seems little reason for doubting that the artificial substitutes of Brighton are quite as efficacious as the German originals, considering the care and accuracy of their preparation. There are few things in Brighton more worthy of examination than the apparatus by which these waters are prepared; the locale is a perfect *oasis* (pardon the originality of the figure) in the desert of the Brighton district.

Whatever else the Brightonians may do with themselves in the course of the morning, they must not neglect, between the hours of two and five, to show their equipage, if they have one, on the cliffs. The

long line between the two turnpikes affords as much space for a healthful and beautiful drive as a dowager, or a dowager's coachman, and horses can bear; and the ride is further recommended by the care bestowed by the town in the maintenance of the road. There is, however, one part of it which, from the necessities of the spot, is inconveniently, if not dangerously narrow; and it is precisely that part of it which forms the favourite *corso* of the visiters, whether on account of the danger, or for the better display of armorial bearings and rich pelisses, this deponent sayeth not. This, too, is a fashionable spot with the female equestrians, who force their passage along the promenade at a smart trot, with a courage and constancy worthy a better cause. Here, by the bye, we may note, that the trade of riding-master thrives in Brighton. He lets horses by the hour, and accompanies squads of young ladies and gentlemen to the downs in great numbers, forming a strikingly distinctive part of the Brighton groupings. We cannot, unfortunately, say whether he also lets the riding-dress *avec*, or whether each lady provides for her own use that article of equestrian equipment as necessary and as satisfactory as the horse itself.

From what has been said of the law which governs Brighton association, it may be safely concluded that the *haut-ton* amuses itself there pretty much as in other places: that is, depends principally for its *délassements* on a good dinner. Dinner association, indeed, is almost the only one which the genius of the place and time of year permits: and the small scale of the parties adds much to their comfort and agreeability. Perhaps they may be a little taxed for sameness; but that is common to all extra-Londinian society; and we only allude to the circumstance for the sake of pointing out the advisability of a trip to Brighton to any professional dinner-out who is out of place, *i. e.* not invited to some country-house for the Christmas festivities.

Brighton is well supplied with newspapers twice a-day, and their arrival is an epoch in the life of a true London man. Between both, he may contrive to while away some hours in tolerable activity; and if he has a taste for French novels (and who has not?) there is a cheap and abundant supply at Gancia's, who (we verily believe) saves the lives of many, otherwise fated to die the death of the bored.

It is high time, however, for us to stop; and if any speculator in bricks and mortar should think we have not decked his town in colours sufficiently attractive, we beg to reply, that it is no fault of ours if London is London, and that none but itself can be its parallel. As it is, Brighton, with all its facilities and resources, is out and out the best of its class; and when the railroad shall be completed, it will be London itself, or rather the lungs of the great capital. If London, then, be the only place in the season, and the best all the rest of the year, it is no disparagement to other places to say that Brighton approaches the nearest to it, albeit at an immeasurable distance.

Before closing, we must add one word of regret for the departure of Doctor Mantell's museum of fossils, which once formed a singular and important article of attraction to the town. The chalk cliffs, however, and the Wealden remain; and the Brightonian who has any taste for science cannot occupy his time to better purpose than in forming a little collection for himself.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF CHARLES CHESTERFIELD,

THE YOUTH OF GENIUS.

By Mrs. Trollope.

Chap. XVII.

THE TOILET INTELLECTUAL—"A CHARMING GROUP"—SIR GEORGE MEDDOWS SUFFERS A "DESENCHANTEMENT"—AN ILLUSTRATION OF MILTON—VANITY'S PUNISHMENT.

It was very rarely that Miss Meddows profited by the general invitation which she had received for all Mrs. Gibson's Tuesday evening parties; but Sir George having declared that it was his purpose to go, and his wish that she should go likewise, she submitted, though feeling much more disposed to plead illness and go to bed, than to become one of the admiring throng assembled to gaze on Mrs. Gibson's lions. Mrs. Longuéville, however, declared that another evening at Mrs. Gibson's would decidedly be her death; so she sent for an old lady to play at piquet with her, and the baronet and his daughter entered Mrs. Gibson's drawing-room together with the *protégé*, to whom Sir George graciously said, about five miuutes before they set off,

"You may go with us, if you will, Charles, because Mrs. Longuéville stays at home."

The rooms were very nearly full, for the expected presence of Mrs. Sherbourne had been industriously circulated, and many came for the purpose of meeting a lady who had a forthcoming play announced at one of the great theatres. But if this lady was the centre of attraction to others, Mr. Marchmont was the centre of attraction to her; and it might be accounted fortunate for Mrs. Gibson that it was so; for had it been otherwise, had his enormous appetite for flattery, usually so highly pampered in that drawing-room, been starved by seeing all its expected dainties handed over to another, it might be difficult even to guess to what extremities of rabbose rage the unwonted disappointment might have driven him. But from this he was happily saved by the adulation of a single worshipper. No one knew better than Mrs. Sherbourne how to administer the sweet opiate; and no one could be more earnestly bent than she was, on the present occasion, upon exhibiting the delicious drug with effect.

Mr. Marchmont had dined with his dear friends, as the thoughtful Mrs. Gibson always took care he should do, whenever she had reason to believe that her evening party would be either too large or too fine to make a restorative little supper convenient. He well knew, too, who he was about to meet, as when ever any person remarkable in any way was expected, he always received notice of it; an attention as profitable to Mrs. Gibson as to himself, inasmuch as it enabled him always to assume a style and a tone suitable to the occasion.

In the present instance, he had not only Mrs. Sherbourne, but Miss Meddows to prepare for, and it was for many reasons his intention to be peculiarly effective. He had heard much of Miss Meddows, her

beauty, talents, foreign education, and heiresship; and though he had heard much of Mrs. Sherbourne also, it was certainly his intention to bestow himself chiefly on the former and younger lady.

Never, perhaps, had he bestowed more care on his appearance than he did that night. His hair, which for some time past he had been nourishing into great length, was parted transversely from above his left eye across his head, both divisions being carefully lodged behind his rather capacious ears, and permitted to hang down in a wavy line, not wholly the work of nature, to about midway the collar of his coat. The wristbands of his shirt-sleeves were turned back like a widow's weepers: and the only confinement to which his shirt was submitted, consisted of a broad black ribbon, over which his shirt-collar was turned, hanging over that of his coat like a schoolboy's of the last century. This Mr. Marchmont called the "Vandyck style," and often declared, that he considered it to be the duty of every Englishman to adopt it, in the hope of rivalling the exquisitely picturesque aspect of *la jeune France*, as seen in the theatres and on the Boulevards.

"They must not leave us behind them in every thing!" were the words he used, when advocating this remarkable style of dress. "It is mortification enough to remember, that where we have one popular political movement, they have a dozen."

Urged by this patriotic spirit of emulation, as well as by the lofty ambition—

"That best infirmity of noble minds,"

which ever propelled him to be in the van of all innovation, Mr. Marchmont's appearance on the present occasion was much too striking to be overlooked by either of the two ladies in whose eyes he most particularly wished to be distinguished—and he was distinguished by them, not only as a very remarkable-looking individual indeed, but each, though neither had ever seen him before, felt certain at the first glance that it was Mr. Marchmont who stood before her.

"That extremely queer-looking person must be the man I have so carefully avoided," thought Clara. "But it matters not! He whose dislike of him engendered mine, is no longer within reach of being disgusted by his approach!—I need not avoid him for his sake now."

"Marchmont! As sure as I live, that is Marchmont," reasoned Mrs. Sherbourne. "How deliciously original he looks!—I must win him, if I never steal into the heart of mortal man again!"

Mrs. Gibson was in full glory. The remarkable loveliness of Miss Meddows, and that striking elegance of appearance which distinguishes every beautiful woman who has the good taste to let her dress be rather in accordance with the fashion of the day, than a servile specimen of it, drew all eyes upon her, and seemed of itself sufficient to render the scene brilliant. The lady who, at least for a week or two, was likely to be more talked about than any other authoress in London, sat beside her on the same sofa, dividing the curiosity, if not the admiration, while before them stood the great Regenerator, looking at once proudly indifferent, intellectually wild, and as exquisitely unlike an English gentleman as it was possible for any man to do.

"What a group!" exclaimed the delighted Mrs. Gibson, with a degree of gratified vanity, which could hardly have been greater had she

been herself conscious of possessing in her single person the attractions and the fame of all these.

She had already presented her highly-favoured friend to both the ladies, and now, with the delightful consciousness of having a right to be first of the first in her own drawing-room, she placed an arm-chair in the front of the sofa, and turning her back upon the rest of the company, determined to lead the conversation to subjects that should suit them all, and at the same time bring her own peculiar talents into play.

"How rarely it is in our power to bring together three persons so worthy of being known to each other!" she said, looking successively at each. "You have no idea what delight I have in being the composer of such a trio! I feel like an alchymist, who having long meditated on the value of sundry precious materials, brings them together, and finds he has produced—GOLD"

Mrs. Sherbourne looked meekly in the face of Mrs. Gibson, and performed a languid smile; and then, raising her large eyes to the face of Marchmont, looked steadily at him for a moment, with an earnestness of examination which evidently rendered her perfectly oblivious of what she was about. After which a sort of slight trembling seemed to run through her frame—it might have been a quiver of delight—or it might have been a species of timid shudder, such as weak mortals are supposed to feel in presence of a being of superior nature to themselves—or it might have been that she read her fate, literary, amatory, or financial, in his expressive eyes (for it may be observed that though Mrs. Sherbourne dressed very elegantly, she never omitted an opportunity of intimating the lowly state of her exchequer to very nearly all who would listen to her); whatever the cause of this steadfast gaze, and its subsequent effect upon her frame, it was so far successful as to awaken the attention and pique the curiosity of its object. He stood, meanwhile, looking as tall and intellectual as he possibly could; but though far from being insensible to the remarkable attack made upon him by the eyes of the poetess, he as yet still persevered in his intention of bestowing himself chiefly on the beauty and the heiress; and though he gave Mrs. Sherbourne in return one of those queer mystical looks which, like her own, produced its chief effect by setting the object of it to interpret what it could possibly mean, his glances were chiefly bent upon Clara. But he almost believed that she had not heard the exciting words of Mrs. Gibson, nor perceived that he himself was looking at her. Had he believed it quite, he would not have deceived himself.

"I have had the honour of seeing Miss Meddows before," he said, in a deep low tone, worthy of Kean in the days of his best whisper.

"Have you?" said Mrs. Gibson, briskly; "I thought you told me that you had never met her?"

"I never had the happiness of meeting Miss Meddows in society before," he replied, with a slight sigh. "But I have seen her, nevertheless."

"Where was it you saw her, then?" demanded Mrs. Gibson. "This sounds quite romantic, doesn't it?"

"I saw her from the Countess of Raymond's box at the Opera. Miss Meddows was in that of Lady Wycomb," he replied.

"And when was that, Marchmont?" said Mrs. Gibson, looking exceedingly playful. "You positively must give us a history of the whole affair."

"It will be two years on the 5th of next May," was the solemn answer; delivered with an accent and manner that seemed to have much meaning.

"Upon my word and honour, my dear Miss Meddows, this looks rather suspicious," observed Mrs. Gibson, nodding her head. "You have a capital memory, my good friend. I dare say you could tell us, too, what the young lady had on? was it a black dress or white; blue dress or grey?"

"There are things which, though seemingly trifling, can never be forgotten," he answered; adding in a very low mutter as he stooped beside the sofa to pick up his glove, thereby bringing his head very near to that of Clara, "and these are—of them."

A slight frown contracted the brow of the favoured lady, while the vexed poetess vowed a little vow that she would make him turn away from the proud beauty and live in her eyes only before the evening was over, though it should cost her the labour of a whole volume to effect it.

If Mr. Marchmont perceived Miss Meddows's frown, he did not heed it, for drawing a chair to the corner of the sofa on which she sat, and so seating himself in it, as to place himself exactly behind her, he entered into conversation with a low voice, and with his hand so resting upon one of the cushions as to give her very much the appearance of being supported against his arm. Inexpressibly provoked, she drew so closely towards Mrs. Sherbourne as considerably to annoy her in the pretty manœuvrings of her miniature person; but this retreat was by no means an effectual one, and Clara was meditating on the desperate measure of breaking up Mrs. Gibson's "charming group," and crossing the room, when she was relieved by the unexpected approach of Miss Marianne Gibson, who, though she had scarcely ever exchanged a dozen words with her, now addressed her as if they had been intimately acquainted for years, saying,

"Miss Meddows, if you will come over to my little table, I will show you something that will make you laugh, and I will promise, moreover, that nobody shall come near to plague you."

Clara waited not for any further invitation, but standing up with a bright, grateful smile, passed her arm under that of her deliverer, and accompanied her across the room. There the eccentric Marianne had established herself as usual, with her writing-paper and scissors, her shaded wax-lights, and her low chair.

"You did look so very unhappy!" said she, opening her little portfolio, as if to search for something, "that I could not help coming to your rescue."

"And most truly do I thank you for it," replied Clara, laughing, "I had all the inclination in the world to run away, only I knew not where to run to."

"I can secrete you here very safely," said Marianne, pointing to her own chair; "that is to say, if you really prefer so inglorious a position to all the honours from which I snatched you."

"I do prefer it," replied Clara, placing herself in the offered chair; "and now I hope you mean to sit down by me, and show me what it is I am to laugh at."

Without replying, Marianne drew forth a group of four figures, cut in white paper, and laying them on the dark cover of her portfolio, asked her new friend if she had ever seen any thing like them.

"What miraculous rapidity!" exclaimed Clara, "and what singular talent! There we are, as like as paper can make us!" and in truth the group presented an extremely clever resemblance of the sofa, as it had been a few moments before, with Mrs. Gibson in front, and Mr. Marchmont in the rear of it. "And do you serve all your friends and acquaintance thus?" demanded Clara, looking at her with considerable interest and curiosity.

"Yes, a good many of them," was the reply. "It is really my only resource on my mother's tremendous Tuesday evenings—I do not sing, neither can I talk blue, and so I indulge myself with a quire of paper and a pair of scissors."

"And do you always show the people your caricatures of them as honestly as you have done to me? You are very courageous."

"No! There you are especially favoured—I would not venture, for instance, to show this to the pair opposite;" and she drew forth another milk-white group, nicely cut, and having an easily recognisible resemblance to Sir George Meddows and Miss Almeria Gibson, who were seated, as Marianne said, nearly opposite; the lady reclining very gracefully against the retreating back of a very deep arm-chair, at the risk of exposing a well-dressed and very pretty foot and ankle, and the gentleman seated very close beside, or rather in front of her, holding his hat between his knees, and peering with an air of rather undoubting confidence in her face.

"Pray, Miss Meddows," said Marianne, as she corrected her work by an additional snip or two, "do you happen to know which of the five Miss Gibsons it is to whom a partial relative left twenty thousand pounds?"

"No, indeed, I do not," replied Clara, looking surprised at the question.

"The pains they take to keep it secret will never answer," said Marianne; "for let a gentleman advance as far as he will in the utterance of preliminary sweetness, and the performance of preliminary *œillades*, he would have no scruple at retreating again to the greatest imaginable distance if he discovered that he had made a blunder. Don't you agree with me, Miss Meddows?"

"Upon my word, you puzzle me," said Clara, "I hardly know what you are talking about, and not at all to what persons you allude."

"Well then—never mind. Only, if you should happen to meet with any gentleman, either old or young, who might, in your opinion, be likely to make a mistake upon the subject, you may just mention, if you like it, that it is the little quiz Marianne Gibson who has the fortune, and that she means to bestow herself and it upon a clerical cousin, as soon as he has taken orders."

Miss Meddows would certainly have thought this unexpected confidence very unnecessary, had she not remarked as she listened to it,

so decided a flirtation between her father and the tender Almeria, as convinced her that it was not made without design.

"Will you keep this place for me if I wander away from it for a minute or two?" said Clara, suddenly determined to communicate the information she had received to her father.

The well-meaning but strange Marianne nodded assent, and Miss Meddows crossed the room to the spot where her father was so agreeably occupied as not to perceive her approach till she was close to him.

"Will you take us to look at your mamma's new illustrations for her Milton?" said she, addressing Almeria; "I perceive a table there quite covered with them."

To refuse was impossible, and however reluctantly, the fair lady was obliged to rise, and break up the delightful *tête-à-tête*.

"You will come, too, papa, will you not?" said Clara.

"Unquestionably!—you have chosen a conductor, Clara, whom all the world would wish to follow."

Having reached the table, Miss Meddows began to turn over the heterogeneous mass of engravings which lay upon it; and after employing herself thus for a minute or two, said,

"I wish you would ask your mamma to come here—no one can explain all this so well as herself."

Again the vexed Almeria felt compliance to be unavoidable, and obeyed.

"What a strange collection!" said Clara, pointing to one or two prints, most ludicrously incongruous.

Sir George smiled.

"By the way, papa," she added in a whisper, "I have just acquired an important piece of information.—It is that quiet-looking girl, Marianne, who has the independent fortune. I have heard a number of various reports about it, but my present information comes from the best possible authority, being no other than the young lady herself."

"Are you in earnest, Clara?"

"Yes, perfectly; she has been quite opening her heart to me, and told me that she was engaged to be married to her cousin as soon as he had taken orders."

"How devilish hot the room is!—Don't you find it so? You don't mean to stay here all night, I suppose, do you?"

"Not quite, papa,—But I must not go away yet."

"No, I suppose not. The carriage is waiting, is it not?"

"I believe so. The servants know that they are always to wait here."

"Then it shall take me down to my club, and come back directly for you.—You need not say any thing about my having bolted." Clara bent her fair head in acquiescence: Sir George glided very skilfully behind a group surrounding a tray of ices, and when Almeria returned with her mother, Miss Meddows stood before the Miltonic table alone.

"Have I not got on amazingly since you saw it last, my dear Miss Meddows?" demanded Mrs. Gibson.

"You have, indeed. The work is swelling into most magnificent dimensions," replied Clara, hardly able to repress a smile at the rest-

less glances which the forsaken Almeria was throwing around in all directions—and throwing in vain.

"There is a great deal of original humour in this idea, Miss Meddows," said Mrs. Gibson, taking up a little etching that lay upon the table. "This was Mr. Dalrymple's idea. You see it is the breaking up of the school at Dotheboy's Hall—Nicholas Nickleby, you know—and Mr. Dalrymple advises me of all things to make it illustrate the rebellion of the angels. The idea is admirable. Every body is delighted with it."

Poor Clara took up the little print, and looked at it with a most wavering degree of attention; whereupon Mr. Gibson ventured to join himself to the party, bringing Charles with him, whom as only a third or fourth-rate lion on this very splendid evening, he had ventured to seize upon, and initiate into all the Gibson superiorities in every branch of art, science, and, as he comprehensively expressed it, every species of intellectual development. Clara had now to endure hearing the whole history of the illustration of Paradise Lost chronologically recorded to Charles Chesterfield by Mr. Gibson, and commented upon with very copious annotations by Mrs. Gibson; but one or two novices happily joining themselves to the group, Clara ventured to return to her place by Marianne.

"I never shrink from doing what I think is right," said that very odd person again, making room for her—"and I think that it is very likely you adopt the same rule. Here is another paper portrait for you, if you feel inclined to look at it."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Sherbourne, greatly favoured by circumstances, and deeply intent upon obtaining her object, suffered not the golden opportunity to be wasted; but as soon as Mrs. Gibson was called away, so completely and ably brought all her artillery to play on the vanity and sundry other fine feelings of Mr. Marchmont, that he speedily found himself consoled for the escapade of Miss Meddows, and devoted himself to the poetess quite as much as he thought it likely his invaluable friend Mrs. Gibson would approve.

"May I hope that you will condescend to call on me, Mr. Marchmont?" said Mrs. Sherbourne, when the party was beginning to disperse; and she said it with a look and tone of such touching gentleness, that few men could have avoided replying as he did.

"Will I? Good Heaven, what a question! Tell me where I may find you?"

The answer was a silent one, and consisted in her slipping into his hand a card bearing her address. This done, she too glided amidst the crowd, and disappeared.

Charles Chesterfield during the whole of this time had never for a moment the fate of his tale out of his thoughts, but till the departure of Mrs. Sherbourne he had not found courage to approach the patron upon whom his destiny hung. At length, however, after she had left the room, he made a desperate effort, for his anxiety was literally greater than he could bear; and breaking away from Mr. Gibson, Mrs. Gibson, three Miss Gibsons, and all the glories of their "Paradise Lost," he made his way to the sofa on which Mr. Marchmont was now lying, apparently half-asleep, and said to him—

"Well, sir—do you think it will do?"

"Who!—what! my dear fellow?" returned the startled philosopher, rubbing his eyes—"What in the world are you talking about?"

"The story I gave you this morning, Mr. Marchmont.—Will you give it a place in *The Regenerator?*"

"Upon my word that is a question I cannot answer, Chesterfield—for I have not looked at it."

A man must be as vain as our poor Charles Chesterfield to suffer all he did at that moment.

Chap. XVIII.

MRS. SHERBOURNE POURS BALM INTO CHARLES'S WOUNDS—AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN MR. MARCHMONT AND MRS. SHERBOURNE—POETRY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Not even the last words of Mrs. Sherbourne, though they were all that his heart could wish, had the power of healing the wound which Charles had received from the negligent answer of Marchmont; yet they were very delightful words, too, and doubtless produced a salutary effect, though far short of a cure.

Having just strength sufficient to hear Mr. Marchmont's answer without falling to the ground, he wisely determined not to tax his overstrained nerves any longer, and without attempting any reply, instantly turned round and left the room.

Mrs. Sherbourne, who had prevailed on a servant to go out and seek a coach for her, was still waiting for it at the door of the dining-parlour, enveloped in a huge domino sort of cloak which she had brought with her from Rome. Poor Charles neither noticed nor knew her, but though she had found it impossible to give him more than a nod while in the presence of the great editor,—the fate-bestowing we of the *Regenerator*,—she seemed quite enchanted to meet him now, and stretching out her little hand, gently arrested his rapid steps.

"Do not fly away at such a rate till I have spoken one word to you!" she said. "Remember! the rehearsal is fixed for Friday next. I cannot ask you to come to see me before that day, as I shall be greatly occupied, but if you will call for me at eleven—perhaps you will bring a coach with you—we can go to the theatre together, and it will be a great comfort to me to have your support during the trying scene. You have no notion, I am sure, of the torture to which the performers put us on these occasions! Ah! Mr. Chesterfield! our profession is certainly the noblest in the world; but it sometimes brings tremendous agitation."

These words sounded like the voice of an oracle upon the ears of Charles, and brought all the valuable consolation which could be derived from knowing that in the noble brotherhood and sisterhood to which he belonged there might be more hearts than one as troubled and trembling as his own. Somewhat cheered, and at any rate deeply grateful, Charles not only promised to be faithfully punctual to the delightful appointment which she proposed, but gallantly offering his

arm stood beside her till her vehicle arrived, and handed her into it with a sort of careful tenderness which proved that notwithstanding his troubles, he had not forgotten his visit to her little parlour in Mount-street.

We will not, in pity to the reader, follow poor Charles to his anxious, restless bed. Suffice it to say that he passed an extremely bad night, and, falling asleep towards the morning, dreamed such a feverish quantity of literary adventures, and misadventures, that he awoke pale, unrefreshed, and most utterly miserable. During the day he took at least four-and-twenty different walks, never choosing to be absent from his lodgings for many minutes together, lest a note from Mr. Marchmont might come in the interval, yet loathing the sight of pens, ink, and paper too heartily to permit his making use of them. Nay, he loathed the sight of a book too; it created a painful emotion of envy towards the author, *for it was printed!*

While this miserable day thus wore away with Charles, his mighty master was probably employing his time in a much more amusing manner than if he had devoted it to the critical perusal of the poor youth's *première tentative*. Quite as early as it is usual for literary ladies to be ready for morning visits, Mr. Marchmont was at Mrs. Sherbourne's door. To say the truth, she had been for some time anxiously watching for his approach, an occupation for which a parlour window gives great facilities; and the momen tshe perceived him present himself at the door of the house, she flew to that of her parlour, and uttered in rapid but distinct accents to the maid as she passed to open it, "Let this gentleman in; but if any body else calls before he goes away, say that I am out."

The morning toilet of Mrs. Sherbourne has already been described as *bien soignée*, and exceedingly attractive, even on ordinary occasions, and it was certainly rather more so than usual now: indeed, to a woman *à prétention*, and Mrs. Sherbourne was pre-eminently such in every sense of the phrase, no visit is more likely to excite a careful preparation than that of the editor of a critical journal, himself still received by way of a young man, still *garçon*, and still *fat*.

Mrs. Sherbourne knew perfectly well what she was about, nor must the slightest approach to indiscretion be attributed to her. On the contrary, whatever she did on this occasion, and on many others, which by the ignorant might have been thought to have that appearance, deserved to be described by an epithet very decidedly the reverse. But Mrs. Sherbourne would as soon have thought of putting her impassioned language, her original views on all subjects, her boasted knowledge of Italian, or any other of her manifold accomplishments upon the shelf, as her beauty. Her prose and poetry, her hands and feet, her wit, and her white shoulders, her philosophy and her long ringlets, her large eyes and her little Italian vocabulary, were one and all part and parcel of herself, and one and all part and parcel "of that by which she lived."

"This is so kind!—so very kind, Mr. Marchmont!" she said, as the gentleman entered, bowed upon her hand, and expressed his hopes that his early visit did not derange her occupations.

"My occupations? Alas! What occupation can you attribute to

me that I should weigh against the pleasure of seeing you? In your position, Mr. Marchmont, you know not what it is to feel as I do. Shall I pity you? I think I will, for never knowing the delight felt by the hopeless and forlorn, when a cheering ray of light shines upon them from—*above*."

Mrs. Sherbourne pronounced the last word with a pretty, playful smile, and with an action of her delicate hand, which though it a little deranged her slippery shawl, made her look altogether exceedingly graceful and animated.

"Good Heaven! Mrs. Sherbourne! How is it that I have lived thus long, and never known you till now? There is treason somewhere, and I must hunt it out. The herd, the envious herd have plotted to keep us asunder, or we must have met!" exclaimed Marchmont, looking at her with a little real, and an immense deal of pretended admiration. "May I sit by you here?" he said, still holding her hand, and leading her towards the sofa.

"You may," she replied in an accent difficult to describe, but which expressed at once timidity, confidence, incipient friendship, and that sort of pretty consciousness which gives to some ladies the air of a mouse, incessantly expecting to be pounced upon by a cat, but one for whom, by some strange perversity of their nature, they cannot feel all the detestation that it ought to inspire.

"Well now, tell me," said Mr. Marchmont, protectingly, "what is all this I hear about a play of yours that is going to be immediately brought out? Has this little hand been really bold enough to trace the exits and the entrances, the good and evil, the passion and the whim of life, through five long acts? What an extraordinary creature you are!"

"Oh! do not say so? It seems so like laughing at me! But what *can* I do? Alas! you know not my position. Woe is me, Mr. Marchmont, I must do something or perish."

"Perish the universe first," replied her visiter, with enthusiasm. "But why," he added, "should you speak with regret of having been induced to exercise your charming genius upon the very highest order of poetical composition? It is a glory even to have thought of it."

"But oh! the presumption, if you could but imagine the fluttering *here!*" she replied, pressing her hands upon her bosom, "I am quite sure you would pity me."

"Pity?—My charming Mrs. Sherbourne! Pity is a feeling you can never inspire, though many an aching heart may wish you to feel it. You know this, you must know it, only too well. But tell me frankly—can I be of any use to you?"

Mrs. Sherbourne understood her business a great deal too well, and had a vast deal too much tact to reply,

"Yes, sir. Be so good as to say, before it appears, that the world are standing tip-toe to witness the first dramatic effort of decidedly the most talented woman in Europe. And afterwards—that years have passed by us, and many more will roll after them, without producing a dramatic work so replete with all the best and highest attributes of that order of composition." She did not say this; she only gave him one flash from her large eyes, that seemed vivified by a ray of hope divine,

and then throwing herself forward on her little writing-table, she remained silent for a minute or two, and appeared to be weeping, for such windy "suspiration of forced breath" burst from her fair breast, that it was evident she was strongly agitated, and, in all human likelihood, shedding tears.

"Dear friend! let me call you so," said Marchmont, taking her hand; "what is all this? You must not be so nervous. The representation of a first play is, I grant you, a tremendous trial of strength, even for a man, and he must have an iron heart who would not sympathize with such a being as you are, under the same thrilling experiment! I know it all, I guess every feeling that is now working within you. But look up—look up at me, I entreat you! If you imagine I have power, imagine too—nay, do more than imagine, be very sure that it shall be stretched to the utmost to do you service. Will not this assurance induce you to look at me once more? Come, come, I will positively see yo smile again."

"What an ungrateful wretch I should be if I did not look up!" exclaimed Mrs. Sherbourne, suddenly raising her head, shaking back her ringlets, and passing her hand over her eyes, as if both literally to dash away any idle drops that might obscure them, and figuratively to send off the heavy cloud that had rested on her spirit.

"O Heaven!" she went on, clasping her hands together, and piercing the ceiling with her upward gaze; "if, *if*, IF I could indulge the wild hope that this drama might appear tolerable to you, I should cast care and sorrow to the winds, and feel at once the proudest and happiest of human beings."

"Mrs. Sherbourne," replied Marchmont solemnly, "I do not believe that there is any man in my profession who has the same highly-exalted conscientious feeling about it, that I have. My critical articles, down even to the most trifling notices, are written with the most scrupulous, and perfectly unbiassed impartiality; neither personal nor party feelings have the slightest share in any word I write; and so deeply important do I think this impartiality to the cause of literature, that I am often made perfectly wretched by perceiving that I am the only individual who acts upon this principle. So far it is due to myself that I should explain my principles as editor, proprietor, and leading writer of decidedly the most popular journal in Europe. It is a position of immense responsibility, and it is the glory of my life to fill it worthily. But having eased my conscience by stating this fairly to you, let me go on to say that I am quite confident you have no cause to fear. I have not exercised this perilous calling for so long a time, my charming Mrs. Sherbourne, without having acquired a power almost prophetic, concerning the productions of those with whom I converse. Methinks I hear and feel the different scenes of your drama upon my heart! I know what it must be, nor do I fear to compromise myself unsafely, by assuring you that it shall be very favourably reviewed."

It would be long before a lady, not professionally obliged to look thankful, could have called up into her countenance such a prodigious assemblage of grateful feelings as now employed the features of Mrs. Sherbourne, neither were words wanting, though they were short, broken, and agitated.

"I bless you!" said she in a voice that trembled like the silver

chord of an unstrung lute (to borrow a phrase of her own); "and alas! my blessing, my prayers, are all that I have left to give. O Mr. Marchmont! you know not the trembling weakness of the insect you would save from perishing. One hostile word from you would act upon my very existence like water shot at the poor humming-bird, which, light though it be, crushes its gossamer wing, and stills its feeble sound for ever!"

"Mrs. Sherbourne!" exclaimed the great critic in a voice of rapture: "as I hope to live, you are the most poetical creature I have met with for a century. You must work out that thought for my paper—it is quite beautiful. Do not shake your head as much as to say I must not flatter you—I never do flatter any body, and I believe in my soul that to flatter *you* would be impossible. You may always trust me, my charming friend; for I never say any thing which I do not think, nor even think any thing which is not just and true. You may trust my heart for the first, and my head for the last, without danger of being disappointed in either."

"Good Heaven! what a privilege it is to listen to you!" replied Mrs. Sherbourne. "Let me but see you often enough, and my mind will be corrected of unnumbered failings which now beset it. What is now all weakness, would be nurtured into strength."

"Yet I think it would be a great pity to change your mind from what I now find it," he returned, looking at her with very evident admiration. "If you see me often it will be rather because I wish to study you as you are, than from any inclination to make you different. I wish I had the privilege of ransacking that delicate little desk, Mrs. Sherbourne," he added, playfully drawing it towards him, and pretending to raise the lid, already somewhat open, from the recess below having more papers in it than it could well contain, "may I?"

"Would that there were aught within that lid that you could think worthy for a moment to detain your eye!" she replied with a gentle sigh. "But no! you would seek in vain."

"Then you confess there is *something* there that might be read?" said he, "though nothing that you deem worth reading?"

"Oh yes! there is abundance there, written in a tolerably legible character, if that were all required to make it worthy of notice," was her answer.

"And supposing I should say that it was all I required, provided the hand which traced the characters were your own? Would that suffice to procure me a sight of it?" demanded Marchmont, rather tenderly. "Say! may I go further? Tell me, tell me."

"I should answer that you were at liberty to read any composition there, provided it were finished. It would be idle to give you a few lines only, thrown off perhaps in a moment of agitation, which calmer reason sufficed the next moment to quell. Do not ask me to do this, and I will refuse you nothing else that is there," she replied.

"You shall yourself select for me," he said.

Snatching a handful of her ever rebellious shawl, and once more covering one of her shoulders with it, Mrs. Sherbourne silently set to work to obey him; and languidly drawing the little desk towards her she began with the tips of her pretty fingers to turn over the different scraps which it contained in the most graceful manner imaginable.

"Alas!" she said, shaking her head, as one after another she set them aside as unworthy of the critic's eyes, "they are every one of them the record of some strong paroxysm of feeling, which were better perhaps forgotten than remembered. But here is one that I sometimes love to look upon; and, shall I own the truth?—to weep over; for it recalls a rush of emotion that almost took the force of inspiration. Ah! Mr. Marchmont! if you wish to look into my very soul, read this."

Marchmont extended his hand to receive the paper, and gallantly kissed that which presented it. He then read the title aloud, "The Moon-stricken One's Monody."

"Pretty! very pretty! My dearest Mrs. Sherbourne, grant me one favour more—read these lines to me yourself?"

"I will if I can, but I almost doubt my strength." Then shaking back her ringlets, suffering her shawl to fall unchecked, and fixing her eyes on some object unquestionably outside the walls of her little parlour, she began:

THE MOON-STRICKEN ONE'S MONODY.

A lay for the lady moon! Lady of light
All pellucid and lonely, why wanders thy ray?
Why, wan, weary, woe-begone queen of the night,
Why shunn'st thou the brilliance and splendour of day?
Ah! who shall say?

Yet, as palely thou pacest thy path through the sky,
Thy loved light illumines one worshipper true;
And oh! how ecstatic to think none but I
Am awake here below, and above none but you,
In the welkin blue.

When midnight in murkiness mars the sky's vault,
And their rage by dread murmurs the elements mark,
Blood, murders, and massacres—not my own fault—
Throng thick through my brain, and my soul is all dark—
While watch-dogs bark!

But when tempests are hushed, and in glory serene
Thou reign'st, Lady Moon, in the welkin once more;
A balmy tranquillity steals o'er the scene,
And the storm in my fluttering bosom is o'er.
Thine ever more!

Then fancy-fed poesy wells forth in song,
And meanders untaught into lunatic lays;
Elysium ecstasies whirl me along,
And intellect soars above pedantry's gaze,
Mid the stormy maze!

Hail hallucinations! Bright visions of love
Envelop my soul with creations of light!
Ineffable essences flutter above,
And flood my fond feelings with flame in their flight,
Through the depths of night.

'Twas thus a moon-stricken one sighed forth her tale:
Then meekly to Destiny bowed her fair head;
And while one rebel tear dewed her cheek cold and pale,
"Make my grave 'neath the moonbeam! There lay me," she said,
"There! there make my bed!"

Nothing can be conceived more touchingly sweet and solemn than Mrs. Sherbourne's manner of reading these lines; but when she reached the two last, her voice failed her, and had not Mr. Marchmont sat near enough to have read the page as it dropped upon her knee, he must have lost them; for the "rebel tear" of which she sang, sprang unbidden to her eye, and drowned its own harmonious record ere it was spoken!

"Matchless minstrel!" exclaimed the critic in a tone of passionate admiration; "when you would bribe your reviewer, fail not to read your productions to him yourself. No being of mortal mould can resist it. The lines are delicious, but the delivery of them was divine! My dear Mrs. Sherbourne," he added, picking up the fallen leaf, "let me have a memorial of this hour! Give me these lines! Upon my soul I cannot part with them!"

Mrs. Sherbourne could not instantly make up her mind as to what she had better do, and she skilfully placed her embroidered pocket-handkerchief before her eyes while she hesitated. In truth, the question before her was not altogether an easy one. It very rarely happened that Mrs. Sherbourne, even in her most fascinating flirtations, forgot that the first great object in life, after five and thirty, is the *wherewithal* by which all that she most loved and liked was to be obtained. It was not therefore very likely that this wherewithal should escape her memory at the present moment; for it so happened that she thought the great master one of the ugliest fellows she had ever beheld, and would as soon have thought of giving away one of her rhapsodies to the first black-muzzled mastiff she met in the street, as to him. But he was a reviewer; one of the omnipotent WE, a member of the secret tribunal, in whose frown there was death, and whose smile brought food, lodging, hackney-coaches, and satin-gowns. So she withdrew her handkerchief, looked up into his face with a delightful smile, and said,

"Do with me as you will, my most kind friend! I am only afraid that you know too well the pleasure with which I yield to your request. But you are too generous to despise me for it—I know you are!"

Mr. Marchmont answered her with one of the most grateful smiles that he ever produced; and uttering something about that day's having opened to him a new era in his existence, hastily took his leave, in order to transcribe her charming lines in time for the press that was already at work upon the next number of *The Regenerator*.

Chap. XIX.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENTS—INSPIRATION—KINDNESS OF SIR GEORGE MEDDOWS—A REHEARSAL—DISAPPOINTMENT.

By return of post, Charles Chesterfield received answers to the two letters he had despatched to Maplebury, and by a movement which had more of feeling than reflection in it, he opened that of Bessy's first, and read as follows:

"Dear Charles,

"I think your last letter has done me a great deal of good. It was not very long, to be sure; but somehow or other I found out a great deal in it. First, I found out that you are very well pleased and contented at being where you are; and that must of course make your friends pleased and contented too. And next I found out that you were become a very great man, which I remember of old that you had a great fancy for, and therefore this must make you very happy also; so here again was something to make your friends rejoice. The next thing I found out was, that it would be very foolish for me to go on expecting that you would write me long letters, when you have more learned business on your hands than you can possibly get through; and so that, you know, will prevent my being disappointed any more. Your little friend, Charles, will therefore try for the future to give her mind to her dairy and her flowers, and not trouble herself any more about this great London, which, as you truly say, she can know nothing at all about. And now good bye, dear Charles.

"If my letter is too long I hope you will not have read it, but just go at once to the end of it, and find that I write myself what I am quite sure that I shall ever be,

"Your affectionate friend,
"Elizabeth Parnell."

"It is lucky, at any rate," said the young author, folding up this epistle, and throwing it to some distance from him across the table; "it is lucky at any rate, that I don't think this silly, ignorant, little girl, quite so charming a person as I used to do; for it is clear enough that she does not trouble herself about me. Well! it is all just as it ought to be. She is born for her dairy, and I for *The Regenerator*. She and her flowers will vegetate together at Maplebury, and I and my pen will live together in London. Now then for Mr. Westbrook."

He opened the letter, rather fearing that he should find it exceedingly long, but almost started on perceiving that it was on the contrary exceedingly short. It ran thus:

"Dear Charles Chesterfield,

"My intellectual darkness is such as to render me quite incapable of comprehending your letter, and I really will not ask you to write any more till you can be what you call 'more explicit.' The only part of your despatch intelligible to me is that wherein you inquire about my cat. She is very well, I thank you: and perhaps if she had passed

as much time as you have in the great emporium that you talk of, she might have been sufficiently propelled forward to join her kind regards to mine.

"I am, dear Charles Chesterfield,

"Your hearty well-wisher,

"RICHARD WESTBROOK."

Charles knit his brows. He did not throw the letter from him as he had done that of Bessy; but read it again with a wish to discover what it was which made the manner of it so particularly disagreeable to him.

"I shall write to him no more," he said. "Ignorance is bad enough at all times, but where it is joined with—with—with impertinence," he muttered at length, "it is intolerable."

Yet after he had found the word, it did not quite please him. The notion of his calling any thing that the so-lately venerated Mr. Westbrook could say to him, "impertinent," had something so monstrous in it, that he felt as ill at ease as if he had been made to stand upon his head, or placed in any other unnatural position. Yet he was in no humour to force his worser nature into making the *amende* to his better one; and thus he remained, with that sort of battle going on within him, which is as uncomfortable to the moral part of the system, as some digestive insolubilities to the physical.

How the struggle might have ended if he had been left perfectly to himself, cannot be known; for while he still held the letter clasped, by no means affectionately, in his hand, yet still feeling some troublesome recollections pricking, as it were, at his heart, the postman's always-exciting knock was again heard, and another letter delivered to him the moment after.

This was from Mr. Marchmont, and contained only the following lines.

"Dear Sir,

"I shall print it in the next number. Let this encourage you—and let me have about a dozen pages more in any style you will, by the one after. If you can excite yourself a little, and knock me off a few spirited stanzas upon Love, or Liberty, or any other theme of a popular kind, they should appear likewise.

"Yours faithfully,

"MARCHMONT.

"P.S. If you find it necessary you are quite at liberty to put on the golden spurs."

Here was a panacea for all his disagreeable feelings at once. Bessy, Mr. Westbrook, Mablebury, Charlton, the whole wide world and all the beings in it, were by this brilliant burst of light and joy thrown so completely into the shade, that his mind remained scarcely conscious of their existence.

"Long looked for, come at last!" he exclaimed, starting up, and clasping his hands together in ecstasy. "Never, no never again, will I torture myself, as I have done since last Tuesday. The die is cast then, and the hazard won! Excite myself! Gracious Heaven! Am I

not excited? Thou art the elixir, Marchmont, that can rouse my spirit best. Yet will I not neglect any other that may be within my reach."

While thinking or speaking thus, Charles arranged all his implements for writing, and having rang the bell, and ordered that he was on no account to be disturbed he locked his door, took off his cravat, pushed up his hair from his forehead, following very nearly the style of arrangement in this respect which he had observed in Lord Byron's portraits, though to do him justice, without greatly thinking what he was about; and then throwing himself forward over his desk, his right hand holding his pen, and his left supporting his forehead, he felt very nearly as much inspired as he could wish.

As far as rhyming went, Charles really and truly had very uncommon facility, and this did him good service now; for as fast as the riot rout of discordant thoughts and images, so readily generated in a young brain, rose up before him, they were booked in lines of ten syllables each, with the most pungent delight, and very little trouble, if any.

"This it is to be inspired!" exclaimed the young man. "Gracious Heaven, how these verses flow! Thought seems my slave and poetry my handmaid! Marchmont, dear Marchmont! this do I owe to thee! How do I bless thee for it!"

It would be vain to attempt following in prose, a state of mind so pre-eminently poetical. From this time, till about six o'clock in the afternoon, he continued writing with little intermission, and then he felt so completely exhausted, not in mind, but in body, that he recollected with very considerable satisfaction that he was to dine in Bruton-street at seven. Never before had the restorative materials of the baronet's table appeared so attractive to his imagination; a feeling, by the way, in itself truly poetical.

Meanwhile he looked at his own table, covered with sheets of paper, all more or less filled with short and long lines, with inexpressible satisfaction.

"He asked me for one poem, and I have already composed seven!" thought he. "He shall choose among them, and may think, perhaps, that he has found a pupil not quite unworthy of him! Great Heaven! What glorious proof of fecundity is here! Nature, I thank thee!"

Notwithstanding the exhaustion of which he was sensible, he appeared in Sir George Meddows's drawing-room with a look of greater animation than he had ever before worn there. Poor Clara still remembered her uncourteous dismissal of him a few days before, in a very penitent spirit, and though neither well nor happy, exerted herself to converse with him.

The tone in which he replied to her was so animated and unembarrassed, that Mrs. Longuéville looked up with much the same expression of surprise on her elegantly languid countenance, which it might have worn had she heard a cat bark, or a dog mew, and she turned upon her less observant brother, a glance that said plainly enough "What can this mean?"

The family had no guest at dinner, save Charles, and when the ladies withdrew, Sir George himself became so much struck with the change, that instead of saying as he had repeatedly done before, "Now, Charles, you may be off if you like it. Don't stand on any ceremony with me—

of course you do not wish to sit and drink wine." Instead of this, he now said,

"You must tell me what you have been about, Charles. I am quite sure some good luck has happened to you. What is it? you must have no reserves with me, my dear boy."

"You are quite right, Sir George," replied the *protegé*, "I certainly have been the most fortunate fellow in the world in having been introduced to Mr. Marchmont. I certainly do feel myself at this moment to be one of the most fortunate men in the world."

"Mr. Marchmont? And who the devil is Mr. Marchmont, Chesterfield?" demanded Sir George, with something like a sneer.

A feeling, certainly not very far removed from contempt, produced a smile in return upon the lips of Charles.

"Mr. Marchmont, Sir George," he replied, "is the editor and principal writer of *The Regenerator*." And here he made a full stop, very pregnant with meaning.

"*The Regenerator?* Oh, ay, that's one of the monthly's isn't it? A little in the raw-head-and-bloody-bones Radical line, I've a notion. But that matters not a pin's head, Charles, if you can get money out of him. Has he engaged you to write for his mag.?"

"Yes, Sir George, I am happy to say he has," returned the proud young man.

"I am exceedingly glad to hear it, my dear boy. And what has he agreed to give you? You must stand up for a good price, remember that. What is he to give you, Charles, for every page you write? I don't understand very much about the kind of thing; but I suppose you are paid by the quantity. How much shall you be able to get by the week, my dear fellow? Be sure to get ready money, mind that. How much will it come to by the week, Charles?"

"I have made no calculation, sir," replied Charles, colouring.

"No? That is not by any means a good way of doing business, I promise you. It does not require to be an Apollo in order to perceive that, Charles. But if you have made no calculation as to the exact sum, which you may be able to get just at first, I presume you know something of Mr. Regenerator's price current, don't you? I presume you know what his terms generally are? and that will enable you to calculate."

"No, indeed, Sir George, I do not. I know nothing about his terms."

"Is that because you are too shy to ask him, Charles, or because you are too young and boy-like to have given any thought to the matter at all?" demanded the baronet gravely.

"I do not think it is owing either to the one or the other, sir," replied the young man with some spirit. "I know that if I continue to devote myself to literature, and continue to be successful, it is reasonable to suppose that I shall make money by it; I have thought enough on the subject to know that. And as to my being too shy to speak to Mr. Marchmont on any subject, I think that can hardly be, since I have found courage to speak to him concerning my own compositions—a theme which I must conceive to be more embarrassing than any other."

Though this was said with downcast eyes, and a particularly demure

and modest look, Sir George failed not to detect something of professional *cliqueism* in it, which a little disgusted him, and he was on the very verge of pouring forth a volley of lively ridicule upon authors, and authorlets, when he suddenly changed his mind, and filling his own glass, and pushing the claret to his companion, said instead,

"My dear Chesterfield! You have no idea how I love and honour you for the sentiments by which I perceive that you are actuated. Your language convinces me, that however much your faculties may be occupied on that most ennobling of all pursuits, literature, you nevertheless, have found time to remember that it ought to be a source of profit, as well as of honour to its professors. But at the same time, I read in your very heart of hearts, my dear fellow, that your soul is of too generous a nature even to be degraded by that vilest of all passions, the love of money. God forbid that any thing should ever occur to poison your mind on this point. I know the world, my dear boy, better perhaps than most men, and all my experience has gone to teach me that no human being was ever capable of conceiving, or of doing any thing great who had not a generous contempt for mere pecuniary considerations. An open hand, and a yielding heart, are the invariable concomitants of genius, as much as a suspicious temper, and niggardly disposition, are the reverse; and nothing under heaven, could persuade me that a young fellow over anxious about money, would ever become an author of celebrity."

Charles listened to this harangue with great admiration and respect. He entertained a little private suspicion that Sir George Meddows was not much of a reading man, but he looked up to him as a person of high fashion, and consummate knowledge of the world, and the opinions he now pronounced, made as they were intended to do, a very strong and lasting impression on his mind, and indeed greatly raised his opinion of the speaker.

"Indeed, Sir George, I believe you are quite right," he replied, "and it is a great pleasure to me to hear that such is your opinion, because it teaches me not to mistrust my own. I do think that the love of money is a most degrading passion."

"That is just like you, Charles. That is just like your usual acuteness and good sense. But I must prove to you, my dear fellow, that I don't preach what I would not practise. It will be some time yet before you will be in possession of your fortune. Let me lend you some money, Charles, I am sure you must want it."

Young Chesterfield coloured, but it was with gratitude and pleasure. He had been for some days considerably tormented by his doubts as to the best manner of confessing to his father, that notwithstanding all Sir George Meddows's excessive kindness, he still found it was absolutely necessary that he should chiefly live at his own expense. This he knew had not been contemplated by his family when he left home, and he was terribly afraid that when it was communicated to his father, together with a petition for a loan to supply his wants till he became of age, he should be told in reply that the best thing he could do would be to return home. To be enabled to avoid this much-dreaded communication, therefore, was the greatest benefit that could be conferred on him, and his gratitude for it was in proportion to the relief it brought. Like all other young people suddenly become possessed of money, but

who have had no practical means of ascertaining its relative value, his idea of the wealth he was about to possess, was most absurdly disproportioned to the reality, and accordingly he felt no shadow of anxiety at the idea of forestalling a portion of it; he eagerly replied, therefore, and with much less embarrassment than might have been expected,

"I am very much obliged to you, indeed, Sir George, and I won't deny that I shall be exceedingly glad to have a little money advanced me, between this time and December, without troubling my father about it."

"That's right, Charles, I love you for your frankness. What is the good of having a friend unless he is ready and willing to help us in time of need? How much should you like to have, my dear boy? Ask freely, and without the slightest hesitation."

"Why a hundred pounds, Sir George, would, I should think, be enough for every thing, tailor's bill and all."

"Then a hundred pounds you shall have. Come with me at once into the library, and I will write you a check for it. I am quite delighted, Chesterfield, that it came into my head to offer it."

The whole of this transaction made a deep impression on Charles. It not only relieved him from a great anxiety, but the manner in which it was done was so pleasant and amiable, as to create a degree of affection infinitely greater than he had ever expected to feel for Sir George Meddows.

It seemed at this time as if all things conspired to make the young adventurer happy. His purse was full of money; he had made many invaluable acquaintance; Sir George was all kindness; Clara all sweetness and condescension; and he was quite certain that he should see his own composition in print before many days were over.

The next morning rose upon him with the agreeable recollection that he was to call upon Mrs. Sherbourne, and go with her to the rehearsal of her play. Without troubling Mr. Dalrymple's valet, or any body else, Charles had already found his way to the pit of one of the great theatres, and experienced all the wonder and all the enjoyment which ever attends a first theatrical exhibition to a young and imaginative person. When people grow older, and what is commonly called wiser, they know that if any portion of this sort of mystical pleasure is to be felt again, the machinery by which it is brought about, from the prima donna down to the contrivance which produces moonlight, must be seen, only as it is intended to be seen; but with Charles, there was still all the eager curiosity attendant upon the development of mystery, to make him long for a literal peep behind the scenes, and independent of all authorial, gallant, and sentimental reasons for enjoying the idea of this expedition, he had over and above the irrepressible delight of a boy.

He found Mrs. Sherbourne, not exactly ready, but ready to get ready as soon as he should arrive.

"How can I thank you enough for this amiable attention?" she said. "Dear Mr. Chesterfield! Do you not feel for me? Can you not imagine the sort of suffocating *battement de cœur* that is besetting me?" and she took his hand and pressed it for a moment to her bosom.

"Oh! yes!" returned Charles, colouring, "I can indeed! Man

though I be, I think I should feel almost as nervous as you do under the same circumstances; and yet, Mrs. Sherbourne, I envy you too! What is there I would not give to see a play written by me, performed at Covent Garden or Drury Lane? Yes, Mrs. Sherbourne, I envy you."

"Dear Chesterfield! Do you really? It is to be sure an elevated, and extremely exciting position. The idea of having hundreds of one's fellow-creatures hanging as it were upon one's thoughts, and waiting breathless for the events created by one's will, has something unspeakably agitating in it. But your turn will come soon, Chesterfield. I have no doubt in the world that you will eventually devote yourself to the stage. It is in my estimation the last, the best, the highest employment of human genius! Will you mix for me a few drops, about a table-spoonful perhaps, of that red lavender which stands there? And when I have swallowed it, I shall be ready to attend you. Thank Heaven that I have a hand, gentle as yours, to minister to me at this tremendous moment!"

Charles performed] the operation very carefully, and the fair poetess, after swallowing the dose, put] the final pin into her everlasting shawl, and murmured, "Now, then, I am ready!"

Before, however, they had made two steps in advance, she withdrew her own from that of her *chevalier*, exclaiming,

"O Heavens! I am lost if I go without my pencil and note-book. Stop one moment! I dare say I shall find them in one or other of these drawers." Upon which a search was commenced, which rendered that popular illustration of confusion, a needle in a bottle of hay, tame and spiritless in comparison to it. Pins, needles, reels of cotton, scissors, penknives, skeins of silk, scraps of ribbon, scraps of lace, and scraps of sticking-plaster, a miniature volume of Moore much worn, a little Don Juan, worse still, three flacons of aromatic salts, four broken fans, a prodigious number of *ci-devant* white gloves, half a pair of garters, an empty purse, a pair of slippers, and a small wheelbarrow full of old curling-papers—speaking eloquently of the frequent and sudden enfranchisement of those lovely natural embellishments, her cherished ringlets, were all tossed out and in successively, with the most unscrupulous vivacity of search, but neither pencil nor note-book could be found.

"This is annihilating!" she exclaimed, stopping at last, and positively out of breath. "Can you conceive any thing so distressing? Imagine my sitting to listen to all these animals reciting what I have written, without the power of making an observation, or marking a blunder! I am excessively sorry, Mr. Chesterfield! but my going is perfectly out of the question, unless I can obtain what is necessary for the performance of the office for which I am to go." And so saying, she took the pin out of her shawl and sat down, with such a look of despair in the eyes which were thrown up towards him, as must have touched any young gentleman's heart in the world.

"For God's sake do not agitate yourself, my dearest Mrs. Sherbourne," said Charles, soothingly. "Cannot I run out and get what will be necessary. Only explain to me what you want, and I am quite sure I shall he able to find it."

"How excessively kind you are!" she replied, with a smile into

which all her misery seemed to melt away. "I know not what I should do without you! Oh, certainly! There is no doubt that you will be able to meet with it at almost any shop in Bond-street. It is not five steps, you know, just across the Square. Any thing in the way of tablets will do—ass's skin, ivory, any thing. Only the pencil must be in a case, I cannot endure the feel of a pencil without a case—but I don't care a straw what it is; silver, gold, plain, or ornamented, whatever you like best, it is all the same to me—only, my dear friend, you must make haste. These creatures, to be sure, are never punctual, that's one comfort, but you must really not linger. Be swift as thought, dear friend!"

Charles stayed to hear no more, but was out of sight in a moment; and in wonderfully little time, considering how new he was to the business, he returned with a very elegant set of ivory tablets, and a rich-looking pencil-case, not of gold, indeed, but of silver-gilt, elaborately ornamented, and having a fancy seal at the top.

"Now then, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne, I hope you will find here what you want." The lady opened the silver-paper envelop, and bestowed upon him one of those gratefully reproachful glances in payment which, though a coin that by the scrutinizing physiognomist may be deemed forgeries, seldom doom the circulater to banishment. It is certain that Charles, when he made the purchase, remembered that he had a hundred pounds, minus the few sovereigns, in his pocket, safely locked up in his commode; and the consequence was, that Mrs. Sherbourne was more than pleased, she was delighted—in proof of which, her generous temper, not feeling satisfied by the return already made in the above-mentioned look, led her to draw again upon the same species of property, in which, indeed, her wealth was as boundless as her generosity, and taking up first the little book, and then the pencil-case, she impressed a kiss on each, successively. Then silently passing her arm under that of Charles, she led the way to the carriage, into which, after waking the coachman, who had taken advantage of the long interval for the purpose of enjoying a nap, he handed her in, and away they drove at last to the theatre.

For the first few moments of this drive, they were both silent; Charles not very well knowing what to say, and Mrs. Sherbourne very well knowing that it would be most eloquent to say nothing. But at length timing the moment skilfully when the rattle of the windows, the wheels, and the steps were hushed by a stoppage of beer-drays, she broke the silence by a sigh, and then said,

"Upon my word your being introduced to me just now, Mr. Chesterfield, seems absolutely providential! You do not yet know half my weakness, you do not yet know how I tremble at the idea of encountering the ill-humour of some, the impertinence of others, and the indifference of all these actors and actresses to whom I am perforce obliged to intrust my reputation in this tremendous experiment. I might hope to fare better, perhaps, could I persuade myself in some degree to court them. But you can have no idea how impossible this would be to me. There is something in my nature that seems to revolt against bestowing a smile, or even a glance of kindness which is not dictated by my feelings. My heart, my bosom's lord," she continued, laying her hand upon her breast, "is the only potentate from whom my *nuncio* smiles

are willing messengers. To no other power will they show obedience. And alas for my interest on this and all other occasions, that heart but rarely recognises any to whom it wishes to send friendly greeting!"

While the lady was thus talking of her heart, the gentleman began to feel his beating with more than usual quickness, and without thinking the least in the world what he was about, he took her hand, and exclaimed, "Dearest Mrs. Sherbourne!"

"Charles!—Mr. Chesterfield!—This must not be!" But just then the vehicle fortunately stopped at the stage-door of the theatre, and the coach-door was thrown open by the driver, almost before our hero had time to remark, that notwithstanding Mrs. Sherbourne's declaration, signifying "it must not be," she did not withdraw the imprisoned hand, nor indeed give any other indication of being displeased with him.

Charles, however, was obliged to resign this precious hand in order to get out, which he did with such a mixture of feelings as left him quite unable to make out one from another. It was Mrs. Sherbourne, and Mrs. Sherbourne's hand, and the theatre, and the prologue, and the actors and the actresses, which were all so mixed up together in his head as to make him feel exceedingly giddy and queer. Having paid and dismissed the coachman, he hastened to repossess himself of the lady's arm, but found that for the present this happiness was denied him; Mr. Marchmont having arrived nearly at the same moment as the carriage, and immediately taken possession of Mrs. Sherbourne's hand, arm, shawl, and all.

"O Mr. Marchmont!" exclaimed Charles, with evident delight. "How very glad I am to see you! Is not this lucky, Mrs. Sherbourne?"

"Have we got no further than this yet?" mentally ejaculated the accomplished authoress, who rather expected to see Charles change colour and look fierce at finding her affectionate little arm in possession of another. "But it matters not. There is a time for all things. Perhaps the boy is right."

Marchmont nodded with great condescension and intimacy in return to young Chesterfield's salutation, and notwithstanding the happy occupation of his right arm, held out two fingers appertaining to his left, in order unequivocally to testify his approval and his patronage. They then proceeded altogether into the very inmost recesses of the mysterious fabric, with all the mazes of which Mr. Marchmont appeared to be familiar, Charles following a step behind his companions, marvelling at every thing he saw, and feeling as if the dust beneath his feet were akin to that which of old sullied the sandals of the sacred nine, when wandering upon the sunny heights of their Parnassus. As they were winding their way among sundry masses of trees, prison-chambers, waterfalls, and ball-room decorations, and were in the act of turning a corner, which as yet prevented their seeing the stage, a violent shout of laughter proceeding simultaneously from many persons at once, greeted their ears.

"Some gambols are afloat," thought Charles. "Is it Comus's rabble rout that fills the stage? Or it may be that Jonson's learned sock is on, and that the light laugh rises at the rehearsal of his biting wit."

Another step brought him within sight of the group from whom the merry peal had come, and brought him and his party within theirs. Had a gorgon appeared before them, the effect could hardly have been greater. In an instant every sound of mirth was hushed, and the eight or ten very dingy, dismal-looking personages from whom it had proceeded, stood profoundly silent, and profoundly still before them.

Mrs. Sherbourne now stepped forward, and addressing Mr. Marvel, who was one of them, said in the most gentle, humble, soothing voice that mermaid, siren, or woman could utter,

"I trust, Mr. Marvel, that I have not kept you waiting? you know not the hurry, the agitation, I have been in. Such a multitude of people have been with me this morning, to inquire when the first representation was to take place, all following so closely one upon the other, as to prevent my having time to order my servant to deny me, that it was perfectly out of my power to come before. Am I greatly beyond my time?"

"I am afraid that some of the ladies have been rather discomposed by the delay," he replied, with more bluntness than observance; "for myself, madam, the devil a bit do I care where I pass the next three-quarters of an hour, but beyond that, I beg to observe that wild horses could not hold me here."

"Alas!" ejaculated the authoress, in very considerable alarm, and secretly wishing that she had not waited for the tablets and pencil-case, pretty though they were. "How shall we be able to do any thing without you, Mr. Marvel? How inexpressibly unfortunate I am!—My dearest Mrs. Winterblossom, I hope I see you well. There is such a clamour to know what you are to play!—Miss Marksbury, I have been dying to see you! I was in hopes you were coming to call on me, my dear.—Good morning, Mr. Crouther! I hope Mrs. Crouther is quite well?—Ah! Mrs. Norwood! How excessively kind it is of you to be here! I was so inexpressibly sorry to hear from Mr. Marvel that you were ill!—Good morning, Mr. Derment. Isn't it cold to-day?—My dear Miss Angelica Freestone, I dream of nothing, day and night, but your dress in the rainbow scene. Good Heaven! How beautiful you will look!—Mr. Periwinkle here! *quel bonheur!* Then you have condescended, I trust, to play the part of *Sylvio?* Utterly unworthy of your exquisite talent as it is, I yet cannot help feeling a passionate desire that you should play it. Alas! can you wonder at this? My dear Mrs. Motherby! you have really brought your little angels here? How can I thank you enough? I was afraid that they were to be just dressed, and put upon the scene at the last moment without knowing any thing in the world about it. And their beauty is so exquisite, that I was willing enough to trust to that for the effect. But it will be incomparably more effective with a little instruction; and if they inherit your delicious talent in the melodramatic line, and have a little of your instruction beside, I am positive there will not be a dry eye in the house when the royal tyrant seizes on them."

During the short time that it took Mrs. Sherbourne to make all these little speeches, the following dialogue took place between Mr. Marchmont and his friend Marvel.

"What sort of stuff is it?" demanded the former.

"Execrable!" replied the latter.

"Then why the deuce is it to be played?" said Marchmont.

"Why? Why because the Duke of Alonby makes a point of it," answered Marvel.

Oh! that's it, is it? Then it will run, I dare say," rejoined the critic.

"You must give us a helping hand, you know," said the manager.

"So be it—always remembering, my friend, that—Dans le siècle où nous sommes, on se donnent rien pour rien," returned his friend.

"If we forget that moral lesson, you will remind us of it. Marchmont, we may trust you for that, may we not?" returned Marvel, laughing.

"Yes, you may," replied the other, in the same tone, "and it is about the only species of trust that I could conscientiously recommend to you."

"Ladies and gentlemen, we have really no time to lose if this piece is to be rehearsed to-day," said the manager, addressing the party assembled. "I am ready to confess that I am not a gentleman at large, and at liberty to lounge about throughout a whole morning, even among so very charming a party as that at present assembled. I have a great deal of business to do, whatever may be the case with others, and unless there hearsal begins directly, I cannot be present at it."

As this was not said playfully, but on the contrary with every appearance of the speaker's being very particularly grave, all the theatrical ladies and gentlemen, without even excepting the angelic little Motherbys, were immediately on the alert; the majority falling back to be ready when wanted; while Mrs. Winterblossom and Mr. Periwinkle, who were to play the first scene, took their places in front.

"You had better take your party into the stage-box, Marchmont," said Mr. Marvel, indicating Mrs. Sherbourne and Chesterfield by a motion of his hand.

Poor Mrs. Sherbourne was in an agony. The idea of her belonging to any body's party on such an occasion, instead of every body belonging to hers, was terrible. There were, in truth, some very annoying symptoms in all that had met her eyes and ears since she entered.

For some particular reasons of his own, of no great public importance, Mr. Marvel was proof against all that poor Mrs. Sherbourne could do, say, look, or sigh, with a view to enchanting him; and it is certain, that nothing save the influence of the Duke of Alonby could have induced him to consent to the reception of her piece. But it is probable that the duke insisted neither upon his flirting with the lady, nor upon any particular etiquette in the manner of her personal reception, and accordingly he seemed not to think it necessary to treat her with any very marked distinction. To resent this in any way was, however, impossible; and notwithstanding her vexation, she was sufficiently true to herself to retain her charming smile as she took the arm of Mr. Marchmont, and suffered him to lead her by a door communicating with the stage, into the box pointed out by the manager. Charles silently followed in their train.

It did not take above two minutes to make this transit from the

The Rehearsal

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stage to the stage-box; but by the time they were seated, they found Mrs. Winterblossom and Mr. Periwinkle going at full gallop through the first scene.

"'Remorseless fangs,'

muttered Mrs. Winterblossom.

"'In vain you plead—
'Joys fit for Heaven,'"

mumbled Mr. Periwinkle.

"What are they about?" demanded the irritated Mrs. Sherbourne, addressing herself to Mr. Marchmont. "Do they call this rehearsing?"

"Marvel is in a great hurry, you see," returned the friendly critic, "and it will be more for your interest I think not to interrupt them. They seem admirably perfect, you may perceive, by the rapidity with which the cue is always taken. That's a great matter, a very great matter, I assure you."

"Perfect?" exclaimed the unhappy lady; "what good is it for me to be here? How am I to judge of the effect? How am I to give any opinion as to the manner in which the different performers sustain their parts? This mummery is most cruel!"

"Upon my word," persisted Marchmont, "I would very strongly recommend you not to interrupt them. It will only put them out."

"'Passion unconquered, and a will untamed,'"

said Mr. Periwinkle, yawning.

"Gracious Heaven! May I not hear that speech? May I not be permitted to give an opinion on the meaning given by the performer to the equivocal words before it? This is too, too hard!" and the poor woman, actually forgetting beauty and every thing belonging to it, burst into tears, though her recollection returning the minute after, she restrained the briny eye-inflaming shower, and only sobbed.

Charles was exceedingly touched, and ventured to say to Mr. Marchmont, "Would it not be better, sir, to stop them at once, and make them understand that Mrs. Sherbourne is very uneasy at not hearing the speeches given properly. It seems to me perfectly cruel to let them go mumbling on in this way."

"You may go round if you like it, Mr. Chesterfield, and tell them so; but as to its being better to do so, you must excuse me if I do not think it. On the contrary, I know that it would only be running a tremendous risk of offending the whole set at once, manager and all. Trust me, you had better sit still."

"But what must you think of lines given in this way, Mr Marchmont?" said the mortified and most unhappy poetess. "How can I hope for your support?"

"My dear madam! Let me entreat you not to permit any doubts and fears on that point to disturb your serenity. I should be totally unworthy the friendship, with which I flatter myself you intend to honour me, could my conduct be influenced in the slightest degree by such an accident. These good people happen to be in a prodigious

hurry this morning, that is all; and you positively must not let it annoy you."

"You are very, very kind! But surely Mr. Marvel is using me very ill. He must let all this go on purposely to annoy and distress me."

"Not the least in the world, believe me. Marvel is the very best fellow in the universe—only he is occasionally queer—as humoursome as a child—but without another fault."

This assurance afforded but little consolation to Mrs. Sherbourne for her lamentable disappointment. It was, however, all she could get; and after suffering the purgatory of listening to half of some of her best speeches, and a quarter of others, gabbled through in the most excruciating manner, she at length heard what she knew to be the last words of the piece, and saw the last of the troop hurry off, leaving the dark dismal stage a mournful type of her own feelings.

Mr. Marchmont rose and opened the box-door, but the unhappy Mrs. Sherbourne seemed unable to follow him, for resting her arms upon the front of the box, and her head upon her arms, she wept in good earnest, and without any sort of affectation whatever.

The philosophical Mr. Marchmont probably thought it was better to give the lady time to recover herself, and took advantage of this unoccupied moment to say to Charles,

"All you want, my young friend, is practice, and a little more boldness in your views. Write on, by all means, and let me have every thing you write. You shall have the advantage of my pages as a means of bringing you to the light of day—a proof of real regard and good will, which I hope you will appreciate justly.—That is right, my dear Mrs. Sherbourne! Look up again! You know how tapestry is made, and what effect is produced by showing the ends and knots of the work upon the side whereon the operator is employed. So is it with the getting up of a play—wait but till the piece is turned the right side outwards, and then all will perceive its glowing colours and beautiful design."

Having uttered this flourish, he again offered his arm, which was tremblingly accepted, and followed by the thrice-happy Charles, who seemed to walk on air; they again found their way through the chaos from whence springs theatrical creation, and once more found themselves in the street.

"Good Heavens! There is no carriage waiting!" exclaimed Mrs. Sherbourne; "I do not think I could walk to Mount-street, if my life depended upon it! I feel as if I should literally sink into the earth."

"Can you tell me, Mr. Marchmont, in what direction I can find a stand of coaches?" eagerly demanded Charles, and after receiving the necessary instructions he darted off, and returned with the desired vehicle in a few minutes.

But short as was the interval, it was long enough for Mrs. Sherbourne to make an appointment with the gentleman in whose charge she was left, for an early visit on the following morning.

"I would not ask this of you," she said plaintively, "had I not a communication of some importance to make."

"Is an apology necessary?" accompanied by a slight pressure of her arm, was the eloquent and only answer, and not another word was uttered on the subject.

"I envy you the office, Chesterfield," said Mr. Marchmont to Charles, as he sprang out of the rattling hack; "but I have business with a person who lives close by, and I must not miss the opportunity; so it is you, you very lucky fellow, who must take care of this lady to her lodgings."

He then handed her in, pressed her hand with an intelligent look that ratified his promise of waiting on her, gave Charles a friendly nod, and walked off—*quitte pour la peur* of having the coach to pay.

Prosperity is often said to harden the heart; but there certainly are some persons upon whom it produces a different effect, or at any rate, there are some sorts of happiness which produce an expression of the heart which leads it to pour forth its kindly feelings upon all around. Had Charles just been meeting with a rebuff in his young authorship, he would have been very far from feeling the same tender movement of compassion which he now did towards Mrs. Sherbourne. But as it was, he with perfect sincerity, and most true sympathy, felt all the contrast of their situations. She had been most painfully mortified; he had been cheered and gratified, almost beyond his highest hopes. From his very soul he pitied her. Her delicate little person seemed to shrink, and almost dissolve away, as with her large eyes still filled with tears, she threw herself into a corner of the carriage, and sighed as if her heart was positively in the very act of breaking, as the rumbling vehicle drove off.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed description of what passed during this drive. Mrs. Sherbourne professed to have studied the human heart, and it is likely enough that she had done so. Certain it is, that she read aright the pitying softness which tempered the voice, and spoke in the eyes of her young companion. It is certain, too, that she thought him altogether exceedingly fascinating, and he thought her the same, as often chances to be the case between two persons; one knowing the world rather more than enough, and the other not knowing it at all, for each finds something new to study and admire.

Nevertheless, her parting words to him were, "Dear friend, you must not come to me to-morrow! I will not see you again till I am more myself. My feelings have been harassed and agitated to-day, more than is good for me. To-morrow must be a day of self-examination and repose. But the day after, Chesterfield, the day after, we will meet again!"

"Must it be so?" cried Charles, almost passionately; "I dare not disobey you! But oh, Mrs. Sherbourne! how wearily long will the hours seem till Sunday!"

THE PRISONER OF WAR.

No. II.

The commandant then ordered them to prime, load, make ready and present. At this latter manœuvre, he said to us, "*Voyez vous ce mouvement là? le premier d'entre vous qui fera la moindre tentative de s'échapper, sera fusillé,*" (Do you see that movement? the first among you who makes the least attempt to escape, shall be shot). We were then allowed to go into our rooms, having a bed for two persons, and four beds in each room. Atkinson was my bedfellow, and in a few weeks he fell ill of a spotted fever, and died in less than a fortnight. Although I slept with him, even during his disorder, it never attacked me in the least, to the great astonishment of myself and companions.

He was a remarkably fine young man, of a very lively disposition, and contributed greatly to our amusement; his death was consequently a great loss to our society. At the end of a few weeks we were allowed two hours each day to walk in the barrack-yard. Finding it hopeless to attempt escaping from our present place of confinement, some of us feigned sick, and were sent to the hospital of the town. We made an unsuccessful attempt to break out of this place, which was better guarded than we had imagined. Fourteen of us were then confined in the fortress-dungeon cut out of a solid rock, the continual dripping of water from which, in twenty-four hours rendered fresh straw unfit for use. A small wicket, about a foot square, was the only aperture for admitting daylight through the door of this dismal habitation. In about ten or twelve days we managed to get the door off its hinges, in spite of the sentry who continued pacing to and fro opposite our dungeon. Within six yards of it was a guard-house, containing generally about twenty-four men, under the archway, and in sight of the gate to Italy, which stood open during the day to facilitate the communication with the inhabitants of the town of Briançon, and those of the surrounding villages. This gate was opened at six in the morning. At half-past six on Sunday morning, the 26th April, I took leave of my companions in the dungeon, and alone sallied out of the Italian gate, having watched the opportunity when the sentry had paced half his beat, about fifty yards.

The soldiers in the guard-house were probably asleep, as I saw nothing of them, and had the fortune to make good my retreat from Briançon Castle. After my exit from the *trois têtes*, I had to pass under another fort; but I was still unobserved, as I continued my path at a leisure pace, for fear of exciting suspicion had I met with any of the natives. Just as I was felicitating myself on my unexpected success in not meeting with a single human being, I heard footsteps behind me of some one advancing at a rapid rate. I was about to accelerate my pace, when, on turning round, I beheld midshipman Hare, one of my late companions in the dungeon, who, with three others who went another road, and were retaken the same day, had ventured to follow

my example. I now waited for Hare, and we continued our road together, until, in about half an hour, we heard the guns fire from the fortress. Immediately afterwards this signal was answered by all the village bells within sound of the cannon, according to a previous understanding that a certain number of guns should be fired when an escape of prisoners took place. Finding we were likely to be surrounded on all sides, we climbed up the highest mountain in the vicinity, from whence we had a full view of our pursuers. The whole garrison sallied out after us, leaving but a few sentries to guard the fortress; but, lying down among the bushes, we defied every effort at discovery.

The sun shone brilliantly on the glistening bayonets of our foes, and the incessant firing they kept up during the whole of the day made us excessively uncomfortable, as now and then a shot would rebound within a few yards of us. It appeared that they aimed indiscriminately at all the bushes and trees within a few miles of our hiding-place, with the vain expectation of frightening us from our concealment, for they seemed pretty well assured that we were not far off. At length after a day of most intense anxiety, they fired a parting volley at sunset, and slowly retraced their steps to the fortress. We had tasted nothing but snow since our departure from Briançon, and we were destined to fast for many hours longer. Keeping on the ridges of the highest mountains, we soon gained the high-road, and, proceeding cautiously along for fear of wolves and gendarmes, the latter causing us much more dread than the former, which occasionally howled around us, we pushed on towards Suza. When we had arrived within nine or ten miles of that town, we lost our way by taking a road that led us into ploughed grounds; and, to add to our mishap, a tremendous thunderstorm came on, swelling a small rivulet into a deep and rapid torrent in the course of less than half an hour. Dangerous as was the path on the banks of this torrent, we adhered to it as the only means of regaining the high-road, and, notwithstanding innumerable obstacles of gates, stiles, hedges, and almost impenetrable darkness, we at length succeeded in recovering it. We consoled ourselves in our wet and dreary situation with the security from danger which the inclemency of the weather afforded, as we felt certain that no one would think it worth his while to brave the elements with the uncertain hope of overtaking us. At day-break the storm ceased, and we then struck into a path that led us to a cottage we discovered on a high hill.

We there broke our fast with some black-bread and goat-milk, not having tasted food for the last forty hours. Being somewhat revived, we continued our travels along the ridges of the mountains and by-paths until evening, when we again entered the high-road. About midnight we passed through Suza, at the foot of Mount Cenis, where we mistook our road, and did not discover our error until we had ascended several miles up the mountain. We then turned back, and keeping to the left of Suza, we perceived the road to Turin, on which we travelled with a confidence that increased as we augmented the distance betwixt us and the abhorred abode we had lately quitted. After five days' journey amongst a most kind and hospitable people, we arrived at Turin, which we entered after nightfall on the 1st of May. Here my companion was taken by the gendarmerie, but I again es-

caped to the mountains. The weather was now extremely warm, and every plant and tree was in full leaf, forming a wonderful contrast with the region I had just left, where winter still reigned with unabated rigour. Keeping to the hills on the right bank of the river Po, I continued my course towards Genoa, where I expected to obtain a passage in some neutral vessel; and after three days' wandering among the wild but frequently well-cultivated mountains of Piedmont, the inhabitants of which I invariably found very kind and obliging, and much attached to the King of Sardinia, who was then an exile from his kingdom, I seated myself on an eminence, from which I obtained a view of the plain, which appeared to me of extraordinary extent, as I could clearly distinguish Cassel, Alessandria della Paglia, Marengo, Novi, Genoa, &c. I then crossed the Po, and arrived towards evening at Alessandria della Paglia. This is reckoned one of the strongest places in Italy, being situated in the midst of a plain, and at the junction of two rapid rivers, the Bormida and the Tanaro.

When I arrived there, a great number of galley-slaves were employed in working at the fortifications, and consequently a corresponding proportion of gendarmes was necessary to guard them. Notwithstanding this awkward circumstance, I passed the gates unmolested, and pursued my route to Novi. This was on Sunday, the 10th of May. The next morning between two and three o'clock, I was within a mile of Novi, when a *maréchal des logis* of gendarmerie demanded my passport, and while I was hesitating whether I should attack him, two *douaniers* came to his assistance, and I was escorted to Novi, where, on my examination, a curious dialogue ensued betwixt me and the *maréchal des logis*. I had heard that two British officers had made their escape from the fortress of Biche; one was Captain l'Estrange of the 71st, the other Lieutenant Jackson, who had been formerly confined with me in Porte-Chaussée at Verdun.

Captain l'Estrange was a fair man, with light blue eyes; Lieutenant Jackson was brown, with dark eyes, and resembled me not a little. Having heard of their escape to England, I resolved to personate Lieutenant Jackson, considering that I should have an opportunity of escaping on the road to Biche, a distance of upwards of seven hundred miles. On telling the *maréchal des logis* that I came from the fortress of Biche, without giving me time to explain my name to him, he immediately exclaimed, "Oh! you have deserted from Biche! I will soon tell you who you are, as I have got the description of those who lately escaped from thence."

He first described l'Estrange, and looking at me, declared I was not that person; but on comparing Jackson's description with my features, complexion, and size, decided I was the last-named individual; to which assertion I immediately assented, asking him how he could guess so accurately; to which he replied, "That those of his profession were cunning fellows." (*C'est que nous sommes malins, nous autres*). Appearing to be convinced of the truth of his observation, I had reason to be satisfied with the treatment I consequently experienced. The sub-prefect and the commander of the gendarmerie at Novi, behaved to me in the most handsome manner; and after remaining there a week, I set out for my new destination with less uneasiness than usual. My route lay

through Alessandria, after passing Marengo, which is situated about half-way betwixt the former place and Novi. The gendarme who conducted me, had served at the celebrated battle of Marengo, which decided the fortunes of Napoleon, and pointed out to me, amongst other positions, the village church of Marengo, from the steeple of which Napoleon is said to have made his observations previous to the contest that had nearly stopped his successful career. At Alessandria he expressed his astonishment that I should have traversed that spot without detection. I then continued my journey through Cassel, Turin, and Suza, where I once more ascended Mount Cenis. This celebrated mount is four leagues high on the side of Italy, and three leagues on that of Savoy. An excellent road is established over it, and in numerous parts of it bridges from rock to rock have been formed. The width of the road is sufficient to admit of four carriages abreast, and it is kept in capital repair. Notwithstanding the vast superiority of the new road, in every respect, over the old one, many of the peasantry prefer the latter, as I have seen them skipping like goats from rock to rock, at the apparent risk of breaking their necks. On the top of this is a convent for the reception and entertainment of travellers; and near which Hannibal is said to have pointed out the beautiful plains of Italy to his admiring troops: in fact, nothing can exceed this spot for the most magnificent prospect of that celebrated country. Here all was sterile, although at the latter end of May. Here spring, summer, and autumn tread fast on the heels of each other, as they seldom last longer than three months, of which summer has generally the largest proportion.

The weather was excessively cold when I reached the summit, where a cold dungeon awaited me; it being, like most of the prisons in French villages, under the safeguard of gendarmes. Here I obtained the first information of Hare, who had passed through this place three weeks before, on his road to Sedan Castle, where I afterwards met with him. Continuing my route through the wild but romantic country of Savoy, the prisons of which were some of the very worst I had had the misfortune to visit, I arrived at Chambery, ill of a putrid fever, and was immediately transferred to the hospital of that town, a splendid establishment, the nurses whereof were nuns, who performed the various duties required by patients afflicted with the most loathsome diseases. They were particularly kind to me, attending me with all the care and anxiety of a near relative. In about six weeks, being convalescent, I took leave of these pious "sisters," as they were termed, and was conducted in a cart to the borders of Savoy, through rugged roads, shaking my weary and aching limbs in the most horrible manner imaginable.

At length the delightful plains of France struck my astonished senses, and though I was destined to a long march and numerous sufferings in that country, I could not divest myself of a pleasing sensation on viewing the extensive prospect that meets the eye from the last mountains in Savoy on the high road to France.

I was escorted into Bourgouin by the very same gendarme from whom I had escaped on my road from Lyons to Grenoble; but he did not recognise me, as my dress was different, and my person much thinner

than when he last saw me. My name too was altered, so that he was completely deceived; had it been otherwise, I have no doubt he would have exercised some petty act of vindictiveness on me, he being a Corsican, and, like most of his countrymen, very irascible. Nothing particular occurred to me on my journey through Lyons, Besançon, Nancy, Metz, Sarre-Louis, Sarre-bruck, Forbach, and Sarregumines.

The prison at this latter place was very confined and unhealthy, being full of prisoners of various denominations. Several young French conscripts were imprisoned here for maiming themselves, in order to avoid going to the army. The proportion of females in Sarregumines to that of males, was seven to one; so great had been the losses of the French during the war. Notwithstanding the enthusiasm of the men for Napoleon, the women, naturally enough, detested him for depriving them of their lovers, brothers, and sons.

At length, after a journey of three months duration, I arrived at the dreaded fortress of Biche, without having had an opportunity of escaping, as I was too well guarded for the purpose, and my physical and mental energies were unequal to the task of any extraordinary oxertion, not having then recovered from my illness at Chambery. A grand scene was preparing for me in the barrack-yard of the fortress of Biche, the commandant having ordered the troops to form a line, and the British prisoners taking part in the ceremony.

The principal character was now ushered in by a gendarme as Lieutenant Jackson, who had lately escaped from thence. On Jackson being announced, the commandant looked round, and not seeing the identical personage, with whom he was well acquainted, he inquired of the gendarme where Monsieur Jackson was. At this stage of the proceedings I stept forward, and bowing to the commandant, told him my real name, and the motives that induced me to personate Lieutenant Jackson.

I had prepared a set speech for the occasion, reciting the miseries I endured at Briançon, and the dread I had of returning to that depot, had I confessed to the authorities at Novi my real name, and that of the place from whence I had escaped. In fine, I assured him that I had heard so much of his kindness and humanity to the British captives under his control, that I determined to give the preference to his depot, and trusted that he would not be angry at the little deception I had practised in order to ensure the final success of my plan. Though exceedingly mortified that Lieutenant Jackson had escaped, as he had expected to exhibit him in triumph to the prisoners and garrison, he soon became reconciled to his disappointment, and treated me with much more lenity than I could have anticipated.

In about a month, I received orders to join the depot at Sedan Castle, where I arrived at the beginning of October. Napoleon was then on his fatal march to Moscow; but to the British captives his career seemed more prosperous than ever.

The confinement in Sedan Castle was less severe than I expected, many of us inhabiting that part of the building wherein the great Turenne was born. Near this part of the castle was a large tree in the courtyard, under which many an unfortunate being was guillotined during the revolution. In the course of a few weeks we were removed

to the barrack-rooms; about which time we received what we called "the horse-bulletin;" it being that bulletin wherein mention is made of the loss of Napoleon's cavalry in Russia.

We easily foresaw that a disastrous result would take place, and soon received the certainty of his repeated "calamities," as he termed them. He, however, hastened to Paris, where he was the first to tell his own story; and succeeded in persuading the French to furnish him with a new army, which he collected together in an incredible space of time.

In the month of March, 1813, conceiving that an exchange of prisoners was as far off as ever, Napoleon seeming to have recovered his strength, and appearing secure from the probability of new reverses, I made up my mind to attempt my escape from Sedan Castle. At each extremity of the barrack-yard was a gate, each of which was guarded by a sentry, whose beat extended about forty or fifty yards, on the outside of the gate. The garrison-duty was performed alternately by a French and a Polish regiment, the soldiers of the latter not being so familiar with the features of the British prisoners as were those of the former.

As I bore some resemblance to the commandant's secretary, I procured a cloak similar to that he usually wore, and taking a large account-book under my arm, I sallied out of the barrack-yard, and passed the sentry (of the Polish regiment), while my companions were looking at me from the windows that were over the courtyard through which I had to pass.

Had a French soldier been on sentry, I should undoubtedly have been betrayed by their significant looks and gestures: fortunately, the good Polander did not, or possibly would not, heed their imprudent signs and observations, which gave me unutterable anguish, as the probability was that the sentry would fire at me, if his suspicions were once aroused.

It was near noon, and I knew that in a few minutes the guard would be relieved: the drummers were practising on the glacis, under the battlements, which circumstance prevented my fellow-captives from being perfectly audible to the sentry, and was of considerable service to me, as he did not seem to pay much attention to me, and I consequently proceeded on my adventure, passing by a guard-house, and two gates with their draw-bridges. On passing the first draw-bridge, a son of the garrison canteen-man was throwing stones at the rats in the castle-ditch; he was too much occupied with his amusement to notice me, otherwise, as he was a shrewd fellow, and knew me well, I have no doubt he would have immediately given the alarm.

The drawbridge on which the canteen-boy was playing being opposite the commandant's house, I had every reason to fear being recaptured; but, not even the secretary, whom I was representing, and who was writing near one of the windows in view of me, deigned to cast his eyes on my person.

Being now quite free from inquisitive spectators, I hurried through the outer gate and reached the town, depositing my book in the first sequestered spot I met with. I immediately crossed the town, passed

the gate to Verdun, and soon gained the open fields; knowing the position of the high road, I kept within view of it, taking my way through lanes and by-paths until night, when I entered the high road, and arrived near Verdun by daylight next morning. Having received a fresh supply from my friends in that town, I turned my steps towards Paris, intending to reach Dieppe by that road.

On my journey I met numerous bodies of recruits going to join the army; the disasters Napoleon had met with did not affect them in the least, as they all seemed to evince that national cheerfulness and buoyancy of disposition, that gives but little time for reflecting on the miseries of life.

A considerable number of new artillery-wheels were on their road to Germany, whence I concluded that the army had a sufficiency of artillery and carriages, and that the wheels manufactured at Paris were preferred, for some reason that I could not ascertain. I passed without molestation through Paris, Rouen, and other places, arriving safely at Dieppe; but not finding an opportunity to embark there, I proceeded along the coast through Saint Valery, Fécamp, &c., to Havre-de-Grace, where I was informed I should meet with some American vessels.

I did meet with an American captain in that town, but I was arrested by the police, as I was on my way to join his ship. Nothing could exceed the vigilance of the French in their sea-ports, and even throughout their extensive line of sea-coast. Not a fishing-vessel could go to sea without a soldier as a guard over it; so that I was convinced that if ever I entertained the thought of making another attempt to escape, Germany was the only chance that presented itself to me.

Brooding over this idea, I was marched back to Sedan Castle, from whence I had so miraculously escaped, and after a few day's imprisonment in a dungeon, I was again allowed to associate with my former companions in the barracks. About ten days after, forty of us were marched off to Embrun in the Upper Alps, near Briançon. As we were going under an escort of a captain and troops of the line, I felt certain I should find another opportunity of escaping on the road, as they were never so vigilant with respect to their prisoners as were the gendarmes.

On arriving at Verdun, I informed some of my countrymen who came to visit us in Porte-Chaussée, that if I could possibly escape I should return thither as soon as possible.

At the very first stage, which was Saint Mihel, a fellow captive, named Davis, and myself obtained leave to visit the town, under the escort of a sergeant and corporal. The sergeant left us under the care of the corporal, whom we plied with wine and brandy, until he became intoxicated, and went to sleep. I then urged Davis to accompany me, but he declined doing so, on which I immediately left the coffee-house where we had been sitting, passed through the town, and crossing the bridge over the Maese, struck into the high road on the left bank of that river, and arrived at Verdun the same night. The walls of that town were in a dilapidated condition, so that I easily effected an entrance into it, from that side of the river close to Porte-Chaussée. I then sought out a friend's house, where I remained concealed during

ten or twelve days, at the expiration of which I set out on my road to Germany.

This time I travelled in the open day through Saint Mihel, and arrived at Strasburg on Saturday the 28th of August. I attempted to pass the bridge over the Rhine, but the guard challenged me for my passport, or *passe*, as they called it. Not being provided with one, I expected to be detained, but to my inexpressible joy, I was merely told to go back to Strasbourg and fetch it. This I eagerly pretended to do, hoping I should be more successful on another occasion. The next day, Sunday, observing a great many persons from the city walking towards the bridge, as was the custom on a fine Sunday afternoon, and having ascertained that each of them was furnished with a *passe*, which was always left by them at the guard-house until their return, I offered a napoleon to a meanly-clad artisan, which he gladly accepted in exchange for his *passe*, and after depositing it at the guard-house I walked boldly over the bridge into Baden. Although I was not free from the power of Napoleon, whose system and influence extended over all the states of the Confederation of the Rhine, which he commanded under his title of protector, I cannot describe the satisfaction I felt on quitting the French territory, where I had suffered so many indignities.

It was my intention to go to Vienna, where there was a British ambassador, Lord Aberdeen. I pursued my journey till within a mile of the city of Stutgard, in Würtemberg, when I was arrested in an inn by two gendarmes. On being interrogated I denied ever having been in France, which they strongly suspected, but I affirmed that I had been shipwrecked in Holland, and was going to Vienna. At length, finding I insisted on my statement, which I supported by numerous details, Count Taube, the minister of police, and a great admirer of Napoleon, ordered me to be confined in Asperg Castle, about four leagues from Stutgard. Here I was so ill-treated that I began to regret leaving France, and had well-nigh resolved to take means for being sent thither; but a prisoner in the castle, who had been one of the Tyrolean chiefs that took up arms against Würtemberg, when his country was detached by Napoleon from Austria, persuaded me to have a little longer patience, as, according to him, Napoleon had met with serious reverses, and was not likely much longer to keep his ground in Germany. I took his advice, which I had no cause to repent of, for a few days after we received the tidings of Napoleon's defeat at Leipsic, and of the abandonment of his cause by the troops of the Confederation of the Rhine. Those of the King of Würtemberg were among the first to forsake Napoleon, which circumstance caused me the greatest exultation, as I then foresaw I could not be long detained as a prisoner.

On hearing the above intelligence, I immediately wrote to the King of Würtemberg, "claiming that liberty I had so long and so unjustly been deprived of." On that very day a commissary, with three post-horses, arrived at Asperg, and I was conducted by him to Stutgard, where I was ushered into the presence of Count Taube. It was then midnight: the count was as pale as death, being affected, no doubt, by the fallen fortunes of Napoleon, and by the dreary prospect that event

gave him concerning his own probable disgrace. He presented to me, in the name of the king, a passport and a bag of small coin of that realm, containing about fifteen pounds, to pay the expenses of my journey to Prague, in Bohemia. My passport was directed to that city, thereby causing me to undertake a circuitous route, of a hundred leagues out of my direct road to the nearest seaport belonging to the allies. I never doubted that this unnecessary hardship was imposed upon me by Count Taube, whose antipathy to the English nation was no secret. Now, indeed, I began to feel the value of liberty, particularly on my arrival at Ulm, the frontier town of Bavaria, where I dined at an ordinary, and was received with hearty congratulations by the worthy inhabitants of this celebrated place. Here I met with a Russian officer who was going to Vienna, and as Ratisbon was on my way to Prague, I agreed to accompany him down the river Danube, it being navigable from Ulm to the Black Sea.

The only means of conveyance was by rafts, on which we glided safely forwards, passing by Neustadt, Ingoldstadt, and other towns celebrated in the wars of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. The captain of the raft was a well-informed man, and related to us the various legends connected with the numerous old castles whose ruins we passed on our voyage down the river. Although the air was rather keen, and we were occasionally visited by small rain, every object had a new interest to me. I was at length free from the snares and dangers that beset my path during ten years. The Germans, who cordially hated the French for the miseries their presence had caused them, now began to entertain sanguine hopes that they were about getting rid of them for ever. On arriving at Ratisbon the Russian officer and I parted company, to our mutual regret; he was a noble fellow, and spoke French with remarkable fluency.

To make amends for his loss, I got acquainted with a wealthy mercer of Ratisbon, who insisted on entertaining me at his house during three days, and when I departed he accompanied me several miles on the road. On reaching Sophienthaal, the frontier village in Bohemia, I presented my passport to the authorities, who informed me that I must remain there until they received my passport from Prague, to which place they sent it. Having inquired how long that might be, they replied, a week or ten days. Anxious to continue my journey, I set off that very night, by moonlight, and arrived at Pilsen the next day.

I had expected to find Bohemia a wild and barren country, but what was my surprise at seeing every spot extremely well cultivated, the villages and towns bearing evidence of universal prosperity. I speak merely of places in the vicinity of the high road, which quite astonished me with their superior appearance. I have no doubt there are many parts of that country of a very different description, but the road from the Bavarian frontier to Prague will bear comparison with that of any other country. On my arrival at Prague, I found Lord Aberdeen had quitted it to attend the Emperor of Austria, at the headquarters of the allies. However, his physician, Dr. Price, whom he had left at Prague, afforded me the most valuable assistance. At that period this city contained more good amateur musicians than any

town in Germany; its inhabitants being intelligent, peaceable, and extremely hospitable. Its general appearance has an air of grandeur, from the number of fine stone buildings and beautiful statues that adorn it. The bridge over the river Moldava is a magnificent and solid structure. Here I bought a cossack horse for five pounds, and on him I set out for Bremen, that being the most likely port for obtaining a passage to England.

The French being still in Dresden, I bent my way towards Leipsic, and passed over the field of battle on the 23d of November, five weeks after it took place. The high-road still bore vestiges of the strife; innumerable remnants of dress and accoutrements that formerly belonged to combatants of every nation, arm, and grade, engaged in that memorable conflict, strewed the paths, ditches, hedges, and fields in every direction. Thirty thousand sick and wounded were in the hospitals outside the gates of Leipsic, but on entering that city there was not the slightest trace of the dreadful struggle that had so recently taken place. Before my arrival at Leipsic a severe frost had set in, much to the satisfaction of the inhabitants of the vicinity, as it had the effect of purifying the atmosphere of that insalubrity caused by so many thousands of corpses that strewed the ground for many miles round Leipsic. I was shown a spot, at about a mile from that city, where Prince Schwarzenburg placed a hundred pieces of artillery, to molest the retreat of the French army. At this position four roads met, and the French being compelled to take one of them, their loss was so immense that the victors formed a hillock of the dead bodies, which they covered over with a little loose earth. They then followed up the retreating foe so closely, that the bridge over the Elster was blown up by Napoleon's orders, to prevent his capture, and that of nearly the whole army.

Napoleon gave a different version of the bridge affair, but what I have just related is known to every intelligent person in Leipsic. I now continued my route to Bremen. The Weser was then frozen up, so that I was compelled to proceed to Cuxhaven, where I embarked, having passed through Hanover, and several other towns of smaller note. The Duke of Cambridge disembarked at Cuxhaven on the very day I sailed from thence. After two days tempestuous weather, we anchored at Heligoland, where I was hospitably treated by the merchants at that place. In a few days the packet from thence to England took me on board, and I arrived at Harwich on the 29th of December, 1813, after an absence from my native land of eleven years and a half.

FOREIGN SPORTING.

By Nimrod.

AMERICA.

That the Americans should have taken to racing, and in good earnest, is by no means to be wondered at, when we consider the relationship of their country to our own, and the dashing character they have exhibited to the world in all speculations which affect the pocket—although late occurrences in the commercial world have shown that their spirit of enterprise has occasionally outstripped their means. And it is not merely in the United States that the passion for the race-course has become so strong. In the British provinces in North America, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the right old English feeling is kept up, and all such sports as the country affords are likewise entered into with spirit. At Halifax, for example, there is a well-established jockey-club, and two race-meetings in the year, to perpetuate which the legislators of those colonies have expended large sums for the purchase and importation of English blood.

Even hurdle-races have been introduced in New Brunswick, keeping up their charter for accidents of various descriptions,—amongst them the fracture of his collar-bone, by Lord William Hill, of the 43rd, and a leap over two horses in a carriage by another amateur rider, whose courser bolted with him into the crowd.

To the means lately resorted to by the Americans to establish a breed of pure blood in their country, I shall hereafter allude; wishing previously to show, what may be but little known to the majority of English sportsmen, namely, at what an early period—previous to the commencement of the revolutionary war—they commenced their hazardous undertaking.

So far back as the year 1738, they imported a stud-horse called Janus (whose sire was the celebrated Godolphin Arabian, to whom all our best blood is traced), own brother to Blank and Old England, horses of great renown on the British turf.

In 1743, Othello, by Crab, was imported, and in subsequent years, the following first-rate race-horses:

1752, Juniper, by Babraham, to Virginia.
1753, Wildair, by Cade, to New York.
1755, Fearnought, by Regulus, to Virginia.

Of Eclipse's numerous progeny, may be named, as especially connected with the early progress of the American turf, Dungannon, Volunteer, Pegasus, Saltram, Vertumnus, and Pot-8-o's, who was sire of Waxy, and the grandam of the celebrated American Eclipse, to whose famous race with Sir Henry, I shall take occasion to allude.

1765, Flimnap, by South, to North Carolina.
1769, Jolly Roger, to Virginia.
1771, Shark, by Marske, sire of Eclipse, to ditto.
1776, Medley, to ditto.

1777, Diomed, to ditto.
1780, Messenger, to Pennsylvania.
1784, Archibald, own brother to Rockingham, by Highflyer, to Virginia.
1784, Driver, by Trentham, to Washington.
1786, Tickle Toby, to Virginia.
1787, Buzzard, to Virginia.
1791, Young Sir Peter Teazle, to Connecticut, (died in North Carolina).
1792, Spread Eagle, who beat Hambletonean, imported by Colonel Holmes.
1794, Jack Andrews (brother to the celebrated Dick Andrews), to Virginia.

Subsequently to the last-named period, Serab, Barefoot, and horses of their class, continued to be imported; and amongst those of still later date are the following, most conspicuous for their performances and their blood: Chateau-Margaux, Emancipation, Luzborough, Leviathan, Lapdog, Margrave, Rowton, St. Giles, Tranby, and Young Truffle, Belshazzar, Flexible, Glencoe, *Priam* (at the cost of four thousand guineas), Shakspeare, and Zinganee.

Priam, Zinganee, Glencoe, and Glaucus, cost twelve thousand guineas.

It may be worthy of remark, that of all the horses here named, including many of the best England ever produced, and winners of our greatest stakes, the one which within the last half score years has been the sire of most winners, is Leviathan, by Muley, dam by Windle, the property, when in this country, of Mr. Giffard, of Chillington-park, Staffordshire; and the one whose services as a stud-horse have been most amply paid, is Luzborough, by Williamson's ditto, late the property of Lord Palmerston. Leviathan is the sire of eleven winners, at four-mile heats; eleven of three-mile heats; and more of two-mile heats than any other horse.

It will appear from this notice of Leviathan and his stock, that four-mile races are not abandoned in America, neither are there wanting many good judges of racing in England, who, looking at the legitimate end of the pursuit, lament the abolishing of them in Great Britain. That our race-horses have the character of being less stout than they were—speed and quickness on their legs at starting, being the grand desiderata in short races—I fear I must be compelled to admit that the Americans, as well as other foreign horse-buyers—the Germans especially—have read us a lesson on another most material point: namely, the general necessity of breeding from naturally-sound animals, a point not so much attended to as it ought to have been in our own country, and which accounts for so few of our race-horses continuing in training beyond a certain period. This called forth the following remark in the preface to the second volume of the "English General Stud-Book," published in 1822:

"If any proof were wanting of the superiority of the English breed of horses over that of every other country, it might be found in the avidity with which they are sought by foreigners. The exportation of them to Russia, France, Germany, &c., for the last four years has

been so considerable, as to render it an object of some importance in a commercial point of view. But this advantage some of our continental neighbours are of opinion will not long remain with us; they are fully aware of the source from whence we derive this superiority, and are in consequence endeavouring to establish races on the English plan, which *together with a more careful selection of stud-horses and mares than we observe in England*, will very soon, they say, enable them to excel us, and they anticipate a day, not very distant, when the English must send to the continent, if not for speedy, at least for sound horses.

I have had two convincing proofs of the stoutness of horses selected or bred for the American turf. The first was, in a race which took place just ten years back, creating such extreme interest in the country, that the editor of the American "Turf Register," sent me a copy of the number in which an account was given of it; and I must say I never read a better or more soul-stirring description of any similar event than the one here alluded to.

The contest lay between two American-bred horses, but of course of English blood, namely, "American Eclipse," and "Sir Henry," and was won, if my memory does not fail me, by Eclipse, after a succession of desperate struggles in three or four four-mile heats.

Then I was favoured last year with a copy of the "New York Spirit of the Times," a weekly journal, devoted in great part to sporting, containing the pedigree, characteristics, and performances of a mare called Black Maria, accompanied by a portrait of her.

It appears that her sire was the above-named Eclipse, and her dam a celebrated racer of her day, by the name of Lady Lightfoot, who won nearly thirty races, the majority at four-mile heats, and was never beaten but once, *in her eleventh year*, and then by Eclipse, over the Union-course. She was also the dam of several other celebrated American racers, amongst them, Shark, by Eclipse, sold when in training to J. C. Craig, Esq., for 17,500 dollars! Then the grandam of Black Maria was another prodigy as to stoutness, running on to her fourteenth year, when she was sold for 2500 dollars, the highest price ever before paid for an American-bred brood mare.

But to return to Black Maria. Her first start, at 3 years old, was for what is styled in America, "a match made on blood,"—with us, "a produce match"—of 5000 dollars aside, which she won at two two-mile heats, carrying 8st. 7lbs., and running the last heat in 3 minutes 58 seconds, over a heavy course. As in the match between Eclipse and Sir Henry, this was north *versus* south, and hence the vast interest created. She afterwards starts twenty-five times, winning in thirteen races—eleven of them Jockey Club plates, *at three* and four.mile heats—the handsome sum of 14,900 dollars, public-money.

It must be observed, however, that inasmuch as the value of the stakes she won has greatly increased since her career ended in 1835, her winnings would have amounted to 18,500 dollars, had she been on the turf five years later.

It is quite evident that this excellent animal, emphatically described as being when well, "too fleet for the fast, and too stout for the strong," was oftentimes brought to the post when quite unfit to start.

Then again, accounting for her defeats, it is asserted that her owner, John C. Stevens, Esq., of New York, never pays forfeit "if his horse can stand on three legs." Such conduct is all in favour of the public, but unfair towards horses, and in the course of time it may be presumed Mr. Stevens will know better than to throw away a chance—a practice the system of racing cannot by any means afford.

In 1834, a colt called Shark, own brother to Maria, after beating her over the Union-course for the Jockey Club plate, was sold for 17,500 dollars, the largest sum ever then paid for an American race-horse; and her own fame in the racing world was the cause of the largest stakes being made that has ever been made in that country—namely, a produce stakes of 5000 dollars each, 1000 forfeit, which is yet to be run—distance four miles. The produce of twenty-nine mares are named—that of Maria being by Luzborough, and the amount of the stakes to the winner, supposing all to come to the post, would be 155,000 dollars! ! This event will be decided in 1843, and as may be supposed, has excited great attention to the American turf, being the largest amount of money ever run for in Europe. The stakes closed in January last; and astounding as the announcement of it may be, the fact is placed beyond doubt by a letter from Mr. Tattersall, of Hyde Park Corner, to the editor of the paper I quote from, congratulating him on the liberal encouragement given to racing in America, as the sure and *only* way to improve the breed of horses.

Independently of a little needful correction of terms,—such as "track" for "course," "bracing up" for "pulling or gathering up" the reins in a set-to; "turf-man" for "racing-man," and a few more misnomers—I admire the spirit as well as graphic language, in which descriptions of American races are given, and will produce a few extracts from a record of one of Black Maria's victories—namely, the Jockey Club plate over the Union-course, *at five heats*, from the pen of a distinguished member of the New York bar; "a gentleman," says the editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, "whose taste and judgment in every thing pertaining to horseflesh, is only equalled by the extent and variety of his legal acquirements."

The start is thus described:—

"After the horses were brought upon the ground, much anxiety was exhibited as to the event of the coming contest; and the interesting little *Trifle* appeared to be a favourite among the betters as well as the spectators. Indeed, the offspring of the far-famed Lady Lightfoot (Black Maria) appeared to have but few friends, and bets were repeatedly offered that she would not take a heat. Prepossessions in favour of the southern mare (Trifle) appeared to exist amongst a decided majority of the spectators; and as she was foaled 'south of Mason and Dixon's line,' it appeared a matter of course that she was to win. Indeed, if unfailing spirits, beauty of form, and a peculiar quietness of manner could supply the defect of size, *Trifle* would not be considered as such in any thing but name. She is a race-horse in every just sense of the word, but a race-horse of a small pattern; of just proportions, undoubted bottom, and considerable power. Black Maria, in size and general appearance, is in all respects unlike her rival; her

colour is indicated by her name, and her great size, strength, and stride, show her a worthy daughter of a noble sire.

"Lady Relief and Slim (two other competitors in the race) were almost unknown to fame; but certain individuals present were aware that the former had, upon a previous occasion, won the last half of sixteen miles; and *they* looked for spirit, unexpected by others, if it should happen that the first heats were not taken (*i. e.* won) by Trifle or Maria.

"As the trumpet sounded for the horses to come to the starting-post, they severally appeared, exhibiting their various tempers by their individual behaviour. Black Maria showed neither alarm nor anxiety. She was as calm and unimpassioned as if she had been a mere spectator; and this coldness of demeanor won no 'golden opinions' among the lookers on. Trifle exhibited high spirits, a slight tremor ran through her frame, and an impatient lifting of the forefoot, showed that she was alive to the coming struggle. Lady Relief, on the contrary, was all fire and animation—ready to break away from her groom, and dash through all obstacles for the sake of victory; and Slim exhibited a patient spirit, seeming, by her anxiety, to show herself a descendant from that Childers who always ran without whip or spur."

The first heat was won by Maria, after an interesting struggle, when the writer proceeds to describe the result of the second, which proved what is called a dead one with Trifle—running the four miles in seven minutes and fifty-five seconds, considered a severe pace for the soft state of the ground after rain, and Slim lost her distance.

"Here again," says he, "all were at fault. One party were crying out to the rider of Maria, 'Why did you not stir yourself? One blow of the whip before you came to the distance-post would have won the race.'

"'I had no whip, sir,' was the answer. 'Maria won't bear it. It *discourages her*. She must run under a pull, with the spur as an admonisher.'

"A thousand rumours were afloat. Trifle was as gay as a bird—in no way distressed. She had *posed* the 'big un,' who looked as imagination said, both 'sick and sorry.' It was a 'safe thing,' and Black Maria can't win. 'She's done up,' went round like wildfire from mouth to mouth.

"In the mean time Lady Relief was little thought of; but a Jerseyman was heard to say, 'We'll show 'em some of the Eclipse *pluck* yet before we have done.' At the sounding of the trumpet for the third heat, Trifle and Relief came up in great spirits, while Black Maria seemed in no way ambitious of another trial. But *she is always cool*; and as her mode of starting is reluctant and slow, nothing can be argued from her spirits."

Trifle, it appears, won this heat by a mistake committed by the rider of Relief, who had a good lead in the fourth mile. The writer thus proceeds in his remarks on the heat.

"Black Maria was well up during the whole race, but she now fell into complete disfavour, and 'she's done up,' went round the field with great confidence."

It is the writer's opinion, that Relief could have taken this heat had she been urged up to the judge's stand, and that she *ought* to have

won it. As it was, Trifle, who well deserved her honours and the admiration of her friends, had been victorious. She had run twelve miles, winning the twelfth, and the little game creature appeared as fresh as ever. It was now settled that she was to win the money, although it might be that Relief, who was fast rising in favour, might make her run for it. Indeed, the latter did not seem in full vigour until she had run two heats; and now her nostrils opened, and she pawed the ground as if just brought on the course.

"They are saddled for the fourth heat; and here is to be a struggle until sixteen miles from the beginning are to be accomplished. Black Maria is in no way distressed, Relief is full of spirits, but '*Trifle is to win the money.*' Off they go at the tap of the drum; Relief takes the lead, followed by Trifle, and then Black Maria. Miles are passed over, and yet Relief is ahead. 'How is this! can't Trifle pass? Is the Jersey mare ahead?' She is indeed, and ahead like to be. A better, truer, tougher bit of stuff never came from the loins of old Eclipse. She takes the track from the score! Trifle goes at her, but she 'can't do it.' Three miles and a half are accomplished, and Maria has passed Trifle, and is close at the heels of *Jersey*. Now they come up the straight side. Maria is at her, and Relief takes the whip like a glutton. Maria comes up and laps her—she's at her shoulder; but they pass the stand, and Relief takes the heat by a neck!"

"Huzza for *Jersey*," rings over the course; and a look of pity is cast upon the gallant little Trifle, who had done her utmost. "Black Maria won't come again," says a wise one, with a knowing look. "I don't know that," says a Yorker. "If she had run twenty straight yards further, she would have taken the heat."

"*She is distressed*," is the reply.

"Distressed! *may be she is*; I saw her lay her ears back, and lash out with her hind feet, after her rider dismounted from the sixteen miles, as if her sinews were of whipcord."

Here was an interesting point; *five* heats in all were to be run, and twenty miles to be passed over.

"The like was never seen on this course before," says a Long Islander. "Bottom's the word—how go the bets?"

"At a stand still; Trifle is distressed, but Lady Relief has more life in her than any thing that ever ran sixteen miles before."

Up they come for a fifth heat; Relief all fire, Trifle *very* sorry, and Black Maria begins to paw the ground: *this she had not done before.* Off they go; Relief a-head, Trifle after her, and Black Maria allowing no gap. She sticks to them like a spirit, and in the nineteenth mile, the gallant little Trifle is obliged to give it up. The Eclipse mares are obstinately determined to "play out the play," and the little chesnut is taken off the track, completely done up.

Now comes a struggle for the honours of a *twentieth* mile, between two half-sisters—whalebone both—and "never give it up" is the word. Black Maria pushes up the straight side as you enter upon the fourth (the twentieth) mile, with a stride that counts terribly upon the steps of the Lady, who has *relief* now in nothing but name. Maria is so close upon her that she almost touches her heels. She pushes round the turn, and goes at her on the straight side like a quarter-horse. They

brush down the straight side with invincible courage; but that long untiring stride is too much for Relief. Maria gives her the go-by, takes the track—keeps it in spite of all exertions—leads round the turn, and thunders up towards the judge's stand, hard-in-hand, untouched by whip or spur—passes the goal for the twentieth time, and wins the race!

"Neither of the Eclipse mares appeared much distressed, and they ran the last mile with the greatest spirit and stoutness. Relief is a nag of the most extraordinary bottom. She seems to become fresher after twelve miles, and then runs off as gay as a lark. As for Black Maria, she is literally 'too fast for the speedy, and too strong for the stout.' She ran the twentieth mile with a freshness and vigour that surprised every body, and the spectators at last actually conceded that she is '*game.*' She ran at her antagonists every heat, and at last let them know what it was to run for the honours of the twentieth mile."

Of the three placed first in this memorable race, Black Maria was the first to recover. She came out in the following May against a strong field and won, while Trifle was crippled and laid up till the September season of the ensuing year. Lady Relief died within a few weeks from cold and exhaustion.

"Who that was present that day," adds this truly graphic and feeling narrator of a race, "and marked the meek expressive glance cast up towards the judges by one of the doomed ones (Black Maria) when brought up to struggle through a fifth heat, will never forget it."

The following is the order in which the horses, or rather mares, were placed in this extraordinary race.

Black Maria	1	0	2	2	1
Lady Relief	3	3	3	1	2
Trifle	2	0	1	3	dist.
Slim	4	dist.			

The following is also the time in which each four-mile heat was run:

Heats.	Min.	Sec.
First	8	6
Second	7	35
Third	8	13
Fourth	8	30
Fifth	8	47
	41	31

I consider the above to be a high rate of speed over a heavy course; but it is worthy of notice, that the next time Black Maria ran, she covered three miles in 5 minutes, 42 seconds, said to be the maximum speed previously experienced on the American turf; and a laughable anecdote follows the mention of this race.

Mr. Stevens, the owner of Maria, had ordered her to be thrown out of training; but Bill Patrick, her trainer, was unwilling to obey the order, and absolutely had her out every day, either after dark in the evening, or before daylight, every time opportunity afforded without danger of detection, and galloped her on the sandy road leading across

the mouth of Spring Creek, never venturing to bring her out on the private training-track. During one of these nocturnal gallops, a wag informed the said "Bill" that his master was coming down the road, on which he whipped down to the mill, and getting a grist, actually carried it home on the mare's back! This occurred within less than a fortnight of the very fast race to which I have just alluded.

I think my readers will allow, that the learned gentleman in this case has made the most of his subject: and if he can draw a brief and address a court with as much ability as he can describe a race, we need not be surprised at the credit given him by the editor of the *Spirit of the Times*, for the "extent and *variety* of his legal acquirements." Independently of correctness of detail and the interest which he has never failed to attach to the proceedings of each individual heat, he has lost no opportunity of introducing the effect of the strong party-spirit which has never ceased to exist between the northern and southern competitors on the American turf. The performance in question is highly creditable to the judgment of those who imported the blood, which has, in this case, proved so stout, and at the same time by no means deficient in the fellow-quality, speed; and it is worthy of remark, that the other beaten mare, Trifle, was a winner of eighteen races, at twenty-four starts—sixteen of them at three and four-mile heats!

The portrait of Black Maria is said to be a faithful one, but being taken at the close of her racing career, and at the termination of a severe campaign, when consequently low in flesh, is by no means a flattering one. Yet under any circumstances, allowing the likeness to be correct, she cannot be called a handsome mare, but one coming under our denomination of a wiry-looking animal, tough as whipcord itself. Her head is not handsome, but, what is better, well set on. Her neck comes well out of her shoulders, which are broad and muscular, although somewhat upright—a point not so objectionable to a racer as to either a hunter or a hackney, to both of which the oblique shoulder is indispensable to safety in action as well as in leaping. She rises high in her withers; her arms are long and muscular, with short and very flat cannon bones—a most material point in all horses as far as the wear of legs is concerned—also with good knees and great depth of chest, so essential to good wind. In proof that horses can run under high weights and at long distances, in all forms, the couplings of this mare appear deficient, and her quarters droop considerably. On the other hand her loins are arched, her thighs and gaskins muscular, with clean hocks very near the ground. She is said to have drawn rather light, as the term is, in her training; and such was her prodigious stride, that when "brushing"—*Anglicé*, stretched out at speed—she is reported to have covered twenty-four feet at a stroke, which is two feet more than the celebrated Hambletonian covered on Newmarket Heath, and considered the maximum extension of a race-horse in the gallop. She is said to have won her first four-mile race in the hands of Frederick the "yellow man."

Were I to visit America—and there are more improbabilities than my doing so—one of the most interesting objects of attraction would be their system, training, and riding the race-horses. One thing is cer-

tain, they can train them to *run on*, and at a high rate of speed. And no doubt this rare qualification enhances their value in the market. But what market am I alluding to? Why not the horse, but the man-market; inasmuch as a short time back, I saw an advertisement announcing an experienced trainer of race-horses *on sale to the best bidder!*

Would my limits admit of them, I could produce several more equally spirited descriptions of American races, and especially one reported in the paper from which I have already quoted, of a desperate contest between two celebrated horses of last year, viz., Portsmouth and Boston, over the Petersburgh race-course. One specimen I cannot refuse. Speaking of Portsmouth, said to be "a splendid colt, put up in the highest form," the reporter proceeds:

"He is a brown, with scarce a white mark, save a slight ring above the coronet of his off hind foot. As to a description of his "*pints*," jist imagine the pictur of a d—d thundering fine horse—the best four-year old in the world, and you have some idea of Portsmouth; but we must saddle and lead up."

On another race, in allusion to "*condition*," the reporter represents Master Henry making play from the tap of the drum, and never headed; and after the heat, "*he blew out strong, and cooled off finely, while Argyle was excessively distressed!*"

Some idea may be formed of the perfection to which the system of breeding and training race-horses in America has arrived, by the following extract from the advertisement of a training establishment and farm for sale, situated ten miles from New York. There appear to be two hundred and twenty feet of stabling, containing twenty loose boxes, paved, with a portico in front to protect horses while washing their legs, with wire doors for the summer. There are also paddocks for horses out of training, houses for the trainer and the stable-boys, granaries, &c., with a good course for training on.

To the number of Jockey Clubs in America, I am unable to speak with decision; but it does not appear that at present there is one at New York after the plans of those at Newmarket and Paris, which the editor of the *Spirit of the Times* laments, and suggests the propriety of. The social and convivial meetings at those of Newmarket and Paris no doubt greatly contribute to preserve the spirit of racing; and many matches and sweepstakes are made at them which would not otherwise be thought of. That established at Maryland in the year 1830, subjects its members to the observance of no less than forty-one articles, and is under the direction and control of the following acting members of it: President, first vice-president, second ditto, treasurer, recording secretary, corresponding secretary, five stewards, and three timers. The only circumstances in the articles worthy of notice are, first, as to what is called "distance;" secondly, time between the heats; thirdly, gambling on the course—all of which might be imitated by us with advantage. The distance-stand with us is the same for all lengths of course, but it is herein specified, that it shall be only sixty yards for one-mile heats, and sixty additional yards for every mile in a heat. Then the time between the heats, with us, is always half an hour. Here it is regulated by the length of the course run over. For example:

Twenty minutes for one-mile heats; thirty-two for two-mile heats; forty for three-mile heats, and forty-five for four-mile heats. There is a kind feeling towards horses in these regulations, which all persons must approve of. Article thirty-eight expresses, that "no gambling shall be permitted on the grounds under control of the club, and a committee shall be designated by the president for the time being, with authority to employ police officers to aid them to arrest and bring to punishment all persons attempting to violate this rule." What robbery would be prevented by such a proceeding as this in England! The new Jockey Club at Cincinatti, the metropolis of the West, is advertised in the paper before me, and promises to "carry on the war" with spirit.

There is a well-conducted Jockey Club at Halifax, where there are annually three days' racing; and a cup, value one hundred guineas, is given for thorough-bred three-year-olds. Great attention is paid to the careful registering of pedigrees, after the manner of our stud-book, and the legislature gives every encouragement to the importation of good English horses and mares, whose produce is fast spreading throughout all the colonies in this part of the new world.

To show the value the Americans attach to stoutness in their race-horses, an annual "table," as they call it, is published, giving at one glance the name, colour, and pedigree of every winner of a four-mile race in the Union, together with the weight carried, and the time made —the horses beaten, the course, the day of the race, and the page in the "Turf Register," on which a description of the race in full may be found.

Amongst American purchasers of English racing blood, as well as spirited owners and breeders of thorough-bred stock in their own country, several write M.D. to their names. For example: Dr. Merritt is as well known at Tattersall's and to all celebrated English racing men, as he is in his own country; and it was he who gave the large sum for Priam, sire of the renowned Crucifix, who it is thought would have crucified Eclipse on the spot, had they been of the same year. There are also several colonels deep on the American turf; and it was stated, at least ten years back, that the late Colonel John Taylor, of Mount Airy, Virginia, cleared not less than 50,000 dollars by his investments in thorough-bred racing stock. But the spirited way in which the Americans have made their investments, deserves success; and one instance of it is recorded by me in my article on "The Turf," in the *Quarterly Review*. I stated the fact of the American Consul of his day, in England, authorizing a friend of the late Earl Derby to offer his lordship 7000 guineas for Sir Peter Teazle! And such a price for a race-horse in those days, is equal to double the sum now, reasoning from the comparative value of the stakes, which, at the present day, throw our Derby into the shade. For example: Where but in America do we hear of a 44,000 dollar stake, equal to 11,000*l.* sterling, which was run over the Union-course in the spring, 1838.* But as the value of the prize tempts the pirate, it is such prizes as this which bring good horses to the post in all countries, and the following striking pas-

* I met a gentleman in London, two months back, who won 100*l.* on this race.

sage is from a letter to myself from the Baron Biel, of German racing celebrity, a short time back.

"It is lucky," says he, "we continental sportsmen do not come into competition with the Americans; for unless they neglect their breeding-studs, they must soon be on a par with England on the turf, as they get your best blood."

Then the baron proceeds to a remark in reference to France, which it would be well if all breeders of race-horses would profit by.

"I was much surprised," he says, "at hearing that the French government had purchased Mameluke for the stud. He is certainly a very fine and well-shaped horse, barring his shoulders, and at all events was a first-rate race-horse. But then look at his stock! Though he has had some of the very best mares, he has scarcely produced a middling race-horse, and I know not, without exception, any young stock so vulgar and unbloodlike as his. But such observations are generally lost on persons who purchase horses for government studs, as they generally only look at the individual, and never think of his produce. For my own part, I would not have given one hundred pounds for Mameluke."

America has been celebrated for trotting-horses, and to them I believe England yields the *pas;* and I have reason to believe this superiority is in great measure to be attributed to the exertions of a society or club, formed some fifteen or twenty years back at Philadelphia, for the improvement of road horses; racing in the gallop, being at that period forbidden in that state. And the first race of this description, *i. e.* trotting, which I can find recorded, exhibits extraordinary speed. Five horses started, the distance being two miles, the best of heats—the last of which was performed by the winner in five minutes and thirty-seven seconds, at the rate of twenty-one miles in the hour, and a little over!! The weight carried was 150 lbs., being the *minimum* in all the trotting matches of this club. It is, however, not unworthy of remark, that the reporter of the proceedings of the various trotting-matches of the meeting says, "The majority of the best trotters now in the United States are descended from the imported English racer, Messenger, by Mambrino,* bred by the late Earl Grosvenor," three of whose produce were then living, and the sires of the best roadsters and fastest trotters in the country, both for speed and bottom. Rattler, who with Tom Thumb, distinguished himself so much in England a few years back, was the produce of an English horse by a Canadian mare. But it is here recorded, that their performances were outdone by a mare called Betsy Baker, by American Mambrino (a son of Messenger, by English Mambrino), who is said (!) to have trotted twenty miles within the hour. Tom Thumb is described as a Naraganset, a breed of trotters whose origin is unknown, and his appearance certainly denoted something out of the common way. Both himself and Rattler were horses of very mean appearance.

In the accounts of the various trotting-races at the meeting of which

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* Mambrino, a gray horse, by Engineer, dam by Cade, also bred by Earl Grosvenor, was one of the most splendid horses of his day, as may be confirmed by a portrait of him by Stubbs, in the possession of Mr. Tattersall, of London.

I have been speaking, the main objection to such contests—pointed out by me in my notice of the last Boulogne races in your number for October—and found to have existed, in some cases, to the extent of losing the race by the horse that could have won it, and extinguishing the chances of others, is the difficulty, and oftentimes the impossibility, of preventing horses from breaking from the trot to the gallop, under the usual excitements of a race-course.

I have reason to believe that ere this the records of all the great trotting-matches over the several trotting courses of America have been published, in what is called "a tabular form, at all distances, from one mile to one hundred."

It does not appear, despite the above assertion to the contrary, that up to this time, any horse has trotted twenty miles within the hour, although a very near approach to it was made over the Union-course (Long Island), by Mr. Mc.Leod's Paul Pry, who, carrying 138 lbs., did eighteen miles and thirty-six yards in fifty-eight minutes, fifty-two seconds. It is asserted, that should Time be backed to a large amount, the attempt at twenty miles within the hour will be made; but it appears from *Bell's Life* of the 27th of September last, that up to this time, eighteen miles have not been trotted in an hour in a match in England.

On the third of October last, Dutchman and Washington trotted three heats in harness over the Beacon-course;—Time, 1st, five minutes, seventeen seconds; 2nd, five minutes, seventeen seconds; 3rd, five minutes, twenty-four seconds.

I never was an admirer of very fast trotting. It is an ungentleman-like pace to begin with; is distressing to a horse by urging him to *the top of his speed in that pace*, thus keeping up a severe strain on his muscles, and it soon wears him out. I, however, once rode as umpire to a match of this nature, over a turnpike road—fifteen miles in the hour, which was lost by a few seconds, occasioned by the mare breaking into a gallop twice. I could not help admiring the action of the animal, at the same time was surprised at the apparently fast gallop at which I was carried to keep near her, on a well-known Oxford hack, from Austin's stables.

The mention of this fact—that of officiating as umpire—reminds me of the most extraordinary match, in my opinion, that was ever made and won, and to which I was requested by the officers of the 15th huzzars, then quartered at Brighton, to act as umpire, in consequence of the large sums depending upon it. A horse was backed to walk three miles, to trot three miles, and to gallop three miles within the same hour, all of which he did!

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.

It is *no* libel to say "that the French are passionately fond of dancing." It *is* a libel, though a very common one, to say they live on "*soup maigre*," or on "stew'd frogs;" as the *carte* at any *restaurant's* at Paris would abundantly testify: but it is no libel to say that the French prefer dancing to eating, dancing to drinking, dancing to sleeping, dancing to talking, and even dancing to music; and, in fact, dancing to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand of either the enjoyments or occupations of life.

At a marriage, the bride dances all the night, or at least till the sun comes peeping in at morn through the casements or curtains of the salon. At a baptism, the young mother hands over to the nurse the infant, whose birth the guests are celebrating, and joins in the dance, till, worn out with fatigue, she sinks on the sofa for repose. At the fête day of the mother, father, children, grandparents, or grandchildren, of a family, it is *not* the dinner that is thought of—as in England—or the supper as in many cantons of dear old Helvetia, but the dance.

In England, the great anxiety of the mistress of the house on these birthday festivals is, "that the supper-table should look pretty, well garnished, and brilliantly lighted up." But in France a cold *pâté* on a sideboard, a few basins of rice-milk, or gravy-soup, a little weak warmish punch, and a few children's cakes, are all the refreshments that even noblemen would offer—since *the* one great enjoyment of the evening is *the dance*. The Englishman spends his spare money for an evening party with the pastrycook: the Frenchman spends his with the musicians.

At even the most ordinary and quiet *soirées*, when "*on dansera au piano*," is written at the bottom of the note of invitation, to guard you against the belief that there is to be a ball, the Frenchman will have three or four additional musicians, an extra piano-forte hired, and specially tuned for the occasion, and the newest quadrilles from the very last opera will be the music selected for the occasion. No matter the price of the music—no matter the difficulty of finding performers so soon acquainted with all the mazy beauties and intricacies of the newest piece; these are "duties" which must be performed, and the mother would indeed feel ashamed of herself if her daughter (*sa fille*) should have any other quadrilles than the very last, and the most fashionable.

In humbler life, the love of dancing, though less refined, is more ardent. There is not a *mademoiselle* who humbly craves charity from the traveller, or who sells oranges and nuts to the English *voyageurs* in the diligences from Boulogne or Calais to Paris, who cannot dance. The beggars will whine out their wretched imitations of English, in order to appeal to British sympathies; but when once the diligence or the *calèche* have gone by, they will dance down the hill they have climbed to gain the travellers' *sous*, and will twist and twirl, hop and jump, to the tune of the last set of quadrilles by Meyerbeer.

How is this? it is indigenous. Why does an Irishman eat potatoes? because it his national diet. Why does a Frenchman dance? because it is a part and portion of his national being. And if we

ascend the scale from the beggar to the working-man, ay, and even in the provinces too, what is the chief enjoyment of the clown, the artisan, and the labourer? from him who walks at the plough-tail, to him who weaves at Lyons with so much talent and taste, at all the fêtes of the village or the *arrondissement*, the family or the cabaret, at which he resides, or which he frequents, but a dance. No woman gives up dancing in France, till her legs and feet refuse to move. Gray hairs, and gray chins, too, are no sort of obstacle; wrinkles and withered limbs are no impediment; those who cannot waltz can quadrille, and those who cannot figure, can at least walk, and do the part of "dummy," as at a game of whist. Perhaps in the British dominions, there are some millions of young ladies who know not how to dance; but in France, A B C and dancing go hand in hand; so much so, that old Mr. Monod, the famous pastor of the Protestant church at Paris, had Adolphe and Frederick, and all his sons, most of them pastors, instructed in the wondrous art of "turning your right leg in, and your left leg out." The Professor Albert has written a book on the morality of dancing, and has undertaken to demonstrate that dancing is calculated to improve both the intellectual and moral capacities and energies of man!

Those who have not like ourselves been present at the village fêtes of France, can form no idea of the beauty and picturesque gaiety of such scenes. The fête of Ville d'Avray, about eight miles from Paris, is an admirable specimen of this sort of entertainment. No ugly old bonnets are there; no mistress's left-off shawls; no little bits of dirty finery; but caps as white as snow, *fichus* as gay and pretty as a flower-bed in July; setting gowns, close, neat, and natty, and feet as well made, and well stockinged, and shoed, as the prettiest countess at Almack's. And then how they dance! oh, how they dance! with all their eyes, and all their hearts, with all their feet and all their legs, with all their little taper waists and their happy, merry faces, to the music of violins without number, and a rich variety of not unfrequently even discordant, but joyous instruments.

The dancing of the labouring classes, servants, and peasants in the open air, is quite *unique*. We have travelled in many lands, and seen many dancers and dances, but the French labouring classes and domestics excel all others in their *love* of this enjoyment. The men are quite as much attached to it as the fairer sex, and will willingly spend a long night in constant movement in the whirl of dancing, and yet appear at their farms, manufactories, or counting-houses at the usual hour the next day, and go through, *coûte qui coûte*, their ordinary duties.

The energy with which they dance is almost incredible; and yet sugar and water, sparkling lemonade, or a basin of "potage," as the gray light of the morning puts out the declining wicks of the consumptive oil-lamps in the booths or the *guingettes*, are their only refreshments. Sometimes, indeed, the *lady* prefers *beer*, a beverage but little known to the mass of the people in France, but which is becoming increasingly popular in warm weather, and at dancing times. Then oh! how they dance! with what grace very often, but with what life and animation always! Such dancing as this would do well as gymnastic exercise for many a Lady Arabella who languishes at Hastings, with a black respi-

rator before her mouth, when light air, light diet, light wine, and plenty of this sort of dancing would cure her in a trice.

But we must not forget in our recollections of French dancing and French fêtes, that to-day we are invited to a "Ball at the Tuileries," whither we will conduct, that is if they please, our fair and unfair readers; beseeching them to remember that there is "nothing extenuated, nor aught set down in malice." We have nothing to do to-day with the Tuileries of former times; we are not ignorant of its history, nor insensible to the emotions which that history is calculated to excite. We remember the life of Catharine de Medicis, its creatress, and of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV. its improvers. The fine Venetian horses of latter times are still in the eyes of our mind in all their perfection and beauty; and the scenes which have passed in the *Pavillon de Flore* are as fresh in our memory as if they transpired but yesterday. The last time that the last king of the old race of Capet visited it, was in July, 1830; since then "France has resumed her colours," says the new charter! "*Eh bien*," so be it, and we will go to the ball.

The political events of the last forty years in France have actually changed the character of French balls and of French dancing. The dresses are actually different; the costumes are totally altered; the manner of reception is not the same; the system of announcement is changed; the introduction to the host, whether regal or otherwise, is much more familiar and citizenlike; the etiquette of placing the guests, the lights, the refreshments, the hours of assembling, those of separation, the entertainments which are not of a dancing character, the games of cards played, the royal card-table at the palace, the music, the nature of the dances, all, all are changed, and the revolutions from 1793 to 1840, have not effected greater changes any where than at "a ball at the Tuileries."

We are going to the ball to-night, given to the national guards of Paris, their wives, and their daughters. These are the nobility of 1840—there are no others. The life-peers created but a few years since, are not one half as aristocratic as the senate of the Emperor Napoleon. There is no aristocracy to go to the palace (or who *will* go—and it is the same thing) but the aristocracy of wealth; and the Foulds, Lefebvrès, and Rothschilds of France, are now the nobility of the palace. And yet of how noble and regal a bearing is Louis Philip! Madame de Genlis said "he was born to be a king." In this she was a prophetess; but when she declared "that he would make a bad one," she proved that her knowledge of character was at best but finite. The friends of Charles X. were wrong when they said, "that *he* was the last of French gentlemen." This is not true; there never was a more finished courtier or accomplished gentleman than the King of the French. To-night he is to be our host, and we will take a good look at him, at the "ball at the Tuileries."

"The national costume of France," said that clever satirist, and able politician, M. Mauguin, "is a black frock-coat." And so it is: how it has happened, or why it has happened to be so, we will not to-day stop to inquire, but such is the fact; and we love facts with all our hearts When the deputies of France discussed then, at the suggestion of a wealthy member of the *côté droit*, what should be the costume of a

deputy, it was decided almost unanimously, "a frock-coat!" Thus, when the deputies proceed sometimes *en masse* to congratulate his Majesty on a new escape from another attempt of some beardless or brainless ruffian, away they all rush, in black frock-coats. But this is not the case at a ball: there, as many as possible are national guards, and many a luckless citizen, who has gone to the lock-up house for forty-eight hours for a series of refusals to mount guard, will, when invited to a "ball at the Tuileries," rub up his brass and pewter, brush up his blue coat, and silver-gilt buttons, have his best drills as clean as Mont Blanc in the month of January, and with gloves from Privats, and boots from Concannon's, proceed in a thirty sous cabriolet to the palace of the King, and be as gay or grave, joyous or sagacious as his companions, for each separate half-hour he is there, can expect or desire. And really we should be most unjust, did we not admit that this costume of the national guards of France is amazingly pretty. White, red, and blue, are lovely colours in fireworks, in military costumes, and at balls; and though the tricoloured flag of France is not the one we love the best, it looks right jolly as it floats in the breeze.

Some horrible fellow, who was probably sentenced at some obscure assizes in the east of England to the galleys or the hulks for life, as a just punishment for his multitudinous offences, once said, "Women and linen look best by candle-light." We can never subscribe to the truth of so heinous an imposition on our eyesight; but we will take the liberty of changing the phrase, and saying, "that the national guards and their costume look best at the Tuileries by wax-light." It is next to impossible to imagine any thing more fairy-like than the blue, white, and red, at the Tuileries on a ball-night—and we, who are now contemplating it, are ravished with the sight.

The cavalry of the national guards are crowded indeed with feathers, and the officers resemble the *petits maîtres* of former times, when it was the fashion to cut off heads all the morning, and dance all the night to the enchanting notes of *ça ira*, and the *Marseillaise*. Not that we intend to insinuate that the cavalry-officers of the Parisian national guards are Robespierres in any thing but dandyism; for a more innocent, harmless, inoffensive race of beings than the officers aforesaid, do not exist on the face of the habitable globe. But the cavalry officers of the national guards, and even the privates, all deem it necessary as a part of their military duty, to wear moustaches—tastefully curled at each corner—glazed yellow-gloves—never to be placed but once on their hands, black-satin folding cravats, large and ample as their constitutional charter, and patent jet-polished leather boots, so tight, that every vein (ay, and every corn) may be watched with distinctness outside by the ravished spectator.

These are the *aristocracy* of the national guards: they may be pork-butchers—no matter; they may be stockbrokers' clerks—no matter; they may be mounted on hired horses, and have no inconsiderable accounts with their *bottier* and *gantier*—no matter; they may serve ginghams behind the counter during all the year to pale-faced misses and their watchful mammas; but when they appear on duty, mount guard, are on horseback at a review, or invited to the palace, they are the tip-top men of the new French aristocracy, and what they lack in brains,

rank, family, talents, or virtue, they abundantly make up in lace, fringe, and feathers—as we now at this moment see them at "the ball at the Tuileries."

And yet how well they look at the bottom of the grand staircase as we enter. The Hall of the Hundred Swiss is no longer occupied as in former times, on state occasions, by the body-guard of the king, composed of young nobles, but by the national guards of Paris, and a few soldiers of the line; and above all, as first and foremost, by these well-dressed, well-looking coxcombs of the feather and fringe school of the cavalry department. Yet how admirably they *will* dance by and by—how accurately their feet will keep time to the music—how indifferent they will affect to be to the refreshments which will pour in upon them—and how negligently they will address themselves to the ladies of the aristocracy, inviting them to dance, as though the greatest favour would be to refuse, rather than to accept their advances.

The Tuileries of 1841 is *not* the palace of 1830. Louis Philip is a lover of masons and trowels. The Duke of Wellington would be lost at the Tuileries now, though we believe no man in Europe would be better received than that illustrious individual by the present royal occupant of that palace.

When the Duke of Wellington was in Paris as conqueror and dictator, the apartments of the ex-emperor were full of silks, velvets, marbles, gilding, pictures, and sculpture; but they are far more splendid, yes, and more classical now. The grand staircase, though unchanged in its construction, is much beautified; the external open galleries looking over the gardens, are closed in; the royal parterre, and well-swarded fosses have also been erected next the gardens since the Duke was there, to keep off the people from the doors of the palace; the internal arrangements of the chambers and saloons have undergone great changes; and though the Hall of the Nobles has still its rich ceiling representing ancient battles and triumphs, there are no nobles to occupy or to wait in it. The Saloon of Peace still represents Time, Spring, Plenty, and Fame; but it is much more splendid in all respects, than even in former days. The tapestry of the Hall of the Throne is as beautiful, nay more so—more wondrous than ever; and though the *fleur-de-lis* which once prevailed about the throne, have disappeared, the ceiling by Hemael, exhibiting "Religion protecting France," still makes her best friends desire, that the people who are thus protected were less negligent of their bountiful Protector. The gallery of Diana, once covered with but poor paintings, is now splendid and classical; and the Saloon of the Graces is worthy of the handsome, elegant, and accomplished family called to the throne of France by the extraordinary events of 1830.

Louis Philip has spoiled the antique appearance of the back *façade* of the palace by the introduction of Highgate and Hackney architecture into the lower arrangements of doors and windows; and in consulting his taste for the neat and comfortable, has produced an odd mixture of the bricklayering of 1830, with the stone-masonry and statuary of the sixteenth century. But the internal arrangements of the Tuileries are of a very different character. There he has maintained all that is characteristic of a palace of an olden race of kings, with all the conveniences, comforts, and elegances of modern times. We

wish, indeed, that his washhand-stands had been less cheap, and that his bedstead had been less broker-row-ish—but then Louis Philip sleeps with *his* Queen, and has one-half of his bedstead (his half) hard as it used to be when he slept in a camp, or on a field of battle; whilst the half allotted to his royal consort is as soft as couches at Naples, and the best down in the *edredons* of queens. Louis Philip has brought up all his sons to fare plainly, and to sleep hardly. They have no bed but a mattress—and no mattress but a hard board. The bedrooms of the Princesses (one alas! now dead, the sweetest sculptress of modern history), are simple as those of an English country-girl, and nothing like luxury is visible.

"Those Orleans girls," said the kind-hearted Duchess of Berry, when on one occasion they had attended at court at a ball all dressed in plain white muslin, "looked the best at the ball. They are the nicest looking girls in France." And really the Duchess was right; for when the Queen of the Belgians and the late Duchess of Würtemberg were alive and at home, with their still spinster sister Clementine, a sweeter *trio* could not be found from the *Pas de Calais* to the Gulf of Gascony. We will have a look presently at the Princess Clementine, her admirable mother, her strong-minded aunt Adelaide, her brothers, and above all at THE KING, who is advancing towards us dressed as an officer of the national guards.

There never lived a better tactician than Louis Philip. When on the memorable occasion of the opening of the Chamber of 1830 by Charles X., that monarch as he ascended the steps of the throne, let fall his royal *chapeau*, with its plume of ostrich feathers, the Duke of Orleans, now Louis Philip, raised it, and presenting it to the king, said, "May it long be worn by your Majesty:" yet even then the words "revolution," and "Le Duc d'Orleans," were whispered by Simeon, Dupin, and Perier. When the revolution of 1830, with all its cannonadings and barricades, surprised all thrones, and made the most commanding spirits feel aghast, Louis Philip seized the bottle of "vin ordinaire," presented by a man of the people to him to drink at the "Barrier St. Martin," and raising it to his lips, said, "*La France, et son bonheur.*" We could give a thousand other illustrations, but these will suffice. Yes, Louis Philip is an admirable tactician.

"You are my comrades," said the King, but five minutes since, as he came in contact with some of the democracy of these national guards, assembled to dance and be happy. This did not *make* them his comrades, but it flattered their vanity, and disarmed their animosity. And now look at those young Princes distributed about the long gallery of lights, paintings, gold, glitter, marbles, and beauty, in which we are assembled;—only look at them. The *Duke of Orleans* is talking to the daughter of a banker; not one of the first, but of the second class, who could not change a thousand pound note without having two days' previous notice: and yet how freely he is chatting with them. To be sure, they are very pretty girls, and dressed *à la Anglaise*, that is neat, simple, natural; and every one knows the attachment of the Duke to English women. The Duke is dressed as an artilleryman of the national guards—the least ornamental, and perhaps the least good-looking of all the costumes of this citizen soldiery. But he has an excellent figure,

lounges well, curves in his back delightfully, and stands pensively in a proper attitude. The poor banker's daughters both look as if they loved him for his own sake; and verily he deserves it, for a more kind-hearted, generous prince does not exist in all Europe. The eldest of these girls is to dance with him presently; and as the music is giving the note of preparation, her eyes and feet are all moving with ecstacy.

Here comes the *Duke de Nemours*. He *was* the handsomest boy on horseback we ever saw; and now, dressed as a cavalry officer in the national guards, he is "the very love of a soldier." We do not wonder he should have won the heart of the prettiest girl in Germany, save and except the young betrothed one to the Cesarovitch of Russia. "Bless his sweet eyes," said some English lady, as he passed us by not a moment since. We suppose the English lady thought her English was not understood, but we will not tell her name, for the best of all reasons—we do not know it. The Duke de Nemours is the aristocrat of the Orleans family—that is on the male side—as the King's sister, the Princess Adelaide, is on the female branch. The Duke de Nemours regretted the events of 1830, deplored that his father was called to the throne, lamented over an hereditary peerage which that revolution destroyed, was sorry that the Duchess of Berry was arrested and imprisoned, and is no sympathizer with the "raw-head-and-bloody-bones" school of politics in any part of the world. The Duke de Nemours speaks in raptures of his reception in England, and with delight of Windsor Castle and its august inmates. He is now talking to the lady of a general, for whom he is said to entertain a most sincere regard. How *she* blushes! But *he* is as cool, dignified, and (*apparently* at least) unconscious of the pleasure he is bestowing, as if he were not young, not handsome, not brave, not generous, and not good. She is to dance with him directly. But the general wishes him further. *N'importe*—the young Duke is as honourable as he is gallant, and as chivalrous as any of those progenitors of his whose name he nobly bears.

The Duke d'Aumale, though possessing a large independent fortune left him by the Prince de Condé, conforms to his father's tactics, and is dressed in the costume of the day;—he is an infantry officer of the national guards. They tell a story of this young Duke d'Aumale, which is much to his credit. When the Chamber of Deputies impertinently rejected by a certain majority the *Dotation* asked from it by the King for the Duke de Nemours, the Duke d'Aumale drove to the palace, entered the presence of the King, his father, and offered to place at the disposal of the Monarch for his disappointed brother the very same sum that had been asked from the country. Louis Philip embraced him, and said, "We will consider, my son." The Duke d'Aumale is rather a pensive-looking young man; he studies hard; has borne away the prizes at the College of Henri IV.; and is less fond of gay life than his brothers. But he is as brave as the best of them, and would fight right gallantly if called into the field of battle. We would rather see him, however, as we do to-night, at "a ball at the Tuileries." The Duke has asked Madame Thiers to dance. This is a compliment to herself, more than to her husband; for she is pretty—and he is by no means in love with democracy or with war. His tutor is a feuilleton writer in the *Journal des Debats*, and one of the most *spirituel*

and lively. M. Thiers is a national guardsman to-night—though if France had only such guards as *him*, she must raise five millions of soldiers to defend her frontiers—for Europe cannot be insulted long with impunity. Madame Thiers is a much pleasanter person to talk to than her very troublesome and dictatorial husband. *She* knows how to converse in the chit-chat style so essential to a ball-room; whilst *he* always sets all his sails, crowds all his canvas, and blows all his bellows about politics, parties, the press, railroads, and himself. Madame Thiers dances, too, very well; whilst her admiring mother, Madame Dosne, courts General Jacqueminot, and makes downright love to all the princes.

The young Prince de Joinville is not here. He is seldom at home. The King has resolved that he shall be no "land-lubber sailor." He is earning all his grades like another officer, and can climb to the top-gallant-mast truck as well as the best of them. It is a great pity that he is not at "the ball at the Tuileries" to-night, for he is a merry fellow, and a prince of a dancer—but he is "where duty calls"—and so "good luck to him!"

The youngest of the male branch of the family is the Duke de Montpensier. He is just emerging, or rather has just emerged from maternal and auntly influence. Perhaps it is because he is the youngest—but Montpensier is a great favourite with the family. He is talking away there to the Countess Flahault, a dear Englishwoman, and an admirable specimen too. The Orleans all speak English, and like English people, habits, and feelings. The Countess is married to a right good Frenchman of the best school, a true friend to Louis Philip, and a lover of all that is just and honourable. The Duke de Montpensier will hand out the Countess to the next quadrille, and we will look at them.

The gallery is full, the lights are brilliant, the pictures are splendid, the statues are magnificent, the *tout ensemble* is fairy like, and the colours are as brilliant as the feathers of a bird-of-paradise. No one ever gave more splendid *fêtes* (as fêtes), we mean in all that is *materiel*, than Louis Philip. He cannot create an hereditary peerage. He cannot call up around him the *old* families of France. He cannot surround himself, as Louis XVIII. could do, with the sons of the nobility of the land. He cannot alter the position in which circumstances, and not himself, have placed him. If the aristocracy of 1841 consists of the middle classes, it is not *his* fault. *He* gives the most royal *fêtes*, though to the *least* loyal people; but never was more magnificence displayed either at Versailles, St. Cloud, Eu, Neuilly, or the Tuileries, since the days of Louis XIV., than at present. We know many public men in France who have seen the *fêtes* of Napoleon, and beheld all the most brilliant pageants of the last fifty years, and *all* are unanimous in their opinions, that Louis Philip excels them all in the splendour, variety, gaiety, and classic brilliancy of his entertainments. The royal banquet at Versailles, on the opening of that national wonderment to the world, was one of the most splendid conceptions of any age; and yet the guests were Jules Janin, Alexander Dumas, and Mister Cousin. This was not the fault of the King. The feast was a feast for giants. If pigmies partook of it, he cannot be blamed.

But here comes the King, accompanied by the Queen, the Princess Adelaide, and the Princess Clementine. Now for a good, but respect-

ful stare. They are proceeding up, across, and round the gallery. Let us mark them well. The band plays the "Marseillaise." This is *not* the tune which the King, as an Orleans, or as a gentleman, loves; but it is the tune of his guests; for the "citizens" are here, who *made* him a king! The King looks much older of late. Still he walks well; he smiles through his wrinkles, and looks gay in spite of his cares. He *seems* to know all his guests; and yet this is impossible. What does he say? He is now speaking to General Jacqueminot. He says, "The scene is ravishing, my dear General. I am never so happy as when surrounded by the national guards." The Queen adds in a most mild and charming manner, "and by their families." That is quite sufficient for General Jacqueminot; away he proceeds to repeat the King's kind sayings, and the Queen's benevolent *post-scriptum*—and now both speeches are in the mouths of the assembled thousands, and the band strikes up the French air, "One is never so happy as in the midst of one's family."

The Queen smiles more than she speaks. She *looks* all grace and graciousness; but her smiles cannot hide her *one* secret sorrow. *That* sorrow is the fear of poignards and pistols; not for her own life, but of those directed against her husband. Her life is one of constant unmitigated care. At home she dreads the intrusion of some armed band; abroad she fears each sound, and sees a traitor in each face. Yet all who approach her, love her. We know some French ladies who waited on her to ask a favour for their son and brother; and though she had appointed them to attend her at a certain hour, she was *not* punctual. At length she arrived.

"Pray excuse me for my apparent want of politeness," said the Queen, "pray excuse me, ladies. It was not any disrespect on my part, I assure you, but a pressure of occupations."

The ladies stated their case. "I will do what I can," she said, "indeed I will; but you little know how small is the influence I possess; all, you know, is done by *ministers*. The King would do much more than he does, if he could; but you know, under constitutional monarchies, all is done by ministers."

The conversation was much longer, but we are not at liberty to repeat more. The death of Marie, the Duchess of Würtemberg, the second and beloved daughter of her Majesty, has also been a source of great sorrow to the queen. She lives in and for her family, and nothing can exceed her maternal devotion. Whenever the Queen of the Belgians approaches the period of her accouchement, the Queen of the French proceeds to Brussels to her daughter's palace, and there waits to nurse, watch over, and soothe her beloved Louisa. The King is not less fond of his children than his royal consort. It is reported that when the present King of the Belgians, after an absence of some years, again paid a visit to his former friend, the Duke of Orleans (now Louis Philip), his Majesty of the French said to him, "Well now, you will want a wife. I have three charming girls. My Louisa is fair and flaxen, my Marie is brown and black-haired, my Clementine is perhaps too young for you—but you shall see them all, and it is a hard thing indeed if *one* will not please you." He was not long before he made his choice, and the fair, and sweet Louisa soon became the Queen of the Belgians!

The King's sister, Madame Adelaide, is inseparable from his Majesty.

Her stout heart has nerved him at many a moment. Her bold and energetic counsels have always been prized by him. She adores her nephews and nieces; is most generous to them, and receives from them their most dutiful and affectionate regards. But she is *not* fond of the Parisians, is *not* attached to the revolution of 1830, and is cold in her manner, though hospitable in her conduct. She looks just now at the King as if she drank down every word that proceeds from his august lips. She looks at the people assembled, as if she said to them, "O wretched people, you are not worthy of such a prince as this!" and then with something like self-complacency playing on her lips, she appears to say, "and I am his sister."

The Princess, or Madame Adelaide, has been accused of selfishness and parsimony. This is unfair. She has known in her past experience, as her brother has done, the value of a dollar, but she relieves multitudes with her bounty, and spends more than one-third of her income in charities. "*Never yield to faction*," has been her counsel to the King in many moments of difficulty and anxiety, and the King has not forgotten another of her sentiments, "You had better die on the block, my brother, than die in a ditch." Madame Adelaide is not as much loved by the people of Paris as was the Duchess of Berry. This is not surprising. The mother of the Duke of Bordeaux was so gay, so lighthearted, so unbounded in her generosity, so witty, and so fond of *fêtes*, balls, banquets, theatres and dancing, she was often called "the royal Parisian." Madame Adelaide surveys the present scene with calmness. She knows that the applause of to-day may be the execrations of to-morrow; and that those who cry to-night "*Vive le roi*," may cry this day week, "*Vive* something else!" She does not like the "*Marseillaise*," cannot but half like the "*Parisienne*," and is glad to hear the last set of quadrilles played by that splendid orchestra, where the first talent and first instruments are nearly all collected.

The Princess Clementine has hold of the arm of the Count de Montalivet. He is a firm and devoted friend to the family, and as Intendant of the Civil List, has given many proofs of even filial affection to the Orleans dynasty. It is said, and perhaps with truth, that if he could have dared to aspire, before married, to the hand of Princess Louisa, now Queen of the Belgians, he would have done so,—and it is certain that he is loved at the Tuileries as a son and a brother. Who will the Princess Clementine marry? This is a problem. She is much attached to the Romish faith, and objects to a protestant. Louis Philip, her father, has, on the contrary, been very protestantish in his predilections;—his eldest daughter he married to a protestant prince—his eldest son to a protestant princess—his second daughter to a protestant prince, and has now for his chief adviser and friend the protestant M. Guizot. The Princess Clementine is dressed most simply: a plain white tulle over a white satin slip, with white flowers and pearls in her chaste attire—emblem of her pure mind and sweet and virtuous life. She is talking to the Count de Montalivet about the *coup d'œil* of the ball, and admires the music and the lights."

Though "the ball at the Tuileries" is a national guard's ball—at least the one we are describing, there are a vast many present who are not national guards, or their wives or daughters. A host of other British and foreign visiters, who enjoy the luxury of being able to at-

tend a "ball at the Tuileries" are there. Our readers are well aware that the old French nobility do not attend at court. The revolution of 1830 deprived some of their titles, all of their hereditary peerage; and ruined some by putting them out of office, and by depriving them of the bounty of the old civil list of Charles X. They have, then, gone into the departments. They live in retirement. They neither conspire, petition, nor provoke. "Let us die in peace," is their only demand, and their titles will expire with them. This is not an attitude of hostility, but of submission to circumstances, and to their hard but irremediable destiny.

The Princess Clementine does not, of course, dance with every one. The Princes are free. *She* is not so. Yet she is not a slave to etiquette; but still kings' daughters are not as yet, thank God, public property. The Queen looks with great benignity upon her just now, and seems to say by her look, "You are the *only* daughter left to me," for Louisa is away, and Marie is dead.

The Duchess of Orleans is devoted to the King of the French. How she regards him! No child ever better loved her own father. She is a woman of great sense and sweet disposition; but she is a German; and the French cannot sympathise with the Germans as the English can do. The Duchess of Orleans is walking with the widower of the late Princess Mary. They are talking German together. She loves dancing, and he will be her partner presently. She waltzes elegantly, and he not less so, and it will be a treat to see them. No people waltz so well as the Germans. Even in German Switzerland we have seen a mere conductor of a *char-à-banc* during day, in the evening dance at a village *fête* with an elegance and grace worthy of the Duke de Würtemberg, whom now we are regarding. The Duchess of Orleans is said to be jealous—but of whom? Of whom can *she* be jealous, who is the grace, life, and ornament of the very best society? It must be a calumny. The Duke is too gallant and good to give her *just* cause; and she is too strong-minded and confident in her own virtues and graces to fear comparison with any one. The Duchess dances well, and is a most elegant and charming waltzer, but her present delicate position will prevent her doing so this evening.

Let us now turn to the throng—yes, to the throng of ladies, of the fair sex, of the wives and daughters of the citizen-guards of Paris; of the peeresses, *i.e.* the wives of the *life* peers of France; and of the wives and daughters of the deputies, placemen, receivers-general, and all the tribe of functionaries so much more numerous in Paris than in any other capital under heaven.

The French women are *not* pretty. That is a fact. We will not have a single doubt expressed on *that* point. Nor are the French women handsome. The *old* women are downright "*ugly*" (forgive the word, but we could not find any other in our vocabulary)—not merely plain—not merely ordinary—not merely "so-so"—but *ugly*. The middle-aged women are *not* ugly, but by no means pretty or handsome. The young women and girls are passable; and here and there, in the provinces, we have seen a beauty! But walk into a theatre, a church, a ball, or on a public promenade—for example, in the gardens of the Tuileries or of the Luxembourg—or take a ride at *Longchamps*—or a ramble in the *Bois de Boulogne*—or walk and lounge up the *Champs Elysées*, from the hour of one to that of five, in fine weather, and go where you will, we defy the greatest admirers of the fair sex (and we

will yield to none in our devotedness) to point out a dozen of pretty or of handsome women. This is *not* the case in Spain, or in Italy, or in Austria, or in Germany, or in Belgium—but it *is* the case in France. There are some reasons for this which are known to all, who like ourselves have studied them well. They make so many grimaces that they spoil the shape of their mouths. They eat so many *bon-bons*, and such a variety of other sugared articles, that not one out of a hundred has even a useful set of teeth. They are pale, or yellow, or sickly-looking, instead of fresh, fair, and blooming, like our dear English girls, God bless them!

The *general expression* of features of an assembly of French women is *not* pleasing. And yet, in spite of all this, there does not exist a more agreeable, sociable, winning, conversationable set of women in Europe than the French. Their dress is neat, tasteful, well-made, free from finery, and yet smart, gay, and pretty. Their hair is well brushed, well curled, well dressed, well oiled, and well plaited, and arranged in a thousand and one ways of gracefulness. Their feet are so well shod, their legs are so well stockinged, their gowns sit so well behind, and are so admirably cut before, they *put on* their clothes so well, and throw their arms, heads, hands, legs, waist and body about with so much of coquetry, but artfully concealed to look natural, that a more winning creature than a French woman has never yet come across us in all our travels. It is not their dark brown eyes, for they are rather too dark to please us when congregated as at present; it is not their well cultivated eyebrows and eyelashes, for when art prevails over nature it never can captivate; it is not that the French women can paint their cheeks with a more perfect imitation of native hue than any others of the fair sex we have yet gazed upon; nor is it that their breath is more violet, or their lips more vermillion, than our dear English girls at Bath, or at Brighton, but it is the *je-ne-sais-quoi* of a French woman's manner, and all the rest of it, that makes her captivating.

An English girl, when handsome, relies on her beauty; a French girl on her smiles, her arch ways, and archer looks, and on her tongue. An English lady is a Queen, a French lady is half a milliner; and yet at a ball who would not choose for his partner a French woman? Now just look at all these congregated angels (many fallen ones we admit) this evening. Not one out of forty is good looking; not one out of sixty is pretty; not one out of eighty is a beauty; and not one out of a hundred a "non-such." And yet is it not a fact that one out of every twenty—yes and of every ten—is pleasing? Speak to them, and they will chatter;—laugh with them, and they will love you;—joke with them, and they will soon beat you out of the field with their *repartee* and ready wit;—dance with them, and they will talk the whole time; waltz with them, and they will soon make your poor legs tremble beneath you, so untiring are they in their enjoyment of pleasure. Just look now at that quadrille of thirty-two. Did you ever see sixteen such happy faces in your life—at least in a *palace*—before? Yet although these people are in a palace—though daily used to manufactories, counting-houses, and back dark rooms, behind shops; they are as much at home as if born in the Tuileries. No ices are good enough for them but the "pine-apple;" the *sorbets* they best

love are the most rare and expensive; and whatever is not unusually savoury and piquant, both in eating and drinking, is rejected by these worthy citizens as partaking of the character of their *ordinary* refreshments of *orgeat*, *groseille*, *framboisée*, and *limonade*.

What varied candied fruits, sugared oranges, chesnuts and almonds —what a profusion of cooling drinks, burning punch, ices of every hue and flavour, and cakes of every form and mould, are now being handed about by servants in scarlet livery and white silk stockings, on gold and silver *plateaux*, to the assembled multitude! Never was there greater profusion, and yet, strange to say, but it is a fact, never was there greater economy. Louis Philip does all this *by tender*. The "lowest" price is accepted, but woe betide the *entrepeneur* who carries his contract into effect on shabby or beggarly terms; *he* will never tender again! "Cheap but good," "economy but abundance," are the maxims which govern the King in all his civil-list arrangements, and the Count de Montalivet well understands him, and aids him in all his plans and contracts.

As to the *lights*, never was the palace any thing like so well lighted as it is at present. There are at least three to one more candles burnt now than at any former epoch. This is likewise an affair of contract; and so it must be; for when the French Chambers refuse a marriage portion to so gallant a Prince as the Duke de Nemours, the King can have little hope that the deputies would pay the debts of the civil list. And here let us render an act of justice to Louis Philip. To his honour be it said, he *is* in debt, and that greatly! He has been for ten years past accused of meanness, of parsimony, and of placing his fortune in foreign countries, and in foreign securities, against the day of revolution, which may even yet come in his life time. This is false, unjust, and wicked. Louis Philip has spent so much money at Versailles on those wonderful galleries of painting and sculpture, and which he has presented to the French nation, that he, *i. e.* the civil list, is very greatly in debt. Odillon Barrot knows this as well as Dupin, and Arago as well as Pasquier; but yet Barrot and Arago talk of the wealth of the King, to render him unpopular, though they are fully acquainted with the nature and extent of the loans his Majesty has been obliged to make since his accession to the throne.

The royal family has now withdrawn. It is not twelve o'clock; but the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and d'Aumale, remain to gratify their love of dancing, and to please the national guards who still call them their "comrades!" The dancing is now much more noisy, mirthful, and incessant, than it has been before. Ices give way to punch, spiced wines, and warmer condiments. The music is delicious. None look wearied—none appear to have danced enough. Away they waltz—now they "galopade"—oh! what a whirl, what heat, what noise, what fun —downright fun! The Princes are as merry as the best of them, and the serious Duke de Nemours is chatting away Spanish with the prettiest woman in the room. O the rogue! he is a sad fellow for the pretty girls, and they all *look* at him as if they loved him. The night goes on. Hour after hour advances. "We must go home." It is past three! All the Princes have left, except Nemours, and now he is giving signs of a retreat; so we will be as *royal* as him, and say adieu to "the Ball at the Tuileries!" MORAL. We hope to go again.

THE ORANGE VALLEY.

BY THE OLD FOREST RANGER.

"Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in love ———"

CHILDE HAROLD.

THE Orange Valley! There is perfume in the very name—our old heart warms, and a delicious languor steals over our senses, as we recal to mind the silent, balmy, incense-breathing morn when first we trod the flowery shades of that enchanting spot. Armed as we were to the teeth, and bent on slaughter, we felt as if we profaned the scene by our unhallowed presence. It seemed to us the abode of peace and innocence; a place for young lovers to walk hand in hand, culling the golden fruit, and twining into bridal wreaths the snow-white blossoms, which made the very air love-sick with their fragrance. It was not for such as we—the blood-stained weather-beaten hunter.

Such were the thoughts which flitted through our brain as we wended our solitary way through this wilderness of sweets. And were it not that at the root of an orange-tree we discovered the mangled carcass of a deer, with the fresh foot-prints of a tiger leading therefrom, there is a fearful probability that the Old Forest Ranger might, in the softness of his heart, have thrown aside his rifle, betaken himself to a straw-hat and pastoral crook, fastened bunches of green ribbon to his knees, and devoted the remainder of his life to piping lovelorn ditties in praise of some cruel, stony-hearted shepherdess. But the well-known print of the tiger's royal paw recalled our manhood, and rescued us from the puling life of an Arcadian shepherd. We were once more in our element. We hugged our trusty rifle, thanking our good stars that it was no pastoral crook. And as we loosened our hunting-knife in its sheath, we felt that we loved the sweet spot all the better, now that we had a right to explore its beauties with the free step and roving eye of a hunter.

It was at the lower end of this beautiful valley, which derives its name from the dense jungle of wild orange and lime-trees with which it is clothed, that the party from Ootacamund had pitched their tents. It was late on the previous evening before they had reached their ground; the march had been a rough and a weary one; and although the eastern sky was fast brightening, and the jungle-cock crowing merrily, there were not as yet any signs of life within the camp. The canvas walls hung damp and heavy with the dews of night. The wearied horses stood dozing at their pickets, carefully enveloped in thick woollen clothing, which extended over the head and ears in the form of a hood. The deer, as they descended the hill-side to seek their fragrant bed among the orange-groves, stopped to gaze on the unwonted sight of human habitations; and the prowling tiger, as he returned with sulky steps to his solitary lair, cast many a wistful glance towards the baggage-bullocks, from which he had been scared during the night by the smell of fire and the neighbourhood of man. The cry of the great black monkey was heard among the woods like the voice of a laughing satyr; and the winking owl, like a drowsy reveller returning from his nightly carouse, answered with a hoot of drunken merriment, as if in derision of his early-rising neighbour. The indus-

trious woodpecker, like a sober mechanic, plied his noisy trade. The hungry vulture, anticipating the feast which, before sunset, would be prepared for him by the hand of man, wheeled about over the camp in gyrations. The joyous paroquets—gay-coated, light-hearted varlets, darted about on rapid wing, screaming with delight at the prospect of a new day of thoughtless merriment. All nature was in motion, save the sleeping inmates of the hunters' camp.

Charles, who, lover like, had slept but little, was first afoot; and his impatient summons speedily called forth a host of yawning native servants, looking woefully out of their element in the cold bracing air of the hills, and creeping about with a sort of paralytic motion, like half-*dazed* flies in the end of autumn. The camp fires, however, were soon replenished; and by the time the Doctor had finished his toilette, his naturally good appetite had been whetted to a pitch of wolf-like keenness by the savoury steams of curry and ragout which were wafted to his tent on the wings of the sharp morning air. In less than an hour the gentlemen of the party had discussed a substantial breakfast, and were assembled in front of the mess-tent, smoking their cheroots, and examining their weapons, to see that all was in good order for a grand field-day. The horses were accoutred, the beaters assembled, and old Ishmail already in the saddle, smiling complacently, and remonstrating with his impatient hounds—a band of veterans, scarred with many a glorious wound—which crowded around him, gazing up in his face, and whining as if to reproach their venerable leader with his usual want of activity.

But there was one tent, larger and more commodious than the others, the curtain of which had not yet been withdrawn; a horsekeeper, bearing in his hand a silver-mounted *chowrie*, was leading up and down, in front of it, a handsome ambling Atcheen pony, accoutred with a side-saddle; and on this tent Charles kept his eyes fixed with all the devotion of a good Mussulman gazing on the tomb of the Prophet.

The patience of old Lorimer was wellnigh exhausted, and even Mansfield was beginning to get fidgety, when the canvas-door of the tent was at length drawn aside by a smiling *Ayah*,* and the blooming Kate, in all the pride of youthful loveliness, came bounding forward to crave forgiveness of her father for her unusual want of punctuality. There was a beaming smile of happiness on her young face, a look of confiding love in her deep blue eye, which would have melted a far sterner heart than that of her fond father. The meditated words of reproof died upon his lips, the frown vanished from his brow as a cloud upon the hill-side melts before the rising sun. He kissed his daughter's cheek affectionately, and, calling her a lazy monkey, desired her to jump upon her pony.

Need it be said with what alacrity Charles hastened to help his fair cousin to her saddle; how he gently squeezed her hand in doing so; how close he rode by her side, and how often he dismounted in the dirtiest parts of the road to lead her pony over a difficult pass, or a stony watercourse? No! The discerning reader will imagine all this. And were we to inform him of the very kindly manner in which all these little attentions were received by the gentle Kate, we rather think he would agree with us, that the Doctor was not very far from

* *Ayah*—a native female servant.

the truth, when he remarked to Mansfield that "Yon loon was garrin' the bit lassie's heart to thaw like snaw aff a dyke."

They had nearly reached the head of the valley, when Kate was roused from a pleasing reverie, by hearing the distant sound of her father's bugle calling together the stragglers; and she became aware that, during an interesting discussion with her cousin, they had fallen nearly half a mile in rear of their companions. A conscious blush suffused her cheek, and without waiting for another word, she applied the whip smartly to the flank of her willing pony, who not being accustomed to such rough usage, started off at a pace which, on so rough a path as the one they travelled, appeared even to Charles somewhat venturesome. And so the result proved it to be; for, on turning a sharp angle where the path was overgrown with slippery grass, the pony's legs flew from under him, and poor "Douce Davie"—for so he was called, came heavily to the ground, throwing his rider against a bank, and nearly rolling over her. Charles felt his heart sink within him, as he pulled up his horse with a jerk that nearly broke the poor animal's jaw, just in time to avoid riding over his cousin. Trembling in every limb, he threw himself from his horse, and hastened to raise his beloved Kate; but, ere he could do so, the spirited girl had regained her feet, seized her pony's bridle, and was ready to remount. Her cheek was paler than usual, and Charles felt that her delicate hand trembled; but her innate courage had not deserted her. Her eye was bright as ever; and, although her bloodless lips showed that she had sustained a severe shock, she replied with one of her sweetest smiles to the anxious inquiries of her cousin, assuring him that she was not in the slightest degree hurt. Her only anxiety, after having ascertained that "Douce Davie's" knees were uninjured, was to remount as quickly as possible, and to exact a promise from her cousin, that he would not mention the accident to her father, lest he should be over anxious about her in future. Charles, more charmed than ever at her spirited conduct, lifted her gently into the saddle, and the light-hearted girl, smiling her thanks, cantered off as gay and fearless as ever.

"So much for good caste," thought Charles, as he followed at a hard canter along the narrow path. "How often have I seen a great hulking lass, with bones and sinews like a man, who, after such a fall as this, would have sat for half an hour, wiping her gooseberry eyes with a crumpled pocket-handkerchief, redolent of apples, and sobbing forth her unalterable determination never again to trust her precious person upon horseback? whilst this delicate creature, all grace, gentleness, and refinement, exhibits a degree of courage and self-possession worthy of a hero. It is the caste that tells—the lightning in her blood which prevents it from stagnating round her heart like the muddy stream which flows in the veins of a plebeian." (O, fie Mr. Charles! How can you venture in this age of liberty and equality, to insult the majesty of the people by drawing such odious comparisons.)

By the time Charles and his cousin had overtaken the party, Ishmail, with his dogs and beaters, had already moved off to the point from whence the beat was to commence; and old Lorimer was pointing out to Mansfield the different passes where the guns ought to be posted.

"There," said he, addressing Mansfield, and pointing to the opposite side of the valley, "do you see that rhododendron-tree, covered with scarlet flowers, overhanging a mass of gray rock? Well, that is the

best pass, and must be defended by the best man. Do you take it; you will find a deer-track just below, which will lead you across the valley. And now to your post—you have some distance to go, and will hardly reach it before the hounds are in cover. And how are we to dispose of your young lady?" continued he, addressing his daughter, who at this moment rode up, followed by Charles.

"I think I had better go a little further up the hill, papa," replied Kate, "where I shall be out of your way, and at the same time have a good view of your proceedings. I have brought my drawing materials, and can amuse myself very well by taking a sketch of this beautiful valley."

"No, no, dear," replied her father, smiling; "picturesque as you and Douce Davie would be on the hill-side, you would form rather too conspicuous an object in the landscape, and might prevent the game from breaking cover. As you have come out in the character of a huntress, you must go through with it, and betake yourself to a place of concealment as we do."

"What! am I to shoulder a rifle and defend a pass, papa?" asked Kate, with one of her bewitching smiles.

"Not yet, my pretty recruit," replied the old gentleman, patting her shoulder affectionately. "We shall excuse you from bearing arms this time, in consideration of your only mounting guard as a supernumerary. But I shall expect you to be so far a good *shikarie*, as to keep your mouth shut and your eyes open. I shall look out for a safe place for you as soon as I have posted the guns."

"If you will put my fair cousin under my charge, sir," said Charles, eagerly, "I promise to take the utmost care of her, and shall do my best to teach her her duty as a huntress."

"Well, so be it, boy. Take her with you, and keep her quiet if you can. But mind, if she spoils your sport, it is your own fault."

"Will my gentle cousin deign to accept of my unworthy services as her trusty squire?" exclaimed Charles, springing gaily from his horse, and extending his hands to assist the young lady in dismounting.

The blushing Kate was about to decline her cousin's offer on the score of her being troublesome, and in his way. But the imploring look he gave her, and the thought that this would be the last day they might spend together for a long, long time, caused her to relent. She placed her hands in his with a confiding look that went to his very heart's core, and springing lightly to the ground, the young couple walked off, arm-in-arm, to take possession of the pass assigned to them.

"And so may ye gang linket thegether for the rest o' ye'r days," thought the kind-hearted Doctor, as he followed their retiring figures with a look of fond admiration; "for ye are twa as bonny and as winsome young things as a man would wish to see in a simmer's day. And there's true love atween you, or I'm far mista'en."

"And where will ye be pleased to put me and Mons Meg, sir," continued the Doctor, turning to old Lorimer, who was giving directions to have the horses removed out of sight. "I hae gi'en the auld lass an extra fingar's depth o' pouther ever since the day she killed the tiger; and she's that proud, sir, she lets a crack would amaist deeve ye, and is fit to fright the life out o' ony ordinary beast, let abee killin' him. Odd, sir, it will just do your heart good to hear auld Meg speak to them. She's a deevle, sir, when she's angred; and rattles the grit-shot about their lugs in a style that's just perfectly amazin'!"

"I crave your pardon, my worthy friend," replied Lorimer, smiling, "I had almost overlooked you in my hurry. But I have not forgotten the late exploits of your trusty fusee, and have retained a pass for you, where the range being short, I think her good qualities as a thrower of *grit-shot*, may be displayed to advantage. It is not above a hundred yards from hence; so come along, and I shall post you before I take up my own position."

"And ye'll no hae nae objections to the grit-shot then—will ye, sir?"

"No, you incorrigible old poacher, no," replied old Lorimer, laughing outright at the comical look with which the Doctor accompanied his last question. "You may cram what barbarous missiles you like into that antediluvian-looking weapon of yours; but only do not ask me to stand godfather to her atrocities, for it goes against my conscience."

"Thank you, sir; you are a handsome man, and a good Christian," replied the Doctor, shouldering his fusee and stepping off, left foot foremost to the tune of "Johnnie Cope," a favourite air, which the Doctor always whistled when he felt himself unusually valiant.

Reader, have you ever been in love?—start not, gentle lady, at our home question, it is only intended for the male sex. Have you ever sat by the side of her who inspired that love, in some romantic spot, far, far away in the woods, with the summer sun smiling in the deep blue sky, and green boughs waving over head, and the clear rill bubbling at your feet, and the distant hills sleeping in the sunshine, and listened to the sweet voice of the thrush and the hum of the wandering bee, and the drowsy murmur of insects, intoxicated with the perfume of flowers? And have you not at such a moment experienced a delightful, dreamy, indescribable sensation of happiness, not of this earth—a feeling unknown to the inmates of the glittering ball-room, or the sumptuous banquet-hall—a silent communion of soul, expressed by looks, far more eloquent than words—a twining together of the heart-strings—a charm—a spell—a something which you feel that a single word would dissipate? If so, you will be able to imagine the feelings of Charles as he sat by the side of his beloved Kate, on a sloping bank of velvet turf, sufficiently far up on the hill-side to command an extensive view of the beautiful valley which lay extended at their feet.

The position occupied by Charles and his cousin was backed by a perpendicular rock of considerable height, overgrown with moss and creeping shrubs. An orange-tree of goodly size, stretched forth its fragrant boughs to shelter them from the heat of the sun, and all around them sprung up a thicket of beautiful flowering shrubs, forming a screen sufficient to conceal them; but, at the same time, affording a clear view, through the openings among the branches, of any animal which might pass within range of their post, as well as of the general scenery of the valley.

Charles was sitting with one rifle resting across his knees, and another lying by his side, now gazing into the expressive blue eyes of his cousin, and now casting a rapid glance towards the head of the valley, from whence he expected the hounds and beaters to approach; for much as he was in love, he did not forget his late training in the jungles, which had taught him to make good use of his eyes and ears, even when his thoughts were most abstracted.

Kate, with her drawing implements lying idly beside her, leant

her back against the stem of the orange-tree, and fixed her eyes upon the beautiful scene before her, as if absorbed in deep and pleasing thought.

It was one of those warm, still, dreamy days, when nature appears to slumber in the sunshine. No sound was heard save the dull, mysterious roar of a distant waterfall, far up among the wild hills at the head of the valley: not a leaf stirred—no living thing was seen. There was something almost awful in the deep silence, and yet it harmonized well with the feelings of the young lovers, soothed as they were into a state of pleasing langúor, by the relaxing heat, and the overpowering perfume of orange-blossom, with which the air was loaded. Their hearts were full to overflowing, and they sat for some time in thoughtful silence, before either could find words to express the feelings of admiration and happiness which almost overwhelmed them.

Kate was the first to break silence.

"Oh! what a beautiful world is this!" she exclaimed, clasping her hands together, and turning towards Charles, with her expressive eyes swimming in moisture. "How grateful ought we to be when we think that this glorious sun, this perfumed air, those smiling woods, and purple mountains, have all been given to us with health and strength to enjoy them; and yet, in the bustle of the world, how seldom do we put the proper value upon these manifold sources of happiness and innocent enjoyment which are open to all mankind. Oh! how sincerely do I pity those whose hearts have become callous to the beautiful works of nature!"

"It is indeed a fair world, dearest Kate," replied Charles, with much feeling. "I have always been a lover of nature; but never have I so fully appreciated her beauties as I do at this moment. I feel as if I viewed every object in a new light and through a happier medium than I have ever done before—are you philosopher enough, dear Kate, to tell me why this should be?"

Kate's heart whispered to her the true reason, and although a downcast eye and blushing cheek formed the only answer to her cousin's question, they spoke more eloquently than words could have done.

"It is because we were never intended to enjoy happiness alone," whispered Charles, laying his hand gently upon that of his blushing cousin; "say, dearest Kate, is it not so?"

Kate felt the conscious blood mounting with double rapidity to her face and neck, at this rather home question; but she was spared the embarrassment of replying to it, for before she could do so, the first joyous shout of the beaters, as they dashed into cover, arose from among the hills at the head of the valley; and, for the first time, it grated harshly on the ears of Charles.

However, the spell was broken. That shout reminded Charles that the Orange Valley, with all its beauty and fragrance, was no longer a place for whispering lovers; it had now become an arena, in which the most formidable beasts of the forest might be encountered, and where all the energies of man must be called into action. He felt like a sentinel who had been caught napping on his post; and hastily snatching up his rifle, he placed himself so as to command a better view of the open ground in front of his position.

Even the gentle Kate became excited as the hounds now opened on the scent, and the deep-toned pack came sweeping down the valley,

their voices now muffled by intervening woods, and again rising full and clear upon the still air.

Nearer and nearer came the yelling pack, their onward course marked by the flights of peacock and jungle-fowl, which rose before them like pheasants in a preserve; and as they approached, it became evident that the game, whatever it might be, was running directly towards the pass which Charles commanded.

It was only now that Charles, whose thoughts had been somewhat bewildered, bethought himself of the danger to which Kate might be exposed, in the event of the animal, which was now on foot, proving to be a beast of prey.

There was no time be lost; so, laying down his rifle, he seized the astonished girl by the arm, and stammering out an apology for his apparent rudeness, hurried her with very little ceremony up a rugged path, leading to the top of the rock which backed their position; and having there bestowed her in a place which appeared free from danger, and cautioned her to keep as quiet as possible, he hastened back to his post.

Charles had hardly regained his pass, when a crashing sound was heard, as if some heavy animal was forcing its way through the tangled brushwood, about three hundred yards on one side of his position.

This was the moment of real excitement; for who could tell, unless he were better skilled in the art of woodcraft than was our friend Charles, what animal he might be called upon to encounter? It might only be a deer, or a wild hog; but it might with equal probability be a bear, a panther, or a tiger.

Whatever it might be, Charles was prepared to give it a warm reception. Cocking both barrels of his rifle, he crouched more closely behind his leafy screen, and waited with breathless anxiety for the moment when the animal should break cover; again the crashing sound was heard, followed by a dead pause—then a loud snort—a furious rush—a bound—and a noble stag, followed by three hinds, burst through the opposing brushwood—halted for one moment—gazed wildly round—snuffed the air—laid back their large ears to catch the yell of their pursuers—and uttering a wild snort, started off again at the top of their speed towards the hills.

Charles, waiting till the stag was directly abreast of his position, and not more than twenty yards from him, raised his rifle and fired. He had already measured with longing eyes the wide-spreading antlers of the noble brute, little inferior in size to an American moose-deer, and felt confident that this shot must make the prize his own. But whether it was that his hand shook from over anxiety, or whether the consciousness that his fair cousin was watching his proceedings, had any thing to do with it, we know not: yet certain it is, that the stag instead of falling, only tossed his head disdainfully, and making a higher bound than usual, pursued his course with unabated speed.

Kate, who had watched the effect of the shot with trembling anxiety, felt her heart relieved as she saw the beautiful creatures bounding away unharmed; her enthusiasm completely got the better of her; and starting to her feet with an exclamation of joy, she waved her pocket-handkerchief as if to cheer on the graceful fugitives.

Charles, mad with vexation, discharged a second and a third shot in

rapid succession; but all with the same result. The bullets rebounding from the hard ground, went spinning and whistling through the woods, as if in derision of the unsteady hand that fired them; and the deer, after a few more bounds, were lost to view behind the shoulder of the hill.

It has a plaguy unpleasant twang with it, gentle reader, that same whistle of a stray bullet, whether it be discharged from your own weapon, or from that of a short-sighted friend, who happens to fire in your direction.

"So much for showing off!" thought Charles, as he dropped the discharged weapon into the hollow of his arm, with a blank look of disappointment.

"You have not hurt any of them—have you?" asked Kate, peeping over the edge of the rock on which she was perched.

"No," replied Charles, in no very cheerful tone; "not a hair ruffled."

"Oh! I am so glad!" exclaimed Kate, joyfully. "It would have made me quite miserable to have seen you kill one of those beautiful creatures."

"Thank you, my gentle cousin," replied Charles, smiling. "But I doubt whether your father will be equally well-pleased with my performance, particularly if I allow the hounds to get away after the deer. Ha! here they come! I must manage to stop them, whatever happens, else I shall get a proper roasting."

So saying, he snatched up a whip which he had fortunately kept by him—and which, by the way, he was just in the humour to use with effect—and rushing in front of the hounds, he succeeded, after some difficulty, in flogging them off the scent.

This accomplished, and the sulky pack having been recalled by the sound of Ishmail's bugle, Charles felt that he could now face his uncle with a better grace, and returned to his post, determined, if possible, to acquit himself better on the next occasion.

He had not to wait long before the hounds were again in full cry, and running in different directions—the pack having divided in pursuit of the different sorts of game with which the valley abounded. The rifles, too, now began to play their parts, and several shots were heard in the direction of Mansfield's pass, as well as that of old Lorimer. The beaters, encouraged by the sound of fire-arms, and the prospect of a plentiful supply of venison, redoubled their shouts. The hounds bayed more savagely, yells of pain occasionally mingling with their deep-toned notes: and the smiling groves of that beautiful valley rung with wild discordant sounds, which ill accorded with the character of its scenery.

To Kate, whose feelings had been wound up to the highest pitch of romantic sensibility, the sudden transition from sentimental solitude to this scene of rude excitement was painful; and appeared to her like a profanation of the beautiful spot.

Charles, on the contrary, felt his blood warm as the uproar increased—he longed for an opportunity of wiping out his late disgrace in the blood of some formidable antagonist, worthy of his overflowing valour; and, for the time being, all recollection of his late sentimental fit was lost among thick-coming fancies of desperate encounters with grizzly bears and brindled tigers.

O man, hard-hearted man! how different is thy love from the love of woman!

But what has become of the Doctor all this time? we have not heard the voice of old Meg; he must surely have fallen asleep, or smoked himself into a fit of apoplexy. So thought Charles, as the storm of men and dogs swept down the valley in the direction of the Doctor's pass.

"Ha! there she goes at last—there is no mistaking her voice!" exclaimed Charles as a report was heard, like that of a six-pounder, followed by a savage roar, and desperate shouts for aid.

Now then, Master Charles! now is the time to distinguish yourself! To the rescue—to the rescue, if you be a man!

Charles was noways backward. Starting at once to his feet, and calling to his cousin not on any account to leave her place of safety, he sent before him a shout of encouragement to the poor Doctor, who was evidently in urgent need of assistance, and rushed towards the spot from whence the cries proceeded, bounding over the rocks and bushes like a young stag.

On reaching the Doctor's pass, Charles found poor Macphee very much out of breath, and in a profuse perspiration—his hat off, his clothes torn and soiled with dust, and in his hand the shattered remains of his favourite fusee, the stock of which was broken, and the barrel sadly bruised and dented.

"May the de'el pick your banes, and make whistles o' them for his bairns, ye old black-avized besom," muttered the Doctor between his clenched teeth, as he carefully examined the different fragments of his sorely injured weapon.

"Hollo, Doctor! who are you maledizing so fearfully?" exclaimed Charles, unable to contain his laughter, on beholding the mingled expression of anger and distress depicted on the poor Doctor's long sallow face.

"She's just perfectly ruined," growled the Doctor, continuing his soliloquy, without taking any notice of Charles; "the stock in twa halves, the barrel cloured as flat as my loof, and the lock—de'el be in her skin—the lock's gone a'thegither!! Hech, sirs!—poor auld Meg!—I'm fairly by wi' you at last':" here he dropped the remains of his fusee, and shook his head mournfully. "Ye'll never mair fire a nieve-fou o' grit-shot, or take the life o' man or beast."

"What on earth has happened to you, Doctor?" exclaimed Charles, still laughing immoderately. "You look as if you had seen the Brownie."

"Brownie, indeed! By my troth, lad, gin Brownie be as fashious a neighbour as the old deevle that came my gate, it maun be ill biding in a'e house wi' him. See to the way she left my firelock, the mislear'd limmer, no' to mention the riving o' my coat, and a terrible ill-fa'urd hole in my breeks. See to that, Maister Charles! What way can I appear before Miss Kate, or any other leddy, sicken a daft-like figure?"

So saying, the Doctor faced round, and exhibited a terrible rent in his nether garment, which the short, round jacket which he wore for the sake of coolness, rendered painfully conspicuous.

There was something so irresistibly ludicrous in the poor Doctor's appearance, that Charles nearly rolled upon the ground with laughter;

and so infectious was his mirth, that the good-humoured Doctor, who had a strong sense of the ridiculous, and never could resist a joke, even at his own expense, at length burst forth into one of his most hearty guffaws.

"But, my dear Doctor," gasped Charles, as soon as he recovered breath enough to articulate, "how did this happen? Who or what has maltreated you in this abominable manner?"

"There is ane o' her kind, at ony rate," replied the Doctor, pointing with rather a triumphant air to the carcass of a young bear, not much larger than a terrier dog, which lay at some distance among the bushes. "I hae rid the world o' ane o' the mischancie deevles; and gin it be as ill-natured a craiter as the mither o't, it was a weel done turn."

"Ha! a young bear," exclaimed Charles, turning over the animal with his foot, "and a terrible dose of grit-shot you have given him, poor thing; he is nearly blown to pieces. But what has become of the old one?"

"She may hae gane to Bamf for a' I ken or care," replied the Doctor, "and glad enough I was to get quit o' her. But wherever she be, I'm thinkin' she's gotten a taste o' the grit-shot that will keep her skin hot enough for a day or two, and deevle mind her."

"Wounded, is she? How did that happen? I heard but one shot."

"I'll tell you that, lad," replied the Doctor, deliberately tapping the lid of his snuff-mull. "You see, I was just sitting at my pass, and taking a blow o' my cheroot, and basking in the sun, and winking for a' the world like an auld ram-cat in the ingle nook; and what wi' the heat, and the bonny smell o' the orange flowers, and a' that, I was just in a kind o' waking dream like, and was beginning to think o' some o' my old sweethearts, and the bonny summer days when I hae set aside them in the sweet birk woods o' cannie Scotland, and—"

"In short, you were half asleep, Doctor," interrupted Charles.

"Asleep, say you!—and me thinking o' my sweethearts! O Maister Charles! Maister Charles! I wonder to hear you say the like, and your bonny cousin, Miss Kate, sae near at hand;" here the Doctor took a huge pinch of snuff, and fixed his eyes upon the face of his young companion, with one of his most penetrating looks.

"Well, well," replied Charles, becoming rather fidgety at the turn the conversation had taken, "we shall not discuss that point at present. But tell me, I pray you, about the bear, for, if she be wounded, it is high time we were upon her trail."

"That's true," replied the Doctor. "Well, as I wa' saying, I was sitting at my pass, and thinking o' my old sweethearts, and the like o' that, when a' at ance I heard a terrible stramash among the bushes, and then a wild growl, just at my very lug. Up I jumps, wi' the fusee in my hand, and my heart in my mouth, and out came a muckle brute o' a bear, wi' that wee towsie tyke sitting on her back, as conceity as you please, and haudin' the grip, like grim death, wi' his claws. The auld bear, as soon as she seed me, she up wi' her birse, and shows her muckle white teeth, and girns at me like a perfect cannibal; and the wee deevle he sets up his birse too, and snaps his bit teeth, and tries to girn like the mither o't, wi' a queer auld-farrant look that amaist gart

me laugh; although, to tell the blessed truth, Maister Charles, I thought it nae laughing sport. Well, there was naething else for it, so I lets drive at them wi' the grit-shot, thinking to ding them baith at ance. I killed the sma' ane dead enough; but the auld one, she lets a roar that amaist deeved me, and at me she comes like a tigre. I was that frighted, sir, I didna' ken what to do; but in despair I just held out the muzzle o' the fusee to fend her off, and I believe that saved my life; for she gripped it atween her teeth, dang me o'er on the braid o' my back, and off she set, trailing me through the bushes like a tethered stick; for some way or other I never let go the grip I had o' the stock. I was that stupified I had nae recollection what happened after this, till I found mysel' sticking in the middle o' a brier bush, wi' my breeks rived the way you see, and poor old Meg smashed in bits; de'el be in her skin that did it."

"A most unpleasant adventure, truly," replied Charles, "and quite enough to make a saint swear. But come, Doctor. Faint heart never won fair lady, or black bear either, so let us to work, and see if we cannot follow her up, for I perceive the hounds are not upon her track; she leaves a pretty conspicuous trail; and see, here is blood upon it! Hurrah! we shall make her pay for this yet!"

So saying, Charles, who during his late excursion in the jungle had acquired considerable skill in the art of following a trail, started in pursuit of the wounded bear. The Doctor, with no great stomach for the sport, but fearing to be left alone in his present unarmed state, followed close at his heels, brandishing the barrel of his fusee, the only weapon which now remained to him.

They soon cleared the jungle, and found the track running along the side of the hill, in the direction of the rock upon which Kate had been left.

"I fear she is not so badly wounded as all this blood would lead one to suppose," remarked Charles, "else she would hardly venture to face the open country in this manner."

"She has na' tried to lift the brae, however," replied the Doctor, "although there's strong cover on the other side that she would be keen enough to get to, if she were fit. I'm thinkin' she's no' far afore us, and that we'll find her in the first wee bit burn. They aye make for the water when the'r sore hurted."

"Well, keep your eyes about you," answered Charles, "whilst I follow the track, and try if you can view her. Ha! what was that? By Heaven! it is Kate's voice!" exclaimed he, as he cast his eyes towards the rock upon which he had left his cousin, and caught the graceful outline of her figure against the sky, standing in the attitude of an inspired priestess, and waving a handkerchief, as if beckoning them towards her.

"I canna' hear what she says," remarked the Doctor, who had been holding his hands on each side of his head, to catch the sound more distinctly, "but I'm thinkin' she sees something."

"Forward! forward for your life!" shouted Charles, making a spring like a tiger, as his quick eye detected the shaggy form of the bear, slowly emerging from a small watercourse, within little more than two hundred yards of the rock upon which his cousin stood. "She is making for the rock!"

This was indeed the case. The wounded bear, unable or unwilling to face the extent of open ground which lay between her and the next wooded ravine, appeared bent upon dislodging Kate, and occupying her position, and the great start she had of her pursuers, rendered it but too probable that she would succeed in doing so. It now became a question of speed between Charles and the wounded bear, and desperate were the efforts he made to overtake her. But although the animal was so far crippled by her wounds as to enable Charles to gain upon her, yet the farther they advanced the more evident it became that in spite of his utmost exertions, the bear must reach the goal, not only before him, but almost before he was within shot of her.

In the mean time, Kate, unconscious of the danger which threatened her, was watching the chase with intense interest, and cheering on her cousin in pursuit of the flying foe.

Charles felt a sickness at his heart, as the fearful idea flashed across his mind, that the sweet voice which now urged him forward might, a few minutes hence, be gasping forth its last convulsive sob in the strangling embrace of the enraged bear. The very precaution he had taken to insure the safety of his beloved cousin, would now prove her destruction. He had placed her upon the top of a high rock, to which there was but one mode of access, a narrow and intricate path among the bushes; it was but too probable that this stronghold was well known to the savage brute of which he was in chase; and the pass once occupied by her, all means of retreat were cut off to poor Kate. There was madness in the thought. Charles ground his teeth together in agony; and although the violence of his previous exertion had already caused the blood to gush from his nostrils, he still attempted to press forward with increased speed.

But the case was now hopeless. The bear was already within ten yards of the foot of the rock, whilst the distance between her and her pursuer was still upwards of a hundred. A well directed rifle bullet now appeared to Charles the only thing that could save the life of his unconscious cousin; and Oh! how fervently did he pray, poor fellow, that hand and eye might prove true in this, his hour of need. Halting at once, and dropping on one knee, he raised the rifle to his shoulder, took a long aim, and fired. Is she down? Alas, no! Who could direct a rifle truly after such a run! The hand which supported the long barrel trembled like an aspen leaf, the bullet flew far wide of the mark; and, ere the second barrel could be discharged, the bear had disappeared among the thick brushwood which covered the side of the heath.

"O Kate! my beloved Kate!" exclaimed Charles, starting to his feet, and again pushing wildly forward, without waiting to reload.

By the time Charles reached the foot of the rock, the bear had already accomplished more than two-thirds of the ascent; and in a few seconds more, poor Kate, who was still unconscious of danger, would have been clasped in the deadly embrace of her paws.

"What is the matter, dear Charles?" exclaimed Kate, who having rushed eagerly towards the edge of the rock on the approach of her cousin, now started back in horror on beholding his exhausted appearance, and the blood which, flowing from his nostrils, had dyed his clothes in front of a crimson colour.

"Stand back, dearest, stand back! Your life depends upon it!" exclaimed Charles, keeping his eye steadily fixed upon the bear, and slowly raising his rifle.

Kate, terrified by the wild energy of her cousin's manner, shrunk back without uttering a word, and the next moment the sharp report of the rifle was answered by a savage roar, which proved that the shot had taken effect.

The wounded bear now turned open-mouthed upon her pursuer, and rushed furiously down the steep pathway to attack him.

Charles, who felt a load removed from his heart now that the rage of the animal was turned against himself, threw aside his discharged rifle, drew his hunting knife, and coolly awaited the attack.

So furious was the onset of the bear, that although Charles drove his hunting-knife up to the hilt in her body, he was borne to the ground with sufficient violence to be completely stunned, and deprived of the power of motion.

Oh! how bitterly did poor Kate now repent of having taken part in a sport so ill suited to her sex, and how solemnly did she vow never more to be guilty of such folly, when she beheld her gallant cousin, after having risked his life in her defence, lying helpless and insensible beneath the enormous weight of the dying bear, who, in her last efforts at revenge, was savagely gnawing and lacerating his unresisting arm.

Kate's first impulse was to scream loudly for assistance; her next—brave girl—to rush wildly down the rugged path, in hopes that even her feeble arm might be of some avail in rescuing her cousin.

But, fortunately for poor Charles, there was more efficient, though not more willing aid at hand. The Doctor, who had been left far behind in the chase, now came rushing up, panting most furiously, and flourishing round his head the long, heavy barrel of his fusee.

"Hurrah! there's a death-blow in auld Meg yet!" exclaimed he, heaving up his uncouth weapon to the full extent of his muscular arms, and bringing it down upon the head of the bear, with a crash that made the eyes start from their sockets, and sent her rolling over on her back, with her stiffened limbs quivering in the air.

"Hech! tak' ye that, ye deevle's buckie," muttered the Doctor, as he repeated the blow, to make the work of death more certain, at the same time inhaling his breath with a short energetic *hech*, "and weel hae ye earned it, for by my troth ye hae gane near to kill as bonny a lad as ever stepped in shoe-leather."

"But there's life in him yet, and sma' thanks to you for it," continued the Doctor, as he raised the head of his young companion, and found that he still breathed.

"Is he alive?" exclaimed Kate, who had stood gazing on this scene of blood, pale and motionless as a marble statue.

"Indeed is he, Miss Kate, bless your bonny face, and like to do well enough, after I hae tae'n a drap blood fra' him," replied the Doctor, fumbling about in his numerous pockets to find his lancet.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed the poor girl, fervently, "thank Heaven!" and clasping her hands together, she sank down, fainting, by the side of her cousin.

KOONDAH.

COUNT HAROLD.

CHARADE BY ✤.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. MRS. ——

I.

Count Harold hath built him the bow'r of his rest,
On the rock where the wild bird hath fixed her nest,
When faint in the stretch of her uppermost flight,
On the tow'rs of Count Harold the eagle will light:
The sturdiest yeoman that ever drew bow,
Could scarce send a shaft from the valley below;
And the downiest plume in the young eaglet's lair,
Might ward off the bolt, if it reached him there!

Little recks he—Count Harold—for Kaiser or King,
All he lacks to his lair on the rock he can bring;
The buck from the forest—the lamb from the fold;
He asks for no licence—*he* pays with no gold:
To prince or to prelate, no tithe, or no tax—
He gives with the gauntlet, and takes with the axe.
All *his* messengers say, when they ride from his steep,
"What we lack, ye *must* give—what we don't, ye *may* keep!"

And yet, amid merriment, wassail, and wine,
Count Harold grew sad in his tow'r on the Rhine;
And oft, when the feast and the revel were past,
And the guests were all gone would his brow grow o'ercast;
And oft would he turn, when no footstep was nigh,
And oft would he listen, when none could reply:
What step doth he look for?—what voice doth he hear?
Who laughs at all love, and who scoffs at all fear!

Oh! pleasant the bound of the courser may be,
When he flies like an arrow o'er landscape and lea;
And joyous the flight of the falcon true,
When he follows his prey through the vault of blue:
Yet who—when the flight of the falcon is o'er,
And the step of the courser is fleet no more—
Hath not pined for *some* pillow, that's softer than down,
His ev'ning to solace—his toils to crown?

The chace was done, and the quarry was won,
And Count Harold dismounted at set of sun!
The board is loaded with costly cheer,
From bristl'd boar, and from antler'd deer;

Old Rudolph is bearing a sturdy chine,
Grey Reginald comes with his ruby wine,
Yet coldly Lord Harold hath turned away,
From the festive board, and the goblet gay!

"I've tended his footsteps," old Rudolph sighed,
"From the hour that his sainted mother died;
I've followed him forth, through foray and fray,
Through good and through ill, since his natal day;
But never before have I seen him wear
So gloomy a look, and so sad an air,
Since the eve we rode from yon tournay-fight,
And Harold, as ever, was victor knight!

"Ten courses he ran there—ten lances he broke,—
Their limbs ne'er quiver'd—their lips ne'er spoke,
But at each career lay a warrior low,
From that one dire shock,—and that one dread blow!
Yet bore he nor war-steed nor armour away
From the blood-stained lists, or the breathless clay,—
A silken gaud from a maiden's hand—
And he turned his courser,—and sheathed his brand!

"But small, since that morning, Lord Harold's delight,
In jocund forest—or joyous night:—
Oh! oft have *I* fancied a young maid's eye,
Must be lit with some spell of glamourie!
For ever, *they* say, who have felt the wiles,
Of its silent music, or speaking smiles,
No mother's child that was ever nursed,
Is proof 'gainst its spells—till he 's done 'My First!'"

II.

There is clash of armour and note of fray,
In Count Harold's tow'r on the Rhine to-day!
And mailéd men in the court below,
Bear axe, and corslet, and brand, and bow!
No falcon is *there*, in his jesses and hood,
Nor valet, nor page, for the gay greenwood—
But warriors grim, in their coats of steel,
With belted brand, and with arméd heel!

With blood-red nostril, and fiery bound,
Lord Harold's destrier paws the ground—
With lance and shield, and with forehead bare,
Lord Harold's esquires are waiting there—

A hasty step, and a hurried word,
And he vaults to his seat,—like a wingéd bird!
And marvel of marvels! a scarf of blue
Floats down from his helm, in the morning dew!

"Now, Mary mother! be good to us all,"
Old Rudolph said, "he is witchcraft's thrall—
I've crossed this drawbridge, through show'r and shine,
For twenty years,—but a gaud so fine
As that he bears on his morion now,
Ne'er saw I—*but once*—on my master's brow!
Saints! be good to us all, I pray,
For mischief I ween 's in the wind to-day!"

From the eagle's tower on the mountain side,
They come to the blue Rhine's rushing tide,
No ferry is waiting by that steep shore,
To carry or steed, or his rider o'er;
But when did torrent impose delay,
Or earth,—or air,—in Count Harold's way?—
One stroke of the spur—and their steeds are in,
One more—and the furthermost bank they win!

The chimes of St. Goar were tolling to pray'r
When Count Harold rode from his rocky lair!—
St. Goar's monks had not told their beads,
When they heard the tramp of Count Harold's steeds;—
"And who," said the abbot, "so bold as knock,
At our holy gates, with so rude a shock?
I know but of *one*, on the broad Rhine's shore,
Would strike with his brand at The Church's door!"

That morn had the Abbess of Nonnenworth rode,
From the cloistered halls of her lone abode,
To hold high counsel with prelate and priest,
For sacred fast—and for solemn feast!
For, bound in the spell of some hidden sorrow,
The Lady Isabel seeks to-morrow,
In The Church's bosom—and Convent's gloom,
An orphan's home—and a maiden's tomb!

Ah me!—sad lesson for earthly pride,
With beauty so rare and with lands so wide!
And now at the altar she kneels, to ask
Comfort—and strength for her heav'nly task;
Rest—in a world of holier bliss,
Pardon—for aught she hath erred in this;—
When, hark! like the roar of the thunder's shock,
Rings a trumpet's blast—and Count Harold's knock!

"Ho! Monks of St. Goar! unbar your gates,
For the weather is rude,—and Count Harold waits!
He tells, you lead from her cloistered cell,
Fair Nonnenworth's heiress,—young Isabel!
And he bids ye all,—both prelate and priest,
Both novice and nun—to a bridal feast!"
"Ho! ho!" quoth old Rudolph, "the greybeards reckoned,
On gentler guests, when they forged "MY SECOND!"

III.

There was marvellous odour of pasties and pies,
That night in St Goar's butteries!
Flaggon and flask have been emptied and filled,
Barrel and butt have been broached and spilled,
And good old Rudolph his morion lost,
In a huge mulled hogshead of sack and toast,—
Never, I ween, for so godless a rout,
Hath Holy Church drawn her spiggots out!

In a little chapel of sculptured stone,
Where the rite was breathed, and the benison,
Where evening stole with a softened spell,
Count Harold is kneeling to Isabel!
"And oh!" he said, "if my sin be great,
The priest can absolve,—and the church abate,
And masses purchased at many a shrine,
Shall pardon win for this deed of mine!"

"I could not rest on my couch by night,
Since I won thy scarf at the tournay fight,—
I could not rest in my halls by day,
When I knelt at the altar, I could not pray;—
But here I turn from my ways of wrath,
And *thou* shalt teach me a Heav'nward path,
And I'll hold both castle and lands in fee
Of Holy Church—for the love of thee!"

Ye! who have known, in your heart's sweet prime,
To cherish one feeling, that mocks all time,
To win but *one* look, and yet still adore—
To drink but *one* sigh—yet scarce ask for more,—
Ye! who may tell what a young maid feels,
When he she hath worshipp'd in secret, kneels,
Who have solaced one ev'ning with love's sweet lore,—
Say! ask ye aught of the rhymer more?

And Harold grew to an alter'd man,
For the church can bless, as the church can ban,—
And mass, and penance, and holy lay
Have wash'd the stain of his youth away;
Buckler and brand he hath laid aside,
Seldom strays he from Isabel's side,—
For thus, they say, doth it ever befal
The wildest hearts, when they tempt "MY ALL."

L'ENVOI!

Young bride!—when late *you* roamed along
The magic scenes of my idle song,
Say, did no words like Harold's fall,
From lips as bound in *thy* beauty's thrall?
Change but this rhyming phrase of mine,
Know'st *thou* no voice, by the pleasant Rhine,
That whisper'd a tale, and that knew a spell,
As sweet as my Harold's for Isabel?

Broke *He* not, too, a lance for thee,
With the flow'r of our English chivalry?
Laid he not down, at thy command,
The soldier's garb and the warrior's brand—
Sits he not now by thy gentle side,
In thine own proud halls, at eventide,
Seeking no guerdon beneath the skies,
Save a loving glance from those lovelit eyes?

Ah! me!—it was pleasant to minstrel eyes,
To look on your heart's young extasies!
To think amid sorrow and guilt and sin,
There is *something* of heav'nlier origin,
That lingers yet, in this world of ours,
To tinge our landscapes,—to tint our flowr's,—
Oh! Love! if through *thee* we lost Eden's skies,
Thou can'st still make the bleak earth—*Paradise!*

THE HIGHLAND "TOWER" OF AUGUSTUS SEMPRONIUS SHANK,

MANUFACTURER OF BUTTONS.

CHAP. I.

DEPARTURE—THE FORTH—AN OCCURRENCE.

WHY should I hesitate in the disclosure of my profession? False pride would fain stifle the honest emotions of the heart, but with careless hurl I fling it aside, and unhesitatingly aver that I *am* a maker of those useful and ornamental appendages which confer eternal benefits on decency and the tailor at one and the same time.

Being, in August last, on a visit to the celebrated capital of Scotland, and having completed the business which caused my entrance into that assemblage of stone edifices, I found that I had a few days yet to spare. I need not here dwell on the well-known tendency which the manufacture and the constant contemplation of buttons has to dignify and elevate the moral and intellectual attributes of man; that has been amply illustrated in the unpublished poem of my friend, the illustrious Brumsby, in which he has the following noble lines:

"Things often in each other's company
Do get amalgamated,—thus we see
The manufacturer of Brumma-gem
Bold as his buttons, and as bright as them."

Let it suffice that, like my fellow professors, my soul has ever been alive to romance, and beauty, and sublimity. Yes! well do I remember, as if it were but yesterday (how the unbidden tear rushes into my eyes!), when in my youthful days located in that genteel corner house in Bellevue-terrace, looking upon Paradise-common, I would steal at eve with a thick slice of bread-and-butter, and throwing myself beneath the genial shade of a furze-bush, would meditate upon the ruminating cows!

That was the first germ of those enthusiastic feelings for the beauties of nature, which, increased by rolling time, did impel me one autumnal morn to cast a five-and-sixpenny knapsack on my back, and with a chosen friend (whom I forgot to mention before, and for which he will forgive me), to leap gaily upon the deck of a steamer, and find myself paddling up the stupendous Forth.

What a train of thought was open to the mind!

That steam which now impels yon paddle, impels also my manufactory at home! Mysterious connexion! My spirit took flight with the following verses:

AIR—"*Rory O'More.*"

Oh this steam is a free and a fetterless thing,
Bearing all things along on its vapoury wing.
Let the poet of every thing powerful dream,
He'll never, he'll never, see nothing like *steam!*

What changes will come, if things keep going on!
The world may be tumbled the hot sun upon!!
And (if science become thus fair nature's despoiler)
Be turned in the end to a very large boiler.

Impelling the planets in different directions,
And playing the deuce with geometers' sections;
Making all the fix'd stars look extremely ridic'lous,
And comets to be for mortal'ty vehic'lous!

How the mind aches with expansive conception!

But the steward informs me that dinner is ready, and I descend to thoughts of the earth, and the cabin.

How greedy, people are at these public entertainments!

I sought in vain for a morsel to satisfy the cravings of my appetite; not even my favourite slice off the breast of a chicken could I obtain—how thoroughly I felt disgusted with my species! The jog, jog, of the vessel too, shaking ideas about so strangely in one's head, and causing such a peculiar uncertainty in the stomach. After all, I *must* say, steam has its disadvantages—great disadvantages.

I ascended to the roof, or, as it is colloquially denominated, deck of the steam-boat; and here I met with a singularly fortunate adventure. A man (a gentleman, I should say, from the glossy nature of his apparel) came up to the place where I was standing, and after making some original observation on the weather, and the policy of Russia, said in a whisper, at the same time pointing with his outstretched forefinger to one of the passengers, "Do you know who that is?"

"No," I rejoined, in the same mysterious key.

"That, sir," said he, laying his right hand upon my left shoulder, and bringing his lips still closer to my ear, "that is Hunks—the illustrious Hunks."

"No!" ejaculated I, with a start indicating both astonishment and pleasure.

"The very man, sir," said he.

Yes, there stood that extraordinary man, whose fame has been wafted over a considerable extent of country, gazing at the scene before him, with his hands in his breeches-pockets, faintly humming a melody, of which I could only catch the last words,

"Tol-de-ry, lol-de-ry, le-do."

It strikes me that the published descriptions of him have not by any means done him justice. Instead of that sternness of look which is generally ascribed to him, I thought I discerned a kind of blandness and, if I may so speak, vacancy of expression. It has been stated, also, that he always carries his snuff loose in his left waistcoat-pocket, whereas the fact is that he uses a black "pappy-eh mashay" *snuff-box*, with a new and a very bright fourpenny-piece, of the reign of Victoria, placed in the centre of the upper lid. *This may be relied on.* When he coughs, he has a habit of spitting, derived, as some say, from a residence at Calais; but of this I have my doubts. His hat is rather shabby than otherwise, with one of the brims somewhat lower than the other—the maker's name I could not learn. When he employs his handkerchief (which is

a cotton one, with a print of Prince Albert upon it) he does it with a sort of flourish quite characteristic of the man. Indeed, the very way in which, when at dinner (though I did not remark it then), he said, "Waiter! some sassengers," to a delicate observer, decidedly marked the man of genius.

His philanthropy is as unbounded as are his great mental endowments. Seeing a miserably-emaciated beggar-girl lying one day helplessly on the steps of his doorway, he is reported to have said, "If you don't be off, my good woman, I must have you put in the work'us."

How kind to take such trouble for so inferior an object! Again, who equals him in delicacy of wit? Being one day at a dinner party where a very *talkative* man was seated before a certain dish he said, "Trouble yer for some *tongue*, please."

It has been remarked on this by some, that when the echoing laugh around bore testimony to the beauty of his "bong mo," he appeared *quite unconscious* of having said any thing peculiar. How exquisite is this "tray!"

I should not thus have dwelt so long upon this great man, did I not feel how interesting the slightest notice of one so celebrated must be to all the world. I now return to myself.

Directing my eyes forwards, a castellated structure, throned on the Alpine summit of a rock, arose to view, and on making inquiry I found this to be the celebrated fortress of Stirling. Anon, another edifice of precisely similar appearance appeared on my right; again, one identical in structure stood on my left,—then on my right,—then on my left again.

"What!" ejaculated I in astonishment, "have we a dozen Stirlings!"

This phenomenon, as I afterwards found, may be best accounted for by the windings of the river, which at this part is convoluted in an extraordinary degree. The effect is singular; making the traveller feel uncertain as to which way his head is placed on his shoulders.

Having effected our debarkation, I and my companion Wiggins proceeded to visit the lions, which were the castle of Stirling, and the field of Bannockburn, where you see *the* stone, or one very much like it, and answering the purpose equally well, where the immortal Bruce planted his standard before the battle. From the summit of the castle the eye wanders over a fair expanse of land:—*there* meanders the Forth like a silver corkscrew, twining in beauty—*there* rise to the rolling clouds Ben-this, and Ben-that, and Ben-t'other, and the whole tribe of Benjamin.

Saturated with the magic scene, and our hearts throbbing with poetic inspiration, we descended to our inn to mingle in sweet converse, and partake of a cheerful repast of tea, toast, and mutton-chops. I will not further dwell upon this day's adventures, because nothing more can be said about them. Let it suffice, that yielding to balmy slumber, I sank into the embrace of Morpheus, and in my pleasant dreams played at pitch and toss with the immortal Hunks.

Chap. II.

LOCH KATRIN.

I will not weary those individuals who may honour these pages by a perusal with the relation, of our travel from the "ancient towne of Stirling" to the borders of Loch Katrin; for though it was performed on foot, thus giving us an opportunity of paying more attention to the charming face of nature, yet fatigue and unpleasant weather so occupied our thoughts, that other feelings had little attraction for us. Ah! let people say what they will, travelling on foot is by no means an agreeable thing, where the distance is great, the weather bad, the legs weak, and the stomach empty. Ah, how my heartstrings panted for my uncle's yellow buggy!

"Oh!" said I to Wiggins, "oh, that delightful buggy!"

"I don't see nothin'," said Wiggins, looking anxiously around.

"No," said I, mournfully, "it's in my mind's eye."

My companion gave a grunt, and trudged more stoutly on. Alas! he could not sympathize with these recondite feelings of the soul.

On the morning of the —th we found ourselves seated on a rock laved by Loch Katrin's waves, and discussing fair slices of Cheshire cheese, together with those inimitable biscuits which may be bought at Mr. Smith's, at the end of Pie-corner, and which are the only ones, as he confidentially informed me, that can really be said to give satisfaction to her Majesty, and the other branches of the royal family.

After a considerable lapse of time, during which passengers were dropping down to the place of embarkation, we shot from the shore, and glided gracefully over the bosom of the loch.

Here would I give unrestricted play to my poetic pen, and revel amid mountain and glen and foliage and water; but unfortunately a drizzling mist came on simultaneously with enthusiasm, and as it hid every object but the boat and the passengers, it was universally allowed that we beheld the scenery under unfavourable circumstances. To add to my disappointment, and foster my consequent irritation, an elderly lady in black, who was seated next me, kept a corner of her umbrella pertinaciously and continuously in my eye; and a monster, in the shape of a well-fed old gentleman, ground the tenderest of my corns beneath his boot to a degree of agony altogether unparalleled. Add to this, that owing to the crowded state of our boat, my arms were squeezed into my side, and my breath out of my body.

And that all this misery should be endured for the sake of looking at a jumble of trees and water! I'm sure *I* saw nothing fine or even amusing in the prospect. I could almost have cried with disappointment—and the agony of my corn.

Oh, Brummagem! beloved Brummagem! why did I leave thee for this land of Gaelic barbarians and drizzle? I, whose farthest journey was from the shop to our residence on Paradise-common!

Well, the greatest pangs must cease after a while, men cannot for eternity immolate one's toes, nor elderly gentlewomen for ever keep poking at one's eyes.

Dimly through the mist we discerned the shore, now nearly two

yards distant, and standing thereon, some objects which loomed like gigantic hippopotami, but which shrank on a closer view into the similitude of scrubby little Higland ponies.

Here commenced an animated scene. Old gentlemen, anxious for the safety of their wives and daughters, asking the pony-holders which was the safest quadruped, and every man of them swearing, by all the saints, that *his* was the only animal that could be mounted by a timid horsewoman with any degree of safety.

Here were boarding-school misses just escaped from home, making sundry abortive attempts to get on horseback, and drawing back in alarm if the creature wagged its tail. And here gentlemen, with very determined frowns and very tallowy cheeks, were getting upon the wrong side in a very determined manner.

It was not the intention of Wiggins and myself to follow in the track of these worthy adventurers: we had determined on the arduous task of ascending Ben Lomond from the side on which we then were; whereas our travellers had to make a kind of circumbendibus to reach a place called Rowar-dinnan, whence the ascent is comparatively easy.

With proud feelings of superiority in our bosoms, we watched the lengthened train marching away in Indian file, headed by an old lady of the quaker persuasion, and the rear brought up by my corn-squeezer, who walked on foot, saying, when solicited to take a pony, "Pshaw! I could carry you and your pony too:" and so I believe he could, if I might form an opinion from the strength of his foot.

Chap. III.

ASCENT OF BEN LOMOND.

With what delight—though the driving mist swept round and wetted me to the skin—did I look forward to the achievement of my great undertaking!

"Yes," said I, "from the summit of yon mountain which is now invisible, will I indite an epistle to my sweet Susanna, who keeps a fashionable millinery emporium at Islington; yes, there, where clouds are suspended like linen drying on a lofty pole, will I breathe the soothing words of love: there, where the rolling thunders loudly rumble round, shall chirp the bulbul to his gentle rose! But, alas! as Brumsby beautifully sings,

"'The fairy Hope springs brightly in the breast,
But if she's always realized,—I'm blest.'"

A "qaug" as they call it, of whisky was severally consumed by me, and Wiggins, and a guide hired for this auspicious occasion. My heart seemed filled even unto repletion with gaiety and youthful ardour.

"Now, on!" I exclaimed in a martial tone, and bounding lightly forward, plumped up to my knees in a sloughy bog.

"Ullo!" exclaimed I softly, looking dubiously at the guide and Wiggins.

"Pooh! that's nothing," said they together.

"Of course it's nothing," rejoined I with a cheerful laugh, as I got out, and fell immediately into another.

"Is there much of this kind of soil?" said I to the guide, and looking as unconcerned as I could.

"No—sir—I wish—there—was," he replied, in that *staccato* style peculiar to the mountaineer of Scotland. "It runs much worse than this for the *first* three or four miles. Follow my steps, sir, if you please, and jump from stone to stone, as often as you can meet with any."

What a trial was this for my town-made "Wellingtons," and my poor little town-made legs! Fancy, for four or five miles to be wading up to one's knees in black sludge, or skipping about like a kangaroo hopping a steeple-chase! and all up hill too! But despondency was now of no avail, and singing the popular melody

"Nix my dolly, pals, fake away!"

with desperate energy, I held on my path—if such a term can be used, where there is no path at all, and found myself with a kind of insane pleasure digging my legs into the soil as deeply as I could, and looking altogether very like a fly in a treacle-pot.

We had now been ascending for upwards of an hour, and the top of a mountain—as *I* thought Ben Lomond—made its appearance some way above our heads.

"That's Ben Lomond's lofty summit?" said I, in a matter-of-course tone to the guide.

"Bin Lo—!" he replied in astonishment. "Oh sir, you mustn't think of *that* for these four hours; we shall have to get over a good many of these little hills before we reach it."

"Mercy upon us!" thought I; "but here's a precious take in! '*Little* hills,' too! Why, Highgate was a mole-hill to the one we were then upon.

"Wiggins" said I to my friend, who was then striding on by the guide with unabated vigour, "Wiggins," I said, "I see you're tired—let's have a rest," and without waiting for an answer I threw myself on the ground.

Oh, the delight of that rest! There I sat in a bed of the softest mud, with a mountain rivulet running down my right leg into my boot. I felt it not—I was in all the heaven of relaxed muscles.

"What a charming prospect!" said I.

"Well," said Wiggins, "every one to his taste; but *I* don't see nothing but mist. I wish you'd come on."

"Mist, my dearest friend! why that's the very beauty of mountain scenery; look how majestically it sweeps past in fleecy wreaths! Oh, the picturesque thing is mist, and no mistake!"

"If you don't mean to come on, you know," rejoined Wiggins, "you'd better say so at once. I don't see no fun in standing shivering in this here cold sitivation."

So on they walked, and I was compelled to follow, for I could never have found my way back again! and, besides, the place where we were to sleep that night, was far off on the base of the mountain at the other side. Oh, wasn't it enough to make one's blood run cold in one's arteries to see those two pair of iron legs walking on—walking

on, like everlasting machines? It was enough to make even a peripatetic philosopher forswear his trade, and take to coaches and steam-carriages for the rest of his days.

I will not weary the reader by the detail of all my troubles until we arrived at a lonely shepherd's hut, situated at the base of the steepest part of Ben Lomond itself.

Dead beat, with every muscle "quivering with distress," I threw myself before the peat-fire, and drained the bowl of milk which was presented to me, with an eagerness unknown even to my palmiest days of early babbyhood.

"Let the dose be repeated," said I, handing the vessel for replenishment, and again draining it with an equal grace.

Four times did I pursue this pleasant occupation; nor was it superfluous, for I had lost, I can't say how many pounds, by what doctors call "cutaneous exhalation." Indeed, Dan Lambert, if he had taken it into his head to walk over the Ben and back again every morning before breakfast, would have found himself "looking small" in no time.

And now we had to scramble up the worst part of the whole—where overhanging rocks threatened the heads of unwary travellers with instant annihilation—where torrents eating their way into the adamantine mass, and rolling huge blocks of stone down,—down, ever so far down—rushed past with roarings equal to a hundred meridian lions.*

"Yes," I exclaimed, with my favourite Brumsby,

> 'Here torrents foam—there toppling crags appear!
> Oh, what a pigmy am I by this here!'

Ha! what is that? the top? Propitious planets! yes, it is the top—the top at last," I said, setting up a shout that might have been heard for miles off, had not the wind blown it down my throat again.

Here we congratulated ourselves on our achievement, and carefully inspected the wooden post which is placed on this elevated spot. But the "shades of evening" were beginning to fall, and as the situation was monstrously cold, and we could not see two yards in any direction for the mist, we prepared to descend on the other side.

"Hold!" I exclaimed, taking out my penknife, "I have a duty to perform which I owe to myself and to my country," and I carved my initials

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in bold characters upon the post, where any Birmingham acquaintance may inspect them at leisure; and I furthermore abstracted a large slice of the wood to grace my "museum" at home. *The idea was my own*, and is worth recording, from its novelty.

We commenced the descent. Hardly had I slipped down the first dozen yards, when an overpowering sense of drowsiness came over me. The exertion I had undergone was too great for my strength; it had exhausted all the "nervous energy" resident in my little body.

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* Quere, "Numidian."—*Printer's Devil.*

But was I, who had trampled danger and difficulty to atoms beneath my feet, to be beaten now?

"Never!" I muttered to myself, as with many a slip and reel, and incipient snore, I tumbled after my hardier companions. Wiggins saw my condition—a spark of generosity beamed in his benevolent breast.

"Take my arm, Shank," he said, "and grip tight; we shall both be safer."

I obeyed; and as a reward for his kindly feeling, my feet that instant slipped from under me, and, linked in fraternal union, we slid gracefully in a sitting posture down a hundred feet of bog, and landed in a green and watery ditch at bottom. The shock awoke me, for I had been fast asleep the while!

"Where am I?" I murmured slumberingly through my nose, and immediately fell asleep again.

I was aroused by the guide and Wiggins shaking me with great vehemence.

"Don't you think," inquired I, looking sleepily at them with half-open eyes: "don't you think it's time to go to bed?"

"My dear friend!" said Wiggins, alarmed, "it would be certain death to sleep on the mountain such a dreadful night as this; come get out of the water, and be a *man!*"

"I will," I said, "never say die! I'm all right enough,—you needn't look at me so,—but—(here I shut my eyes and opened them again)—where am I?"

In this miserable condition did I contrive to scramble down a considerable way further, when I squatted on the heather.

"Wiggins," said I, addressing my friend with a nod and a snore, "I *can't* go any further—I'm most uncommon comfortable here—I'll call up and see you in the morning," and thus I sank in slumber.

Again I was aroused by an unmerciful system of shaking—again I inquired as to my locality.

"Come," said Wiggins, in soothing accents, "here is refreshment—eat this cheese and biscuit."

I tried, but my jaws seemed rusted on their hinges, and my gums as if they had been scrubbed with Cayenne pepper—a remedy, however, was at hand, and I quaffed deeply from a mountain torrent. My spirits rose as my stomach filled—energy seemed once more to tighten my muscular apparatus—vivacity to tickle the chords of my heart—and throwing myself into an imposing attitude, I exclaimed,

"Shank is himself again!"

Our travel was now wonderfully easier, and, not to dwell tediously upon one subject, I may state that after a few hours of this down-hill, and a little more up-hill work, we arrived at night at a Highland hut on the borders of Loch Lomond, where a repast of milk and bannocks was placed before us, and where I ate in the plenitude of my joy to that extent, that I could'nt sleep all night for indigestion—and so ended my explorations of the Highlands of Scotland.

A. S. S.

RHYMES FOR THE TIMES, AND REASON FOR THE SEASON.

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

No. IV.

MISS KILMANSEGG AND HER PRECIOUS LEG.

A GOLDEN LEGEND.

HER HONEYMOON.

The moon—the moon, so silver and cold,
Her fickle temper has oft been told,
  Now shady—now bright and sunny—
But of all the lunar things that change,
The one that shows most fickle and strange,
And takes the most eccentric range
  Is the moon—so called—of honey!

To some a full-grown orb reveal'd,
As big and as round as Norval's shield,
  And as bright as a burner Bude-lighted;
To others as dull, and dingy, and damp,
As any oleaginous lamp,
Of the regular old parochial stamp,
  In a London fog benighted.

To the loving, a bright and constant sphere,
That make earth's commonest scenes appear
  All poetic, romantic, and tender:
Hanging with jewels a cabbage stump,
And investing a common post or a pump,
A currant-bush, or a gooseberry-clump,
  With a halo of dreamlike splendour.

A sphere such as shone from Italian skies,
In Juliet's dear, dark, liquid eyes,
  Tipping trees with its argent braveries—
And to couples not favour'd with fortune's boons,
One of the most delightful of moons,
For it brightens their pewter platters and spoons
  Like a silver service of Savory's!

For all is bright, and beauteous, and clear,
And the meanest thing most precious and dear,
  When the magic of love is present:
Love, that lends a sweetness and grace
To the humblest spot and the plainest face—
That turns Wilderness Row into Paradise Place,
  And Garlick Hill to Mount Pleasant!

Love that sweetens sugarless tea,
And makes contentment and joy agree
With the coarsest boarding and bedding
Love that no golden ties can attach,
But nestles under the humblest thatch,
And will fly away from an Emperor's match
To dance at a Penny Wedding!

Oh, happy, happy, thrice happy state,
When such a bright Planet governs the fate
Of a pair of united lovers!
'Tis theirs, in spite of the Serpent's hiss,
To enjoy the pure primeval kiss,
With as much of the old original bliss
As mortality ever recovers!

There's a strength in double joints, no doubt,
In double X Ale, and Dublin Stout,
That the single sorts know nothing about—
And a fist is strongest when doubled—
And double aqua-fortis of course,
And double soda-water, perforce,
Are the strongest that ever bubbled!

There's double beauty whenever a Swan
Swims on a Lake, with her double thereon;
And ask the gardener, Luke or John,
Of the beauty of double-blowing—
A double dahlia delights the eye:
And it's far the loveliest sight in the sky
When a double rainbow is glowing!

There's warmth in a pair of double soles;
As well as a double allowance of coals—
In a coat that is double-breasted—
In double windows and double doors;
And a double U wind is blest by scores
For its warmth to the tender-chested.

There's a twofold sweetness in double pipes;
And a double-barrel and double snipes
Give the sportsman a duplicate pleasure:
There's double safety in double locks;
And double letters bring cash for the box;
And all the world knows that double knocks
Are gentility's double measure.

There's a double sweetness in double rhymes,
And a double at Whist, and a double Times
In profit are certainly double—
By doubling, the Hare contrives to escape:
And all seamen delight in a doubled Cape,
And a double-reef'd topsail in trouble.

There's a double chuck at a double chin,
And of course there's a double pleasure therein,
If the parties were brought to telling:

And however our Dennises take offence,
A double meaning shows double sense;
And if proverbs tell truth,
A double tooth
Is Wisdom's adopted dwelling!

But double wisdom, and pleasure, and sense,
Beauty, respect, strength, comfort, and thence
Through whatever the list discovers,
They are all in the double blessedness summ'd,
Of what was formerly double-drumm'd,
The Marriage of two true Lovers!

Now the Kilmansegg Moon—it must be told—
Though instead of silver it tipp'd with gold—
Shone rather wan, and distant, and cold;
And before its days were at thirty,
Such gloomy clouds began to collect,
With an ominous ring of ill effect,
As gave but too much cause to expect
Such weather as seamen call dirty!

And yet the moon was the "Young May Moon,"
And the scented hawthorn had blossom'd soon,
And the thrush and the blackbird were singing—
The snow-white lambs were skipping in play,
And the bee was humming a tune all day
To flowers as welcome as flowers in May,
And the Trout in the stream was springing!

But what were the hues of the blooming earth,
Its scents—its sounds—or the music and mirth
Of its furr'd or its feather'd creatures,
To a Pair in the world's last sordid stage,
Who had never look'd into Nature's page,
And had strange ideas of a Golden Age,
Without any Arcadian features?

And what were joys of the pastoral kind
To a Bride—town-made—with a heart and a mind
With simplicity ever at battle?
A bride of an ostentatious race,
Who, thrown in the Golden Farmer's place,
Would have trimm'd her shepherds with golden lace,
And gilt the horns of her cattle.

She could not please the pigs with her whim,
And the sheep wouldn't cast their eyes at a limb
For which she had been such a martyr:
The deer in the park, and the colts at grass,
And the cows unheeded let it pass;
And the ass on the common was such an ass,
That he wouldn't have swapp'd
The thistle he cropp'd
For her Leg, including the Garter!

She hated lanes, and she hated fields—
She hated all that the country yields—
And barely knew turnips from clover;
She hated walking in any shape,
And a country stile was an awkward scrape,
Without the bribe of a mob to gape
At the Leg in clambering over!

O blessed nature, "O rus! O rus!"
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorbed in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!

But to hail the pearly advent of morn,
And relish the odour fresh from the thorn,
She was far too pamper'd a madam—
Or to joy in the daylight waxing strong,
While, after ages of sorrow and wrong,
The scorn of the proud—the misrule of the strong,
And all the woes that to man belong,
The Lark still carols the self same song
That he did to the uncurst Adam!

The Lark!—she had given all Leipsic's flocks
For a Vauxhall tune in a musical box;
And as for the birds in the thicket,
Thrush or ouzel in leafy niche,
The linnet or finch—she was far too rich
To care for a Morning Concert, to which
She was welcome without any ticket.

Gold, still gold, her standard of old,
All pastoral joys were tried by gold,
Or by fancies golden and crural—
Till ere she had pass'd one week unblest,
As her agricultural Uncle's guest,
Her mind was made up and fully imprest
That felicity could not be rural!

And the Count?—to the snow white lambs at play,
And all the scents and the sights of May,
And the birds that warbled their passion,
His ears and dark eyes, and decided nose,
Were as deaf and as blind and as dull as those
That overlook the Bouquet de Rose,
The Huile Antique,
And Parfum Unique,
In a Barber's Temple of Fashion.

To tell, indeed, the true extent
Of his rural bias, so far it went
As to covet estates in ring fences—
And for rural lore he had learn'd in town,
That the country was green, turn'd up with brown,
And garnish'd with trees that a man might cut down
Instead of his own expenses.

And yet had that fault been his only one,
The Pair might have had few quarrels or none,
For their tastes thus far were in common;
But faults he had, that a haughty bride
With a Golden Leg could hardly abide—
Faults that would even have roused the pride
Of a far less metalsome woman!

It was early days indeed for a wife
In the very spring of her married life
To be chill'd by its wintry weather—
But instead of sitting as Love-Birds do,
Or Hymen's turtles, that bill and coo—
Enjoying their "moon and honey for two"
They were scarcely seen together!

In vain she sate with her Precious Leg,
A little exposed, *à la* Kilmansegg,
And rolled her eyes in their sockets;
He left her in spite of her tender regards,
And those loving murmurs describ'd by bards,
For the rattling of dice and the shuffling of cards,
And the poking of balls into pockets!

Moreover he lov'd the deepest stake
And the heaviest bet that players would make;
And he drank—the reverse of sparely,—
And he used strange curses that made her fret;
And when he played with herself at piquet,
She found, to her cost,
For she always lost,
That the Count did not count quite fairly.

And then came dark mistrust and doubt,
Gather'd by worming his secrets out,
And slips in his conversations—
Fears, which all her peace destroy'd,
That his title was null,—his coffers were void—
And his French Château was in Spain, or enjoy'd
The most airy of situations.

But still his heart—if he had such a part—
She—only she—might possess his heart,
And hold his affections in fetters—
Alas! that Hope, like a crazy ship,
Was forced its anchor and cable to slip
When, seduced by her fears, she took a dip
In his private papers and letters.

Letters that told of dangerous leagues;
And notes that hinted as many intrigues
As the Count's in the Barber of Seville—
In short such mysteries came to light,
That the Countess-Bride, on the thirtieth night,
Woke and started up in affright,
And kick'd and scream'd with all her might,
And finally fainted away outright,
For she dreamt she had married the Devil!

HER MISERY.

Who hath not met with home-made bread,
A heavy compound of putty and lead—
And home-made wines that rack the head,
And home-made liqueurs and waters?
Home-made pop that will not foam,
And home-made dishes that drive one from home,
Not toname each mess,
For the face or dress,
Home-made by the homely daughters?

Home-made physic, that sickens the sick;
Thick for thin and thin for thick;—
In short each homogeneous trick
For poisoning domesticity?
And since our Parents called the First,
A little family squabble nurst,
Of all our evils the worst of the worst
Is home-made infelicity.

There's a Golden Bird that claps its wings,
And dances for joy on its perch, and sings
With a Persian exaltation:
For the Sun is shining into the room,
And brightens up the carpet-bloom,
As if it were new, bran new from the loom,
Or the lone Nun's fabrication.

And thence the glorious radiance flames
On pictures in massy gilded frames—
Enshrining, however, no painted Dames,
But portraits of colts and fillies—
Pictures hanging on walls which shine,
In spite of the bard's familiar line,
With clusters of "gilded lilies."

And still the flooding sunlight shares
Its lustre with gilded sofas and chairs,
That shine as if freshly burnish'd—
And gilded tables with glittering stocks
Of gilded china and golden clocks,
Toy, and trinket, and musical box,
That Peace and Paris have furnish'd.

And lo! with the brightest gleam of all
The glowing sunbeam is seen to fall
On an object as rare as splendid—
The golden foot of the Golden Leg
Of the Countess—once Miss Kilmansegg—
But there all sunshine is ended.

Her cheek is pale, and her eye is dim,
And downward cast, yet not at the limb,
Once the centre of all speculation;
But downward drooping in comfort's dearth,
As gloomy thoughts are drawn to the earth—
Whence human sorrows derive their birth—
By a moral gravitation.

Her golden hair is out of its braids,
And her sighs betray the gloomy shades
That her evil planet revolves in—
And tears are falling that catch a gleam
So bright as they drop in the sunny beam,
That tears of *aqua regia* they seem,
The water that Gold dissolves in!

Yet, not in filial grief were shed
Those tears for a mother's insanity;
Nor yet because her father was dead,
For the bowing Sir Jacob had bow'd his head
To Death—with his usual urbanity;
The waters that down her visage rill'd
Were drops of unrectified spirit distill'd
From the limbeck of Pride and Vanity.

Tears that fell alone and uncheckt,
Without relief and without respect,
Like the fabled pearls that the pigs neglect,
When pigs have that opportunity—
And of all the griefs that mortals share,
The one that seems the hardest to bear
Is the grief without community.

How blessed the heart that has a friend
A sympathizing ear to lend
To troubles too great to smother!
For as ale and porter, when flat, are restored
Till a sparkling, bubbling head they afford,
So sorrow is cheer'd by being pour'd
From one vessel into another.

But friend or gossip she had not one
To hear the vile deeds that the Count had done,
How night after night he rambled;
And how she learn'd by sad degrees,
That he drank, and smok'd, and worse than these,
That he "swindled, intrigued, and gambled."

How he kiss'd the maids, and sparr'd with John;
And came to bed with his garments on;
With other offences as heinous—
And brought *strange* gentlemen home to dine,
That he said were in the Fancy Line,
And they fancied spirits instead of wine,
And call'd her lapdog "Wenus."

Of "making a book," how he made a stir,
But never had written a line to her,
Once his idol and Cara Sposa:
And how he had storm'd and treated her ill,
Because she refused to go down to a mill,
She didn't know where, but remember'd s:
That the Miller's name was Mendoza.

How often he wak'd her up at night,
And oftener still by the morning light,
Reeling home from his haunts unlawful;

Singing songs that shouldn't be sung,
Except by beggars and thieves unhung—
Or volleying oaths, that a foreign tongue
Made still more horrid and awful!

How oft, instead of otto of rose,
With vulgar smells he offended her nose,
From gin, tobacco, and onion!
And then how wildly he used to stare!
And shake his fist at nothing, and swear,—
And pluck by the handful his shaggy hair,
Till he look'd like a study of Giant Despair
For a new Edition of Bunyan!

For dice will run the contrary way,
As well is known to all who play,
And cards will conspire as in treason:
And what with keeping a hunting-box,
Following fox—
Friends in flocks,
Burgundies, Hocks,
From London Docks;
Stulz's frocks,
Manton and Nock's
Barrels and locks,
Shooting blue rocks:
Trainers and jocks,
Buskins and socks,
Pugilistical knocks,
And fighting-cocks,
If he found himself short in funds and stocks,
These rhymes will furnish the reason!

His friends, indeed, were falling away—
Friends who insist on play or pay—
And he fear'd at no very distant day
To be cut by Lord and by cadger,
As one who was gone or going to smash,
For his checks no longer drew the cash,
Because, as his comrades explain'd in flash,
"He had overdrawn his badger."

Gold, gold—alas! for the gold
Spent where souls are bought and sold,
In Vice's Walpurgis revel!
Alas! for muffles, and bulldogs, and guns,
The leg that walks, and the leg that runs,
All real evils, though Fancy ones,
When they lead to death, dishonour, and duns,
Nay, to death, and perchance, the Devil!

Alas! for the last of a Golden race!
Had she cried her wrongs in the market-place,
She had warrant for all her clamour—
For the worst of rogues, and brutes, and rakes,
Was breaking her heart by constant aches,
With as little remorse, as the Pauper who breaks
A flint with a parish hammer!

HER LAST WILL.

Now the Precious Leg while cash was flush,
Or the Count's acceptance worth a rush,
  Had never excited dissension;
But no sooner the stocks began to fall,
Than, without any ossification at all,
The limb became what people call
  A perfect bone of contention.

For alter'd days brought alter'd ways,
And instead of the complimentary phrase,
  So current before her bridal—
The Countess heard, in language low,
That her Precious Leg was precious slow,
A good'un to look at but bad to go,
  And kept quite a sum lying idle.

That instead of playing musical airs,
Like Colin's foot in going up stairs—
As the wife in the Scottish ballad declares—
  It made an infernal stumping.
Whereas a member of cork or wood,
Would be lighter and cheaper and quite as good,
  Without the unbearable thumping.

P'rhaps she thought it a decent thing,
To show her calf to cobbler and king,
  But nothing could be absurder—
While none but the crazy would advertise
Their gold before their servants' eyes,
Who of course some night would make it a prize,
  By a Shocking and Barbarous Murder.

But spite of hint, and threat, and scoff,
  The Leg kept its situation:
For legs are not to be taken off
  By a verbal amputation.

And mortals when they take a whim,
The greater the folly the stiffer the limb
  That stands upon it or by it—
So the Countess, then Miss Kilmansegg,
At her marriage refused to stir a peg,
Till the Lawyers had fastened on her Leg,
  As fast as the Law could tie it.

Firmly then—and more firmly yet—
With scorn for scorn, and with threat for threat,
  The Proud One confronted the Cruel:
And loud and bitter the quarrel arose,
Fierce and merciless—one of those,
With spoken daggers, and looks like blows,
  In all but the bloodshed a duel!

Rash, and wild, and wretched, and wrong,
Were the words that came from Weak and Strong,
  Till madden'd for desperate matters—

Fierce as tigress escap'd from her den,
She flew to her desk—'twas open'd—and then,
In the time it takes to try a pen,
Or the clerk to utter his slow Amen,
Her Will was in fifty tatters!

But the Count, instead of curses wild,
Only nodded his head and smil'd,
As if at the spleen of an angry child;
But the calm was deceitful and sinister!
A lull like those of the treacherous sea—
For Hate in that moment had sworn to be
The Golden Leg's sole Legatee,
And that very night to administer!

HER DEATH.

'Tis a stern and startling thing to think
How often mortality stands on the brink
Of its grave without any misgiving:
And yet in this slippery world of strife,
In the stir of human bustle so rife,
There are daily sounds to tell us that Life
Is dying, and Death is living!

Ay, Beauty the Girl, and Love the Boy,
Bright as they are with hope and joy,
How their souls would sadden instanter,
To remember that one of those wedding bells,
That ring so merrily through the dells,
Is the same that knells
Our last farewells,
Only broken into a canter!

But breath and blood set doom at nought—
How little the wretched Countess thought,
When at night she unloos'd her sandal,
That the Fates had woven her burial-cloth,
And that Death, in the shape of a Death's Head Moth
Was fluttering round her candle!

As she look'd at her clock of or-molu,
For the hours she had gone so wearily through
At the end of a day of trial—
How little she saw in her pride of prime
The Dart of Death in the Hand of Time—
That hand which mov'd on the dial!

As she went with her taper up the stair,
How little her swollen eye was aware
That the Shadow which follow'd was double!
Or when she clos'd her chamber door,
It was shutting out, and for evermore,
The world—and its worldly trouble.

Little she dreamt, as she laid aside
Her jewels—after one glance of pride—
They were solemn bequests to Vanity—

Or when her robe she began to doff,
That she stood so near to the putting off
Of the flesh that clothes humanity.

And when she quench'd the taper's light,
How little she thought as the smoke took flight,
That her day was done—and merg'd in a night
Of dreams and duration uncertain—
Or, along with her own,
That a hand of bone
Was closing mortality's curtain!

But life is sweet, and mortality blind,
And youth is hopeful, and Fate is kind
In concealing the day of sorrow;
And enough is the present tense of toil—
For this world is, to all, a stiffish soil—
And the mind flies back with a glad recoil
From the debts not due till to-morrow.

Wherefore else does the Spirit fly
And bid its daily cares good bye,
Along with its daily clothing?
Just as the Felon condemn'd to die—
With a very natural loathing—
Leaving the Sheriff to dream of ropes,
From his gloomy cell in a vision elopes,
To caper on sunny greens and slopes,
Instead of the dance upon nothing.

Thus, even thus, the Countess slept,
While Death still nearer and nearer crept,
Like the Thane who smote the sleeping—
But her mind was busy with early joys,
Her golden treasures and golden toys,
That flash'd a bright
And golden light
Under lids still red with weeping.

The golden doll that she used to hug!
Her coral of gold, and the golden mug!
Her godfather's golden presents!
The golden service she had at her meals,
The golden watch, and chain, and seals,
Her golden scissors, and thread, and reels,
And her golden fishes and pheasants!

The golden guineas in silken purse—
And the Golden Legends she heard from her nurse,
Of the Mayor in his gilded carriage—
And London streets that were pav'd with gold—
And the Golden Eggs that were laid of old—
With each golden thing
To the golden ring
At her own auriferous Marriage!

And still the golden light of the sun
Through her golden dream appear'd to run,
Though the night that roar'd without was one
To terrify seamen or gipsies—

While the moon, as if in malicious mirth,
Kept peeping down at the ruffled earth,
As though she enjoyed the tempest's birth,
In revenge of her old eclipses.

But vainly, vainly, the thunder fell,
For the soul of the Sleeper was under a spell
That Time had lately embitter'd—
The Count, as once at her foot he knelt—
That Foot which now he wanted to melt!
But—hush!—'twas a stir at her pillow she felt—
And some object before her glitter'd.

'Twas the Golden Leg!—she knew its gleam!
And up she started, and tried to scream,—
But ev'n in the moment she started—
Down came the limb with a frightful smash,
And, lost in the universal flash
That her eyeballs made at so mortal a crash,
The Spark, called Vital, departed!

* * * *

Gold, still gold! hard, yellow, and cold,
For gold she had liv'd, and she died for gold—
By a golden weapon—not oaken;
In the morning they found her all alone—
Stiff, and bloody, and cold as stone—
But her Leg, the Golden Leg, was gone,
And the "Golden Bowl was broken!"

Gold—still gold! it haunted her yet—
At the Golden Lion the Inquest met—
Its foreman, a carver and gilder—
And the Jury debated from twelve till three
What the Verdict ought to be,
And they brought it in as Felo de Se,
"Because her own Leg had killed her!"

HER MORAL.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammer'd, and roll'd;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, barter'd, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrow'd, squander'd, doled;
Spurn'd by the young, but hugg'd by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold:
Good or bad a thousand fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless—
As even its minted coins express,
Now stamp'd with the image of Good Queen Bess,
And now of a Bloody Mary!

FINE ARTS.

The increase of illustrated works, of which the engravings have been executed in the first style of art, is the most convincing evidence that could be given of the increasing taste for art among the educated classes of England. The admirable pictorial publications of Mr. Knight, in conjunction with many productions of a similar nature issued by other enterprising publishers, have not only made this taste general, but have brought the means of ministering to it to a state of perfection and multiplication previously unknown in this, and now quite unrivalled in any other country. We allude to wood engraving, of which the most exquisite examples may be had at a cost which places them within the reach of almost every individual capable of appreciating their merit. But the scope of this style of engraving is necessarily limited. To come within it, subjects of a large size must be so reduced as to injure in a considerable degree the artistical effect; and engravings on metal, of a corresponding size, when well executed, are much too expensive to become so widely circulated as is desirable. "The Royal Gallery of British Art" was a happy conception; and, as far as it has proceeded, most felicitously has it been executed. It was projected by those eminent engravers—the Messrs Finden, about two years since, for the purpose of providing a series of line engravings, executed by the first artists, of an excellent size to exhibit the choicest productions of British art. By employing steel plates, such a number of impressions might be obtained as would enable the proprietor to circulate them at an exceedingly moderate cost; and of this they availed themselves to the full extent to which it might be satisfactorily used. By the way, we recommend to their attention the electrotype process, which, at a slight expense, will multiply *fac-simile* plates as far as the most extensive demand for impressions may require. The great number and variety of English cabinet pictures our most eminent artists have painted, afford an almost exhaustless scope for such a work as "the Gallery of British Art," and it bids fair to become not only a source of national pride, but a very effective agent in diffusing a general taste for the higher efforts of art. There have been one or two attempts made to publish a foreign gallery, for which abundant materials to commence with, exist in the various fine collections of pictures that exist in this country; but hitherto the engravings have never done justice to the subject. Their cheapness was their best recommendation. The last effort of this kind is certainly the most satisfactory. The "Engravings after the Best Pictures of the Great Masters," are published at a price which brings them within the means of a large class of purchasers; but it is very evident that they are engravings from engravings, instead of coming directly from the great originals. As far as we can judge of the first part now before us, the plates are as good as can be expected, considering the sources from whence they are taken. We have "The Taking down from the Cross," after Rubens, engraved by Henry Haig; "the Charge to Peter," after Raphael, engraved by Alexander Aikman, and "Landscape, with Cattle," after Claude, engraved by William Forest. With these we have accompanying letter-press, slightly biographical and critical, at the very trifling cost of six shillings each subject. We hope that the patronage afforded to this work may enable the proprietors to improve upon their original design, by making their engravings, not *after* but *from* the best pictures of the best masters.

LITERATURE OF THE MONTH.

HONOURABLE MRS. NORTON'S POEMS.*

It speaks well for the taste of the age that a second edition of this delightful volume should have been demanded so soon after the publication of the first; but the genuine nature of its poetry and the interest so generally excited for the accomplished authoress and her productions, render such a result exactly what we anticipated. There have been many of Mrs. Norton's contemporaries of her own sex, "plagued with an itching leprosy of rhyme," who have written themselves into a certain celebrity; but we feel well assured that the authoress of the beautiful poems to which we are now directing the attention of our readers, will long outlive them all in popular fame, simply because they bear about them undoubted evidence of being an inspiration, instead of a manufacture. There is little in them of the artificial phraseology, which forms the staple of modern verse, by the majority of our poetical ladies. In brief, instead of being merely *poetical*, which seems the only object her less intellectual rivals can attain, they are *poetry*. Mrs. Norton has carefully revised this edition, and introduced some very acceptable additions; among which is a new Preface, wherein she complains, and certainly not without justice, of the whole of her volume having been piratically printed on the other side of the Atlantic in the columns of a single newspaper.

THE SPORTSMAN IN FRANCE.†

After the perusal of these very amusing volumes, it is scarcely possible for the reader not to anticipate an invasion of France—although the purpose would be *sportive* instead of serious; for the author has given such seductive pictures of the shooting there to be met with, that there is no true sportsman who, on perusing his pages, can resist the desire of passing across the channel with all convenient speed, and filling his game-bag under similar pleasant circumstances with those that attended the adventures of our sportsman in France. It is not, by the way, with the gun alone that Mr. Tolfrey seeks to be a guide and instructor to his countrymen in this invasion of the French territory, he seems equally capable of beating up recruits with the rod; and with this unrivalled weapon, he visits the trout-streams and fish-ponds of "the Gallic foe" with the same devastation as accompanies his progress through their forests and marshes with his destructive Joe Manton and matchless dogs. He finds his game—in extraordinary profusion too—wherever he goes; and wolf, wild-boar, badger, deer,

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* The Dream and other Poems. By the Honourable Mrs. Norton. Second Edition.

† The Sportsman in France. By Frederick Tolfrey, Esq. With Illustrations. 2 vols.

hare, partridge, plover, snipe, woodcock, jack, and trout, and we know not what other fish, flesh, and fowl, he makes his prey with the same unerring skill. His brother sportsmen are under very great obligations to him for opening to them a new field of sport, easily accessible, and supplied with every species of game in abundance—especially when it is considered under what extreme difficulty the majority of them labour in England to beg or purchase permission for a day's sport. Not the least amusing passage in the work is that in which he narrates the sporting skill of the Duchess de Berri, a lady who appears to have knocked down her game in very creditable style, and with whom he had the honour of sporting over some of her Royal Highness's preserves. But Mr. Tolfrey had evidently powerful friends in France—more than one nobleman of extensive property having afforded him every possible facility for enjoying himself to his heart's content—the consequence is, scenes of hunting, shooting, and fishing, such as no other sporting work can show, and which there can be little doubt no other sportsman ever enjoyed so intensely. Whilst assuring the reader that the narrative of the author's adventures are lively and entertaining to an extent not often met with, we must not forget the practical utility of his work—a feature equally conspicuous. His information on the breeding of dogs, and the choice and use of the different species of sporting gun—fowling-piece, double-barrel, and rifle, is of great value, and will cause him to be considered as excellent an authority as Tom Oakleigh, Colonel Hawker, and Nimrod. The Illustrations by Hamerton, with which Mr. Tolfrey's volumes are embellished, are particularly clever—though designed by an artist whose name is not so familiar to us as it evidently deserves to be. With the following extracts to show whether "we manage these things better in France," we must refer the reader to the work whence they are taken for a more complete idea of its amusing pages than our limits enable us to give.

French Sportsmen.—I had pre-determined that my fellow-countrymen should occupy the stations on my right and left, as I calculated there would be less chance of my receiving a bullet by mistake, than if any of the eager, rash, and excitable Frenchmen were in my immediate neighbourhood. Your mercurial Gaul has not the slightest command over himself for the moment, and he can no more help firing at a bird, hare, or rabbit, even if his bosom friend be in a direct line with it, than he can help dancing when he hears a fiddle. Frenchmen are delightful companions in a ball-room; but in the field they are infinitely more agreeable—out of shot. I speak *feelingly*, having at this moment some dozen or two of No. 6 in my dexter calf, having received the charge instead of a hare at which a certain French baron fired as the animal crossed between us.

Leaping à la Française.—But where was our host on his stout Norman beast?—still on the wrong side of the ditch; but, "screwing his courage to the sticking-place," he trotted his nag some twenty or thirty yards from the *fossé*, and with both eyes shut, the reins in the *right* hand, and the flowing mane in the *left*, he courageously dug his heels in his horse's sides, and trusted to chance for a safe landing on the opposite bank. The gallant grey rushed to the ditch, but instead of clearing it, turned sharp round, after the fashion of a Paddington omnibus at the Bank of England, an act of circumambulation that pitched the bewildered Frenchman plump into the middle of the stagnant water, with which the aforesaid ditch was more than half filled. Our emulative friend was more frightened than hurt, for, barring the ducking and the unpleasant consequences, no mischief was done.

French Sporting.—Much to the annoyance of Captain P——, Mr. W——, and myself, we were followed by a huge train of *pseudo sportsmen*, with a retinue of curs at their heels, and we could well have dispensed both with the masters and dogs. Whenever one of our dogs was on a point, one or more of these infernal curs would leave the heels of their masters, and rush in upon the birds, and chase the covey for some distance, yelping a most discordant accompaniment all the time. Their stupid owners seemed quite delighted at the ardour of the brutes, and would frequently exclaim, "*N'est ce pas qu'ils chassent bien!*"

The First of September in France.—The first of September is not looked forward to in France with such intense anxiety and anticipatory glee as with us. Why this is I know not, for a finer bird country, in every sense of the word, is not to be seen. The abolition of the law of primogeniture in France is, I suspect, the primary cause. A Frenchman, unless he happen providentially to be the *fils unique* of rich parents, can take no pride in his inheritance, and, feeling no interest whatever in his strip of acres, looks upon shooting partridges more as a matter of every day occurrence than as an amusement of an all-engrossing and enthusiastic nature.

Snipe-Shooting at Abbeville.—The lover of snipe-shooting will be in his element at Abbeville. With the exception of one swamp in Canada, I know not any spot equal to the marshes running parallel with the river Somme, between Abbeville and Amiens. Reader! they are full of snipe, in proof of which I have only to state that I have never gone out without killing my eight or nine couple, and on one occasion I bagged seven-and-twenty couple and a half before two o'clock in the day. The swamp in question commences about a mile and a half from the town on the Beauvais road.

Cheap Living in Brittany.—The markets are bountifully supplied, and the provisions are excellent of their kind. Beef of first-rate quality, five sous per pound; veal, six sous; mutton, four sous, sometimes five. Poultry remarkably cheap, and particularly fine; chickens, twenty sous a couple; full-grown fowls from thirty-five to forty sous a couple; capons a trifle dearer; turkeys, three francs each; small ones less. The fish is superlatively good and remarkably reasonable: —soles from three to four sous a pair; mackerel, from two to three sous each: turbot, thirty sous to three francs, according to the size; John Dory, a franc and thirty sous; red mullet, two, three, and four sous each. Servants' wages vary from three to four, and five pounds a year, according to their acquirements. A single man may live like a prince upon sixty pounds a year at L'Orient, and so he may at Quimper; but this is on a grand scale: he could live *respectably* on forty; and a married couple could enjoy every luxury with a rental of a hundred a year.

A "Déjeûner" de Garçon."—First comes the succulent *huitre d'Ostende*, a dozen or two of which it is orthodox to swallow prior to the discussion of the dainties which await you in this temple of epicurism. These delicate little *avant couriers* are washed down with a glass or more of iced *chably*, by which time it is presumed the appetite is whetted to the proper pitch for attacking the more substantial fare. The oysters are succeeded by the appetizing *côtelettes à la tartare*, kidneys stewed in champagne, *poulets à la Marengo*, a *pâté de foie gras*, and the *meretricious dinde aux truffes*. These are the condiments that constitute a *déjeûner de garçon* in Paris.

LADY EMMELINE S. WORTLEY'S POEMS.*

With an imagination partaking much more largely of grace than of vigour, the accomplished authoress of these poetic sketches, for such in truth they are, joins an amazing facility in composition, and at times a marked felicity of expression. But nothing can be more evident, than that her's is a mind impressed with a sense of beauty, through the medium of those interpreters of its language who have preceded her. Byron has more largely than any other furnished her with the thoughts and feelings her ladyship has so often, and, let it also be added, so pleasingly put into print; but a similar obligation many of her contemporaries, who have attained considerable celebrity as poets, have incurred to a much greater extent. It is scarcely possible to read "Jairah; a Dramatic Mystery," without some recollections of "Cain; a Mystery." There is certainly no direct plagiarism, and, what is to Lady Wortley's credit, there is no appearance of the offensive spirit which pervades the source whence she has derived so much of her inspiration; but there is a general tone throughout the drama with which every reader of "Cain" must be familiar. We do not mean to deny that the fair authoress of the several works with which she has favoured the world, were she to give the necessary time, the profound reflection, and the proper care that is essential, even with minds of the highest order, to the production of genuine poetry, might exhibit the most evident originality; but whilst eager only to show her facility of composition, she must not expect to attain to that intellectual station among the great in intellect, which ought to be the object of her ambition.

We have met, both in "Jairah," and in the other dramatic effort, "Eva: or, the Error," her ladyship has recently published, among much that is either extravagant or ordinary, occasional glimpses of ideas, such as belong only to the higher operations of the intellect; therefore we are not without hopes, if she will learn that very difficult art—to blot—that her productions will in time become all that could be desired.

DACRE OF THE SOUTH†

The materials of this play are derived, chiefly, from that passage in Hollinshed's "Chronicles," the judicial murder of Thomas Fiennes, Lord Dacre of the South, at the age of twenty-four years, condemned to death, and hanged at Tyburn, as much through the cruelty of Henry VIII., as the rapacity of some of his courtiers. With many other great and

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* Jairah; a Dramatic Mystery, and other Poems. By Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley. Eva; or, the Error: a Play. By the same.

† Dacre of the South; or, the Olden Time: a Drama. By Mrs. Gore.

noble characters who suffered in the same reign, on whatever pretext he was arraigned, his possessions constituted his principal offences. Mrs. Gore has put this subject in a dramatic form; and has contrived to throw, very happily, some few picturesque illustrations of the period into the development of the story. The drama possesses much merit, particularly in its language, which is frequently both powerful and quaint.

MANAGEMENT OF THE SICK ROOM.*

We have had a pretty tolerable supply of books on every malady that flesh is heir to; and if our diseases could be driven out of their intrenchments at the point of the pen, there should, by this time, be a considerable diminution of their number. Unfortunately, however, the more they are attacked in this way, the more they seem to increase. This effect applies more particularly to non-professional works—your "Buchans," and others of a like character, where the invalid, looking for consolation for one complaint, is forced to draw it from the conviction—usually resulting from a perusal of such productions—that he has now got fifty. We are no advocates for individuals becoming their own doctors. "Take physic pomp," is doubtless proper advice; but let the physic, for pomp or poverty, be taken from a hand qualified to administer it. "A man is either a fool or a physician at thirty," has been stated upon what has been considered excellent authority, and we are inclined to call it in question, only so far as may arise from being satisfied that if he be one he is the other—your physician and your fool, under such circumstances, being identically the same animal. The desire some people have to practice this self-inflicted quackery is extraordinary, and the ridiculous manner in which it is exhibited, affords an admirable subject for the genius of the modern Moliere—the inexhaustible Scribe. If it be allowed that the man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client, it must be as obvious that he who is his own apothecary has for his patient an individual equally devoid of sense. A knowledge of the diseases of the human frame is not to be acquired without very long and diligent study, and the qualities and mode of operation of the medicines necessary for every complaint, and its proper treatment, can only be satisfactorily known by many years of constant observation. Yet hundreds of invalids are to be found, with no other information on the subject than what may be gained from the pages of some superficial "popular" treatise, expending on themselves the whole artillery of the medicine-chest. That they often do themselves serious injury, and ultimately drug themselves to death, is what must be expected. Nevertheless, the example deters not others from

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* The Domestic Management of the Sick Room, in aid of Medical Treatment for the cure of Disease. By Anthony Todd Thomson, M.D., F.L.S.

pursuing the same course. A sensible book as a guide to the unprofessional attendant on the sick, was a work much required, and would go far to destroy the mischief of this self-physicking. The patient should never be allowed to prescribe for himself. He is neither qualified nor in a fit state to do so with discretion; but an intelligent relative, friend, or domestic may be a much better medical adviser, especially when assisted by plain directions from a professional source. There is much relating to the Sick-room, of as great importance towards the restoration of health as the attendance and advice of the physician, and Dr. Thomsom has, in the excellent volume now before us, placed this prominently and clearly in the view of any person of ordinary understanding. The proper temperature of the apartment, behaviour of the attendants, diet, bandages, and remedies of the patient, the signs by which diseases may be ascertained in its various stages, and the means by which the comfort, ease, and improvement of the invalid may be secured, are detailed at sufficient length and perspicuity. The author's eminence as a physician must inspired confidence in his observations, and we hope that our matchless nurses, "the ladies of Great Britain," to whom the work is appropriately inscribed, will use their best exertions in making it as generally useful as it ought to be.

NOTES ON NEW PUBLICATIONS.

History of the Conquest of England by the Normans; with its Causes and Consequences to the Present Time. By Augustin Thierry, Member of the Institute. Translated from the last Paris Edition.—M. Thierry's work is sufficiently known, both here and on the Continent to render any thing like an attempt at criticism superfluous; but we are required only to notice a translation—apparently a faithful and effective one—which has also the important recommendation of appearing before the English reader at a cost which makes it generally attainable. The historical student will find this volume a valuable addition to his library, and we hope the publishers will extend their ideas on cheap publication to bring within his scope as many interesting works of this class as it is possible for them to introduce into their series. Of these, styled the "Popular Library of Modern Authors," we cannot but regard the work before us as the most acceptable, because it is undoubtedly the most permanently useful.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. By William Hazlitt. Third Edition. Edited by his Son.—Hazlitt was a man of no ordinary degree of talent, and despite of many extravagances, hasty deductions, and some most illogical opinions, he has written a considerable quantity of excellent criticism. When he would allow his mind to escape the trammels of political predilections and prejudices, he could be both instructive and amusing; but it so happened that he rarely would or could allow his talents fair play. His essays and criticisms were generally urged from him with the stimulus of necessity; he dashed into his theme at a venture, and contrived to produce many smart things, with much that threw very little light upon his subject. With the generality of his readers, however, the smartness attracted that attention which would otherwise have detected the want of profundity which he could not avoid exhibiting. There is no doubt that he wrote several passages of excellent criticism, but his mind does not appear to have been sufficiently searching or comprehensive to enter into a thorough analysis. Among his pleasantest writings are his "Lectures on the Comic Writers,"

several of which we believe were first published in this Magazine; they may always be referred to with entertainment, and the reprint is more to be welcomed as a seasonable book at all times, when a lively volume may be regarded as a "best companion."

Outlines of Popular Economy. By Jelinger C. Symons, Esq., of the Middle Temple.—Mr. Symons appears to have put together this sketch of a science that, in the hands of most of its professors, when most is said becomes least understood, for the purpose of enlightening the humbler classes of her Majesty's faithful lieges. What profit will result from his labours will doubtless appear in the fulness of time. We cannot hold out much hope to him, knowing as we do, how bootless have been the exertions of his predecessors; nevertheless we can promise those who delight in the study of political economy that the method and perspicuity apparent in Mr. Symons's pages will meet their approbation, however they may differ from the writer's opinions.

The Scientific and Literary Treasury. By Samuel Maunder.—We have had the golden age, the iron age, and, if we mistake not, the brazen age; but our epoch can scarcely be considered an age of metal. If it has one particular characteristic, for it it is indebted to the united labours of the scholar, the printer, and the paper-maker. It is an age of dictionaries. We have them of all sizes and characters; on every subject and suitable to every condition of purchaser; from the bulky and voluminous encyclopedia, to the portable little "Treasury." For a camel to pass through the eye of a needle seems not half so impossible now we have discovered into how small a compass an immense bulk may be compressed. People want to be universally wise at the smallest possible trouble to themselves. Therefore it is that such painstaking persons as Mr. Maunder produce such books as "the Scientific and Literary Treasury," the third of his marvels in the way of compression—which is a very useful little dictionary of science and literature, quite learned enough to satisfy the wants of the general reader, and pleasant enough to render its numerous pages desirable instructors.

Stories of the Animal World, arranged so as to form a Systematic Introduction to Zoology. By the Rev. B. H. Draper.—This is a very attractive little volume—an admirable prize-book for deserving young scholars; for it is not only for them a suitable introduction to natural history, but its literary merits are rendered more effective by the numerous illustrations in every department of this seductive science with which the work is enriched.

The History of Surrey. By Edward Wedlake Brayley, F.S.A. Part I.—We hope that this work is the commencement of a series of similar publications illustrative of the several counties of England; for although many productions of this nature have been attempted, we know not of one that so completely satisfies the demands of the subject as this work appears to do. As far as it has progressed, it promises to be an elaborate and careful history of every thing relating to this beautiful county. The illustrations are faithful and are skilfully executed: the historical and antiquarian departments—in which the editor has been ably assisted by John Britton, F.S.A.—are exceedingly comprehensive, and what may be styled its natural history, furnished by E. W. Brayley, jun., F.L.S. and F.G.S., with the valuable Geological Section, by Gideon Mantell, L.L.D., F.R.S., are completed in a manner equally deserving commendation.